THE WORKS OF MRS. COWLEY.

DRAMAS AND POEMS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

DRAMAS

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THE

WORKS

OF

MRS. COWLEY.

ERRATA.

Page 17, line 12 from bottom, for *though* read *thought*.
80, line 4 from bottom, for *[illegible]* read *[illegible]ering*.
12[illegible], line 1[illegible], for *Victor[illegible]* read *Ol[illegible]*.
141, line [illegible] from bottom, read *chance*.
[illegible]24, line [illegible] from bottom, read was *[illegible]*.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

A COMEDY.

This Comedy was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1783.—Amidst the beautiful Poetry of the following Dedication to her Husband, who had just joined his Regiment in India, it appears that she derived considerable relief and amusement from the composition of it.

Perhaps there is more of Comic Satire in this Play, than in any Mrs. Cowley wrote. The vivacious laugh at medical Science is well kept up. The would-be learned SIR MARVELL MUSHROOM *ranks amongst the best characters she drew. And Avarice, the characteristic vice of Old Age, and the Frauds it generates, are happily ridiculed in the contests of the two old men, each overreaching the other, and by the other overreached.*

The child of simple Nature, who falls in love without knowing it, and the blithesome Girl of polished life, who, contrary to the routine of the Stage, is in no hurry to be married, cause that Variety (in besieging minds so different) that gives rise to the Title of the Play.

DEDICATION.

TO THE AUTHOR'S HUSBAND

IN

INDIA.

Hence! Comic Scenes, to where rich Ganges laves
Hindostan's golden shores with hallowed waves,
Where Palms gigantic rear their tufted heads,
And all colossal vegetation spreads,
Where rich Ananas court the Indian's eye,
And Groves of Citrons fan the feverish sky,
Where rattling Canes along the rivulets play,
And the Centennial Aloe conquers day,
In their deep Shades bid Lucidorus smile,
His heavy sense of distant hours beguile.
Let him not think, because I gaily write,
That heavy hours to him to me are light!
My native Spirits, bounding from repose,
Bear me, unwilling, where Castalia flows.
I love to weep, love the soft feast of grief,
Court mournful thoughts, nor ever wish Relief;

Sadness I woo, yet still the phantom flies,
And joy seduces whilst I foster sighs,
But HYMEN frowns, and Joy no longer cheers,
Weeping I droop—Thalia checks my tears!
He rives my heart, she my rapt soul inspires,
He chills with grief, she thrills me with her fires.
Thus, Lucidorus, pass my distant hours,
By turns subdued, the slave of rival powers,
And thus hath Nature in my little frame
Still various been, and variously the same.
My Heart so keenly feels, 'twere grief to live,
Did not bright Spirits its strong sense relieve,
Through them, capricious, desultory, gay,
As though I felt not, glides th' unconscious day—
But, Heart-struck soon, I sadden and complain,
Dragging, with pensive step, life's length'ning chain.
In blithesome mood "MORE WAYS THAN ONE" had birth,
Offspring of brilliant Morns, and Eves of Mirth;
The laughing Muse in sprightliest vein was by,
And "*quips and cranks*" lay lurking in her eye.
Oh! may her spirit from its pages dart,
Thrill o'er your nerves, and live within your Heart!



PROLOGUE.

Spoken in the Character

OF

MERCURY.

Springs in hastily from a height, as if just alighted.

Some *Eau de Luce!* Your Fans, dear Ladies, pray!
Down from PARNASSUS—you're a monstrous way!
I thought to have strode swift Pegasus's back,
But, the poor creature's grown so mere a hack,
So often called upon, and taught such paces,
That altered woefully, alack, his case is!
In former days, but few times in a year
The fiery steed was summoned to appear.
Then, in a Comedy curvet came dancing,
Or else, in Elegiac *pas grave*, prancing;
But now, such flurried helter-skelter pace
A Cart-horse moves with a genteeler grace,
So, that rough Pegasus may not thus jerk us,
He's even gone a schooling to the Circus!
My business here is verily but this,
To say, you must not venture at a Hiss.
THALIA sent me! She for once looked sad—
" Why *entre nous*, said she, the thing is bad;
To blind yon Critics' eyes, this Powder take,
Long I've reserved it for a venturous stake,

This Powder carry—Mercury be quick!"
Here's the unfailing Spell in this slim Stick.

(Shows his CADUCEUS, *and blows some Powder out.)*

You're charmed by this! There 'tis, I see it spread!
'Tis felt in every heart, in every head!
Now shall you *fancy* Character and Wit,
Taste, in the Boxes, Humour, in the Pit.
You'll fancy, friends, that 'tis so droll and funny,

(Upper Gallery.)

And you, that you've some SUBSTANCE for your money.

(Lower Gallery.)

But, should the Charm dissolve ere our play ends,
For sweet THALIA's sake—be still its friends!





CHARACTERS.

MEN.

EVERGREEN, — — —	*Mr. Wilson.*
BARKWELL, — — —	*Mr. Quick.*
Sir MARVELL MUSHROOM, —	*Mr. Edwin.*
BELLAIR, — — —	*Mr. Lewis.*
CARLTON, — — —	*Mr. Wroughton.*
LE GOUT, — — —	*Mr. Wewitzer.*
DAVID, — — —	*Mr. Fearon.*
POUND, — — —	*Mr. Stevens.*
TURNWIT, — — —	*Mr. Jones.*
LAWYER'S CLERK, — — —	*Mr. Thompson.*

WOMEN.

Miss ARCHER, — — —	*Miss Younge.*
ARABELLA, — — —	*Mrs. S. Kemble.*
Miss JUVENELLE, — —	*Mrs. Wilson.*
Mrs. TOMSON, — — —	*Miss Platt.*

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I. MR. EVERGREEN'S.

Enter David, *preceded by a* Lawyer's Clerk *with his Bag.*

Clerk. Has your master breakfasted?

David. Preakfasted?—Yes Sir! Though we are come to Lonton, we have prought up all our early Welch customs, and happits, and fashions. What is your pizness, goot Sir!

Clerk. Acquaint your master that the Writings are engrossed, and that I have brought them, to fill up the Blanks and sign.

David. Please to sit, Sir. (*Going*) The writings crost, and the planks filt—What was it, Sir? I must have it wort for wort, for my master is as strict, and as nice, and exact, as Shewsperry Clock.

Clerk. Acquaint him, friend, that the Writings—

the Marriage Articles, are ready. I have brought them to insert the Names, and sign and seal.

[*Exit, David, repeating the Message.*

Clerk. Now, in the fashionable course of things, how long may it be before I shall draw up the Articles of Separation for this young couple? It sometimes falls out, for the good of the Profession, that the happy pair see but one Christmas together. I recollect engrossing, more than once in my time, the articles of Marriage and of Separation with the same goose-quill.—So, here comes the bridegroom's Father, to pore over the writings I suppose. Come, good wary Sir; if you dont quicken your motions, the young gentleman will excuse your cares—every movement of that Cane foretels a week's delay.

Enter Mr. EVERGREEN, *and* DAVID.

Ever. Have you told Miss Archer to come to me by-and-by? So, Mr. What-ye-call—what—a—are they quite ready?

Clerk. Quite ready, Sir;—the Names only are wanting.

Ever. Well, you may add the names hereafter. I shan't sign till I have looked your parchments cautiously over. All must be clear—no loop-holes for Cavils—no room for ingenious Comments. Defend me from the ingenuity of Lawyers!

Clerk. You will find all clear, Sir, as *Law* can make it.—The Names, Sir?

Ever. Well then—the name of the Lady—but remember Sir, it is a Secret at present!—is Arabella Melville;—mine you know.

Clerk. Yes, Sir; it is Evergreen; but, the Bridegroom's?

Ever. The Bridegroom's!

Clerk. Yes, Sir—your Son's?

Ever. My Son's!—my Son's!!

Clerk. Yes, Sir, I know it is Evergreen Junior; but, the Christian Name? I am sorry to be troublesome; John, Charles, Sir?—Henry? George?

Ever. Why, thou Pen-cutter! art thou come to insult me? My Son—Evergreen Junior!—Why Sir, I am Evergreen Junior, Minor, and Major; many defunct of the family as have preceded me for Centuries, there is but one Evergreen now in the World —and I am He!

Clerk. Sir, I humbly crave pardon. Are you then the Bridegroom!

Ever. Yes, Sir. Timothy Evergreen Esquire, of Rook Hall, in the County of Radnor. Go, Mr. Feathertip, and leave the blanks as they are—I can fill them up. (*Exit Clerk.*) Didst ever see such a Puppy, David?

David. Never, Sir;—not to know that your Honour was Pride! I'm sure one shant see any compleater, and perfecter, and crater Pride in all—

Ever. Pride! Bridegroom, Taf!

David. Pless my tongue Sir! Well then Pridegroom; and as for the Pridegroomess, she is the sweetest, and innocentest, and modestest—

Ever. Aye, aye, I know how to chuse!—Did you tell my young plague, Miss Archer, to come to me?

David. I did inteet, Sir; and she bit me carry my Welch face town stairs again in a minute; for that it always made her preakfast sit uneasy!

Ever. Aye, Women with fine Fortunes and bold Lovers think they have a right to insult all the world. She cant spare even me, me who am her natural Guardian and seventh Cousin.

David. Laws, Sir, she makes no more of you, than if you was an Olt Woman, insteat of an antient Shentleman!

Ever. Sirrah! an *antient*—Oh! in point of Family, you mean.—Yes, yes, this is the last day of

Miss Archer's rule here; I wouldn't have her another week in my house for—

David. Hush, Sir! here she comes—and her looks full of Mischief!

Enter Miss ARCHER. (*Her hand behind her.*)

Miss A. Where is my Guardian—Oh, my dear sweet guardian!

Ever. Sweet me, no sweets! I have sent five messages to you this morning, ere I could have the honour of an Interview.

Miss A. My *wise* Guardian then. It was because I was busy preparing a Present for you, my wise guardian, that I staid—a Marriage present!

Ever. A present, eh! oh, well my Dear, what is it? what is it?

Miss A. Why as you are to be married, you wont tell me to whom, but, as I suspect, to some Girl beautiful and young, it is a present suited to such a Bridegroom.

Ever. Let me see it!

Miss A. Shut your Eyes first. (*She goes behind him, and puts on a Fool's cap with Bells.*)

Ever. What, what is it—a Cap?

Miss A. Yes—a Fool's cap! (*holding his hands, whilst he shakes his head to get rid of it.*)

Ever. Taffy! I'll teach thee to laugh in a moment. Let go my hands.—Take it off, Taf! or I'll make thy sides shake to another tune!

(*David snatches it and runs off.*)

Miss A. Now are you not a most ungrateful Guardian, to slight a gift so suited to the occasion!

Ever. Miss Archer! (*sternly.*)

Miss A. Mr. Evergreen! (*gruffly.*)

Ever. Young Woman, you must attend to me!

Miss A. *Young* man, I will.

Ever. I am certainly, as you say, to be married in a day or two.

Miss A. David!—Bring back the Cap!

Ever. I have told you, these six months, to provide yourself another home;—you now have but six hours to do it in.

Miss A. Why?

Ever. Because I would not have my young innocent wife infected by your Manners.

Miss A. My Manners, Sir—why what better Fate could happen to her?—Is she pretty?

Ever. As a young Cherub.

Miss A. Then I'll teach her to be captivating. Why, Sir—I am not so handsome, that is not extremely so; yet, my Manners make me the object every where.

Ever. But, she shall be an object no where.

Miss A. But she shall; I'll show her to all the World, teach her the fashionable nod, and how to make her way through the Crowd at the Opera. She shall learn—

Ever. She shall learn that, of all her mischievous hoity-toity sex you are the last she is to know; and I'll dismiss every servant, that she may not hear your Name.

Miss A. I'll be her Bridemaid, and, before she has been your wife six hours, give her more fancies for Laces, Diamonds, and Feathers, than can be gratified in six years.

Ever.—Humph! Why dont you marry yourself, and plague some other man? You have Fools enough to chuse from. Marry!—you have my consent.

Miss A. But, I want that of a much more important Personage.

Ever. Whose?

Miss A. My own! I intend to laugh at the men a little longer yet! It is excessively amusing I assure you to play with a man's heart, as an Angler does

with his Prey; drawing him this way—pulling him that—now giving him the whole length of the line —and, in a moment when he least expects it, landing and leaving him!

Ever. Remember many a sportive angler has lost the prey meant to be carried off;—but, you are a Coquette.

Miss A. Well, why shouldn't a Woman be—by way of Variety! coquetting of late has been monopolized by the Men!—When my time comes however I shall smile upon the most constant of my adorers, go gravely with him to Church, drive soberly to the Seat of his Ancestors, grow a dutiful Wife, and study made wines and family receipts; and, when I have the honour of seeing your young *Widow*, we'll drink to your Memory in a pleasant cup of Cowslip of my own brewing! (*Curtesies.*)

Ever. Seek new Lodgings, Madam!

Miss A. I shall not indeed, Sir!

Ever. My House is my own, Madam! (*ferociously.*)

Miss A. And my Guardian is my own, Sir! (*imitating.*) Are you not my own dear sweet Guardian, and are you not going to have a sweet Wife, and to be a sweet Simpleton at the age of Sixty Five?—O my sweet, dear—poor Guardian!——ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit.*

Ever. Drink to my Memory in wine of her own brewing! Some half-pay Ensign shall be bribed to carry her off, and make her glad to drink small beer of any body's brewing.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SCENE II.

MR. BARKWELL'S.

Enter POUND, *looking at Letters.*

Pound. Let me see—one, two, three, four. Well, four fresh summonses every morning, considering the Season has proved so healthy, would stir our medicine boxes pretty well. I must call the Doctor—'tis time he should be on his rounds—oh, he comes, why what has caused his Anger now?

Enter BARKWELL *from the bottom, with a Newspaper in his hand.*

Bark. What is the Nation about! What is the Parliament about? Is this to be borne?—Here's a collection! Every morning an inundation of new Quacks. Here's a fellow cures the Gout—by injecting Volatiles through the Ear! another freezes a Fever by artificial snow—produced from the congealed perspiration of the Patient! and this, purifies the blood from all disorders—by the Smell of mushroom-juice chemically prepared! Why, what is to become of the Mysteries of the regular practitioner, if these Fellows are suffered to go on! What, I say, is the Parliament about?

Pound. Considering, Sir.

Bark. Considering!— tax 'em! tax 'em! The Quacks shall be taxed. But—have I been sent for to any new Patients to day?

Pound. (*Looking over the Letters.*) Yes, Sir, Lady Juniper complains that her Dropsy has grown worse and worse for more than a year—she expects you at Eleven. Mr. Galibash has a surfeit-fever, and Mrs.

Langrish hopes you'll call in the course of the morning.

Bark. Mr. Galibash only a Surfeit fever—humph! with the help of Bark and Aromatics it may be prolonged three weeks, without any fear of losing my Patient.—As to Lady Juniper, frequent visits now may be profitable, for in one tapping more she'll come to the Dregs.—As for my friend Mrs. Langrish, if I cant prevail on her to prate less, she wont last me another spring. That woman will talk two hours, without breathing, about the languor with which she is oppressed! if I did not lower her now and then, she'd evaporate through the lingual organs, like air from a Highland Bag-pipe.

Pound. Sir, I had like to have forgot—Mr. Bellair is coming!

Bark. Coming! No, poor fellow, he is going—he is going! Aye, unpleasant is the end of a man of pleasure!—Did he crawl up stairs last night?

Pound. No Sir, I could not persuade him, when he found Miss Arabella was alone.

Bark. Aye, he has taken a dislike to the sex; the sight of a young woman throws him into a Catalepsy. I have seen him quite faint, only at the touch of Arabella's hand, as she has chafed his temples with hartshorn. I have lesson'd her, notwithstanding, to pay every attention—it may be useful in his latter moments, you know!

Pound. Somebody is coming up! I'll go and make up the medicines for these Patients against your return—from enquiring about their particular Symptoms! (*Laughing.*)

Bark. No laughing Pound! I have always told you that, in our Profession, you must constantly struggle to look serious! [*Exit* POUND.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Ever. Good morning to you Barkwell, good morning! how are your Pulse to day?

Bark. Pho! a Doctor thinks no more about his Pulse, than a Lawyer about his conscience; the Constitution of the one, and the Pocket of the other, both flourish the better.

Ever. Why then d'ye feel the pulse of your Patients?

Bark. Why, one cant well do *less* for their money you know!

Ever. Well, here are the Parchments—(*taking them from his bosom*) here they are! nothing but Names wanting and Sums.

Bark. Names, and Sums, and why are they not down?

Ever. Why, let us be clear first. Your niece has thirty thousand pounds, and you will of course now come to a final agreement that she shall be mine, on allowing you one Third for your Consent.

Bark. One Half you know was agreed on.

Ever. One Third is quite enough. I am sure Ten Thousand Pounds for a simple *Aye* is very well; a place might be named where they would say Aye for less!

Bark. Come, as you are not poor enough to want a *Pension*, dont libel your betters! As to our affair, consider every thing: you know I boarded Arabella with two Sisters in Cornwall, who could teach her nothing but hemming; the sole employment of her life for sixteen years has been her Needle, with the occasional relief of making seed cake, and stewing apples. Her Ignorance thus leaves her mind in thorough subjection to me; her education being only such as her Great-Great-Grand-Mother received—for aught I know as much to her advantage as to your's.

Ever. I know all that—I know all that.

Bark. Yes, you know, but you dont draw the Inference! If a Guinea saved is a Guinea got, she's a Fortune of herself. Let me tell you that a girl who cant write, who never even heard of Point or Brussels, who if she touches a Card thinks of nothing but "*Beggar my Neighbour!*" and who has been made to think that the Opera, Ranelagh, and Routs would waste any Property, is a better Fortune with fifteen, than a Town-bred Miss with thirty thousand.

Ever. Well, well, 'tis fruitless to argue with ye! The Antiquity of my Family, I find, will not support its Dignity without the aid of Riches, and, I must take what I can get. Here, take the Parchments, fill up the blanks, and write your name. Shall I see my little Bell?

Bark. To be sure. Call down my Niece there!

Ever. An instant—an instant! I wish—I wish there was a law to prevent the Young from associating with one another!

Bark. Ha! ha! For a Bridegroom of your discreet years, it may be a prudent wish enough!

Ever. Have no young fellows wheedled themselves into your house after her, since her engagement with me, eh?

Bark. Not one for a moment; except one who is dying—dont be alarmed—not through her!—he's a Patient of mine!

Ever. Aye, well, he scarcely can be in the way; or, if he is, he'll soon be out of it—ha! ha! eh? Master Barkwell?

Bark. But hark ye, to make all secure I have kept my promise with you, and made her solemnly declare that she will never impart your Name to any one, until the Ceremony has passed.

Ever. Why, aye, that's well! Were it known that, with Beauty and with Riches, she is about to be given to one—who is not a mere Boy—all the silly

Youngsters in this part of the town would be after her. That would be a pity you know—eh? we mustn't let her be run off with, eh!

Bark. Never fear! 'tis all snug between us three. I have told her that 'tis indelicate to mention the Name of her Lover to any human being. To make all quite secure, I have bound her to silence by making her pronounce a solemn promise, which, as I see she has a natural turn for the romantic, she'll keep.—Hist! she comes.

Enter ARABELLA.

Ever. My pretty Bell! my pretty Bell—why so sad?

Arab. Why to be married into a Family much older than any other in the world is something to be sure—but I'm always sad I think! When I left Cornwall, they told me I was coming to London to be made a Great Lady, and therefore happy, but, indeed, I was happier there. In the Mornings, I rambled in the Woods, and used to listen to the sweet Birds till they made me weep;—in the Evenings I walked by Moonlight—oh! how I love Moonlight Walks! with the distant village sounds dying away, till they become as gentle to the Ear, as the fading tints of the flowers of the fields to the Eye.

Ever. Why, you may have Moon-light in London, when it is not foggy, my Bell! and Sounds of all sorts!

Arab. But, my Uncle never suffers me to stir!

Bark. No, to be sure;—not till you're married.

Ever. You then may go every where!—provided 'tis with your Husband!

Arab. Only with him? Why I was told that, when I am married, I must pay Visits, and receive Company, and ride in Hyde-Park, and be thinking always of all this, and not of him.

Ever. Doctor ! Five Thousand must be added for that !

Bark. Why, how now, Hussy ! who has been putting these shocking notions into your head?

Arab. Why, there's nothing shocking in 'em ;—for the Wife and Daughters of the Parson of the Parish over the way do so, and have Company on Sundays into the bargain.

Bark. Hussy ! that's a Dignitary's family, every body knows that no Parish Priest permits any thing of the kind !

Ever. Come, Doctor, dont be harsh, my little Pet will be good. I have convinced her that she was sent into the world on purpose to be my Wife ; and it will be the Duty of my wife to hate gadding and Young Fellows.

Arab. Aye, but you only spoke of those with Swords and Epaulettes.

Ever. Then I was too remiss. They are all the same, the sworded, the broad bands, and the narrow bands ; if they are young you must hate them all. If they presume to talk nonsense to you, make me your Secret-keeper, and I shall then be able to hold you up as the Model of a perfect Wife.

Bark. Like other Models, to be but indifferently copied ! Remember, Arabella, no delicate woman receives visits from any but Relations ; nor, amongst those, from any of a remoter degree than Uncles and Aunts.

Arab. What ! not a Cousin ?

Ever. Not if tis a male cousin. Such a being in the family of my young wife I should deem a worse monster than a man-tyger.

Arab. (*Aside.*) But, Mr. Bellair is not my Cousin. Oh, how I shall like to support his poor aching head ; and, when he is faint, to give him cordials, and weep by him till he recovers.

Bark. (*Goes up to her.*) What are you saying, Arabella?

Arab. I was conning my lesson about how I was to behave to Mr. Bellair; part of it is so pretty, that whenever I think of it, I sigh, and feel so melancholy! and yet, tis a melancholy sweeter than all the Pleasure I have ever tasted! [*Exit.*

Ever. Aye, go, go! that's my pretty Bell; get it all into your head and act accordingly.

Bark. Well, I must go. If I dont leave you, Patients will be out of Temper.

Ever. Well, I shall see you again in the evening; in the mean time, look over the Parchments. [*Exit.*

Bark. Aye, that I will!—for I have been a Fool, and made the bargain more favorably on his side than I needed. He would have taken the ten thousand only;—I'll start some objection—I hate to be over-reach'd! [*Exit with the Parchments.*

SCENE III.

CARLTON'S. CARLTON *and* BELLAIR *at Breakfast.*

Carl. More Ways Than One indeed! and your way is the most singular! imported with you, I suppose, from Leyden.—To captivate a blooming Girl assume Sickness! Such a way of love-making, could never have occurred but in a College!

Bel. My Sickness was originally assumed, not to captivate, but to gain Introduction. However, you have heard that Pity is Sister to Love, and I have proved it so in the heart of the gentle Arabella.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. (*To Bellair.*) Your Servant is here, Sir, to say Mr. Barkwell requests you not to call till One. He is obliged to take a wide round this morning.

Bell. Very well. Bid him let my wrapping Gown be ready, with all the requisites, my palĕ complexion, &c. (*Exit* SERVANT.) I must have a wider Gown, in mine I dont look sufficiently lank.—Who, but a Doctor, could believe, that these limbs belong to a fellow in the last stage of an Atrophy!

Carl. Oh, they study nature only in its *Complexities;* you may make them believe any thing! But, have you never yet found a moment to convince the Lady, that you have as sound a Heart as any man in Town?

Bel. Never. Nor do I know that I wish it yet; for, I should then lose the Luxury of her tender assistances, the soft pressure of her hand, and the tear dropping from her blue eye on my cheek whilst she believes me in a state of Insensibility! How can I bear to give up all this?

Carl. Oh!—as well spoil a Romance, by turning to the last page at once—for the Marriage!

Bel. To hear her sigh, and ask her Uncle in tenderest accents—"if nothing can be done for me?" —A direct avowal of her Passion would not give me such Transport! Charming, to witness nature's genuine feelings in a beautiful girl, instead of the artificial Tricks of Education.

Carl. Well—but no education at all! is there nothing repulsive in that?

Bel. Repulsive! quite the reverse—it has a thousand charms for me. Her mind is naturally so sound, that the task of polishing can be but slight, and that charming task will be mine! I am grown so romantic on the subject, that I am delighted with the idea of being the second enamoured Abelard.

Carl. Pshaw man!—turn School-master at last!

Bel. What a Phrase! To unite the characters of Lover and Instructor—how interesting is the Thought!—

What Joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go;
To mingle sweet discourse with Kisses sweet,
And teach my Scholar all the lore I know!

Carl. Well, to Poets I resign such Whims and Pastoral Loves as thine.—Give me a woman whose soul is all informed! alive to every enjoyment of Taste!—I would rather my wife should join in conversation with Grace, than shrink from it in blushing Confusion—keep the men aloof by her Wit, than allure them by her Simplicity.

Bel. Hey-dey! whose description is all this?

Carl. Why, you may know perhaps hereafter.

Bel. Hereafter be it then, for now I am impatient to be gone. I must practise an hour, before I shall reduce my pipe to the true shrill. You would not ensure my life for three days, if you should see me metamorphosed.

Carl. Nor your Understanding for three hours, now that I know the Cause of it. Adieu!—may you soon recover!

[*Exeunt, opposite doors.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. MR. BARKWELL'S.

ARABELLA *sitting at a Table, with paper and pencil.*

Arab. No, that wont do! (*holding up a slip of paper*)—Yes it will. No! it is not half so soft and graceful—(*Retouches it.*) There now! that little touch at the corner of the mouth has made it clear another thing.—Oh, how happy those are that can draw! If I could draw, I'd make his interesting face so smiling! and his eye should be just lifted up to me, as it is sometimes; and between his lips I would see a little bit of White, and—

Enter BARKWELL.

Bark. Hey-dey! what is she about! (*peeping.*) What now Arabella? writing!

Arab. Oh, no; you know very well I cant write —I wish I could.

Bark. Wish you could! why? to do mischief? Pity there's a Goose-quill in the kingdom, except those in the hands of the Faculty, the Clergy, and the Law; though, as to the Law, I believe there would be no great harm if their's were taken away too.—Pray, what use would you make of being able to write?

Arab. Oh, I'd write, I'd write down a song, that I

have been making out of my own head; but I cant finish it, because I cant write. It begins—

Soft are the gentle Youth's poor looks
And lily pale his face.—

Bark. "Lily pale his Face."—Aye, that most young men can boast of; rosy cheeks are as scarce in England now, as rose-bushes in Scotland.—Let me see that paper; what's this?—a Flower pot?

Arab. No; its Somebody. (*very artlessly.*)

Bark. Why, if one can judge of what your Stile of Writing would have been from this, it would have taken well, Girl; for, it would be beyond common apprehension! But come (*throwing down the paper, which she picks up, and puts in her bosom*) I want to talk to you a little. Here will be the poor young man presently—Mr. Bellair.

Arab. Oh dear, will he? (*joyfully.*)

Bark. Now, you know, he is dying.

Arab. Is he! (*sadly.*)

Bark. So, we must make the most of him whilst the Sun shines upon him.

Arab. (*Aside.*) The Sun wont shine, when he dies!

Bark. He has a good Fortune, and is of a reputable Family, but has neither chick nor child, so remember your solemn resolution never to mention the name of Mr. Evergreen to him, or any one, and show him every kind of decent civility that a modest young woman may show.

Arab. I am sure I always do. I would lay down my life to bate his pains. Do you know that, when they are very bad, he grasps my hand so hard!—but I am not angry with him!

Bark. No, to be sure; he is a poor sick man—if he were well 'twould be quite different and rude. Behave as I tell you, and at his death his Gratitude may secure us some acknowledgement.

Arab. Oh, dear Uncle! it would be much greater if his life could be saved.

Bark. I hardly know that. Patients are liberal in proportion to their Sufferings; I dont know how it is —but the more we assist, the less, as their humour goes, are we paid. After all our art has failed, the Will of a defunct Patient is often more favorable to us than the Heart of one whom we have kept alive. However 'tis beyond the Reach of art to save him! If *he* lives, medical knowledge is a farce!

Enter POUND.

Pound. Mr. Bellair is coming up, Sir.

Bark. Oh, let me assist him. Stay good Sir!
(*runs out.*)

Arab. Dear, dear, how weak he is! But I declare he's not so pale, no not half so pale, as he was. Oh, how I would love my Uncle if he should recover him!

Enter BELLAIR, *supported by* BARKWELL *and* POUND.

Bark. Lean on me, good Mr. Bellair, lean harder. Come, think me your Nurse as well as your Doctor —you know we rank with Old Women.

Bel. (*Panting*) You are kind—hooh! very kind. Your stairs—hooh! have exhausted too much of my wasting breath.

Bark. Aye, aye, all our breaths are wasting; but come, take Courage—you may yet perhaps have more years before you, than I have.

Bel. (*Aside.*—Yes, I guess I may; or Nature will play me a slippery trick!) Pray support me, to that Sopha (*advances a step or two, then stops short.*) That Lady there again!—Oh Doctor! do you not know how baneful the sight is to me.

Arab. (*Aside.*) Dear, how can he hate me so? it will break my heart!

Bark. Sir, my Niece may be useful in the room;

you are sometimes faintish, and servants are so unhandy—but, if she offends you, she shall go.—Retire Arabella!

Arab. (*Pensively.*) Well, I can stay at the door, and see him through the crevice—Sure that cant offend him!

Bel. Why I am apt perhaps to be faintish more in her presence than in her Absence—but let her stay—let her stay. Going out of the world, as we all are, it is our duty to conquer Aversions. I will even let her sit by me! Sit down young Lady.

(*They both sit on the Sopha.*)

Bark. Have you your Smelling bottle? let him scent the Spirit, Arry.

Arab. Here it is.

(*He seizes the Bottle, and her hand together.*)

Bark. Dont take too much, Sir! dont hold it too long.

Bel. Oh, it revives me much!

Arab. It is very charming smelling! Dear, how tight he holds my hand!

Bel. My mind is very wayward, I have odd fancies Doctor, very odd fancies at times!

Bark. Aye, Sir, there are very odd fancies amongst the sick sometimes. I knew an old Lady who fancied herself pursued by Death. She vowed he should not have her, and actually contended with the Phantasm so long, that she vanquished. The obstinacy, which sent three husbands out of the world, kept her in it, in pure spite to the predictions of the most learned of the Faculty.

Bel. But, I have a still stranger fancy than that Doctor. I have not only a fancy that I shall live, but that, after all, I shall be a healthy stout young fellow!

Bark. (*Aside.*) Oh, the Fancies of diseased Imaginations!

Enter Pound.

Pound. Sir, here is a Patient very earnest to consult you.

Bark. I'll be with him in a moment. Will you give me leave?

Bel. Go, go, good Doctor; in the mean time I'll try to recover my voice! Pray, dont hurry the Gentleman! [*Exit Barkwell.*

Bel. (*Turns and gazes on Arabella.*) Oh, Angel!

Arab. (*Aside.*) Is he going to pray? how fiery his eyes look!—Pray Sir, quiet yourself; rest your head a little on me, 'twill relieve its pain.

(*He rests his head on her shoulder, his arm round her.*)

Bel. O Cupid, Venus, and Hymen!

Arab. (*Aside.*) He talks Latin now, they say people do when they are possessed!

Bel. I can refrain no longer—I'll declare myself at once!

Arab. Dear Sir! if you have any Sins upon your mind, the sooner you declare them the better; it may ease your Conscience.

Bel. Yes, I will now declare—O most enchanting—(*Drops on one knee—Barkwell enters; Bellair groans, and lets himself fall on the floor.*)

Arab. —Oh! (*Screams.*)

Bark. Bless me, he is fainting! Aye, he is far gone indeed, poor man.—Very odd! (*taking his hand*) his Pulse are good though *he* is so bad.

Arab. When he fell, he was going to declare some Crime to me.

Bark. Some crime!

Arab. Yes, and it seemed to overpower his Conscience so the moment he began to speak, that he could not bear it.

Bark. Aye, his conduct has been but bad I doubt, but, he is about to pay for all. Come, Sir, cheer—

cheer ye! (*helping him up.*) I wont leave you so again.

Bel. Wont you Sir!

Bark. No, I'll sit by you, if 'tis an hour. Some people find the sight of a Doctor drives away a disorder better than Physic!

Bel. Oh, Sir, you are very kind! but, I shall not be the better for the sight of you for an hour now. In the Evening, if you'll permit me, I'll call again.

Bark. Shall I call on *you* then?

Bel. On no account! I always find that the Prospect of coming to your house tends to keep the flame of life awake in me. The air of this part of the Town, so near the Park, revives me. I'll come, and take upon me the risk of your being out. Permit me to come as often as I can, I hope I shall not be long in this sad way!—Pray Doctor—

(*Putting a Bank-note into his hand.*)

Bark. Sir - - - it is needless!—

(*Putting it into his Pocket.*)

Bel. The Spirit the young Lady gives me revives me much;—you'll let her be in the way?

Bark. That she shall. Come, Sir, lean on me!

[*Exeunt. Bellair gazing on Arabella.*

Arab. Dear, how he looks at me! it wakes up Pity in my heart so! Sure he can have no great crime on his Conscience—I'll endeavour to comfort his mind, when he comes again. Meantime, I'll go into my own room, and try to finish this—(*taking the paper from her bosom*) I think I can make it look a little as he did just now—and then—if he dies—(*sighing*) I can look at this all day and think of him!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

THE HORSE-GUARDS.

CARLTON *comes through into the Park, is met by* BELLAIR *in a Chair.*

Bel. (*To the Chairmen.*) Stop! stop!—Carlton! (*Gets out of the chair, and throws in his gown.*) There, carry it home, and call for me at Eight.

Car. Oh, oh! what returned from the Doctor's?

Bel. This moment left the house—this moment. I shall be there again at Eight; my Time will drag heavily till then—how shall I kill the tardy minutes?

Carl. If you are serious in your wish to murder them, read Politics; if you only want to help them on, go with me.

Bel. Where?

Carl. To call on Sir Marvell Mushroom. I pay him a visit once in six months, stay six minutes, and laugh six hours after I have left him.

Bel. Who is this Sir Marvell, that is such a specific for *Ennui?*

Carl. Been in London a Month, and not know Sir Marvell! Why, Sir Marvell was the other day a Grocer, or an Ironmonger, or a Cheesemonger, I dont remember which or where.

Bel. What is he now?

Carl. Now! a man of figure Sir, a man of expense. To be seen every morning in Hyde-Park, followed by Servants on a brace of hunters. At four, in a Phaeton, making the circuit of Pall Mall, St. James Street, and Bond Street; and every night, in every place where a ticket or effrontery can procure him admission.

Bel. But, where's the Peculiarity of all this?

Carl. Oh, all that's nothing, the point in the Knight's Character is to come. Having by the death of some old Save-all or other become proprietor of a large estate, he drove to his domains in a chaise and four, broached the hogsheads &c. &c. The next year, glad to catch a new man ready and willing, they turned over the office of Sheriff to him. It so chanced that there was an Address to carry up—hence his Knighthood.

Bel. Ha! ha! ha! Well!

Carl. In the leisure of his new life, and that he might not, for want of topics of Conversation, be silent wherever he went, to which his loquacity could not submit, he took it into his head to *read*. So, having bought every Author on every subject, he peruses indiscriminately Poetry, History, Tactics, Philosophy, Botany, Cookery, Agriculture, and Metaphysics; and, to show that he does read, is—for ever quoting!

Bel. He must be then a tiresome dog!

Carl. Not at all;—as he manages, he is most pleasant. Beginning to read late in life, with, to the *advantage* of his hearers, a very bad Memory, he makes the happiest mistakes imaginable. His head contains an Olio of Arts and Sciences, so mingled and confused, that he constantly confounds the one with the other; if Boyle or Clarendon is mentioned, ten to one but he'll give you an old Catch as a specimen of his talents.

Bel. Ha! ha! ha!

Carl. His French Valet assists in working up the inside of his head, as well as the out; and gives his Master too the Theme of the day.

Bel. Precious! my mind, from Exertion, has lapsed into Dulness, this fellow must be excellent to help on my lagging time—let us go directly.

Carl. With all my heart. Come along, and, as to

your dulness, console yourself; he receives a new Acquaintance just as he does a new Book, in morocco or *Calf's* skin—'tis all one to Sir Marvell!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A DRESSING ROOM.

Sir MARVELL *at his Toilette,* LE GOUT *powdering his hair.*

Mar. *Depechez Monsieur—depechez!* I am impatient.

Le Gout. Ah! *Monsieur!* de Inglis be *tousjours* so, and for dat resonne dey navaer do credit to dair *Valets.* A French Generarl spend as much time in receiving de powdaer in his hair, as in directing de powdaer to de enemee; and would rader live, dan be found ded ill dress in de field of *bataille!*

Mar. Aye, but now you know, *Monsieur*, we are all the go in Paris! Next war I dare say your Generals will head their armies in Buckskin and brown bobs.—Have done! (*starting up*) you have been as long raising the siege of that curl, as the Goths were in taking *Bagdad.*

Le Gout. Nay den, *Monsieur*, I vil have a done; but, *pardon*, *Monsieur*, it does use me very ill; I vil live vid no mastaer who so disgrace me!

Mar. Disgrace you!

Le Gout. *Oui, sans doute,* de disgrace be mine. De *Qualité* vil not say of you—"Oh, what Bourgeois be dat! *ah! mon Dieu, quelle bête!*" dey vil say—"Who drest dat man? he be as *mal adroit* as a Flemish Boor—send him a new *Valet*, he be drest by a Dutch Barbaer!"—My Reputation be concerned *Monsieur!*

Mar. Why now, you know, *Le Gout*, I take great care to dress for your Reputation; and to regulate

myself in all respects according to your Lectures. You have lived so long with Dukes and Lords, and Cricketers of Fashion, and Noble Racket-players, that you know the Dash of High Life exactly; and if I had a Son, to educate for the modern Great World, I would prefer you to any French Governor in London.

Le Gout. Oh, as to dat, *Monsieur*, I would not be French *Gouverneur* to any ting. Running about after little Mastaer, sitting behind him at de play, and vid my back to de horses in de *Vis-a-vis*, and be at de bottom of de table ven de Chaplain have leave of absaunce! no, no, some French *Gouverneurs* dat I know, av a taken up de powdaer puff again, and prefaer daer original occupation of *Valet*, to de pleasure of plaguing Mastaer for von hundred pound a year, and being tied to his Jackette like de keys to de Housekeepers girdle!

Mar. Well but, *Monsieur*, you cant conceive how brilliant I was at Mrs. Flanconade's yesterday. She thought to pose me once, and interrupted me with (*He speaks in a thick voice*) "Pray, Sir Marvell Mushroom, at what time was the Roman Republic in its glory?" Very good, Ma'am, says I—very good! as though all the world did not know that the Republic was in its greatest lustre when Alexander the Great was King of Rome—ha! ha! ha!—No conceiving how it was enjoyed—ha! ha! ha!—But, have you thought of no Subject for me to day?

Le Gout. Dare *Monsieur!* I be disgrace again! Why Alexandaer vas never King of Rome, he vas King of de *Tourcs!*

Mar. You are right, you are right, *Monsieur*. (*Aside.* The Dog is clearly wrong—but I dare not contradict him!)

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. A Gentleman, whose Name is—is—Belayer —or Boiler—or some such name—is below Sir.

Mar. Boiler—Boiler—oh! I remember; I saw him last Season at Brighton. His father was a Soap man *Le Gout.*—Why, what does he want?

Serv. He only sent up his Name, Sir.

Mar. His Name! why surely he doesn't put himself upon a visiting footing! Tell him, I am engaged at present.

Le Gout. Oh, wrong, *Monsieur! pardon*—quite wrong!

Mar. Why, should I receive him?

Le Gout. Sans doute—receive every body. De Great People make all dare Power dat vay! In Grosvenaer Square, a Citizen send his name up to a Lord;—de Lord shrug his shouldaer—"Hang de greasy Soap-boilaer—send him up!"—He fly to receive him, catch his hand—"My dear Mr. Boilaer, how I am oblige for dis *honneur!* where have you been dis long time? can I do any ting for you? give me de happiness to serve you!"

Mar. Do they condescend as much as that?

Le Gout. Condescend! Pshaw! dat idea is banish de vorld,—dare is no condescension. De *Canaille* is de fountain of Riches, derefore de Lords treat dem vid Respect, and tell dem of daer *Majesté;*—in return, de *Canaille* ovarflow vid *vanité* and gratitood, let de Lords drain dare purses, and so bote sides rest satisfie.

Mar. Enough! Say I'll but put on my coat (*To the Servant.*) *Le Gout*, you'll follow. I'll snatch his hand, and outdo a Duke in the warmth of my reception. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

SCENE IV.

ANOTHER ROOM.

SERVANT *enters to* CARLTON *and* BELLAIR.

Serv. Sir Marvell will soon be down, Sir. I have informed him you are here. [*Exit.*

Carl. Was not that the lovely Bab Archer you bowed to, as we came hither?

Bel. It was Miss Archer. But, you dont think her handsome?

Carl. Critically so perhaps not; but, she is more —she is captivating! Her voice is Melody, and elegant Mind is perceived in every motion.

Bel. Elegance do you call it? I am sure it is something much more like insolence. I knew her abroad; and this woman who, in your opinion, is made up of Melody, Sweetness, and Witchery, is the most capricious, the most proud, the—

Carl. Oh, oh! that is to say—you have been her Slave, and a neglected one!

Bel. There is scarcely a man of your acquaintance who will not subscribe to my opinion of her.

Carl. The strongest proof of her charms and of her Power. It is because she is hated by all the men who have had the Presumption to sigh for her—that I adore her! There is a degree of impurity in a woman who listens to, and smiles on, all who chuse to make Love to her. When I marry, my Wife must bring me an Ear as unprevailed upon as her Heart, and the first permitted whispers of Love that reach her, must be from my lips!

Bel. Carry your whispers to Miss Archer, kneel sigh moan—and be disregarded!

Carl. Ha! ha! ha!

Bel. What do you laugh at?

Carl. At your conceiving that, with a woman of her character, I should pursue so beaten a track! No, no; I have resolved to woo her, but, it shall be by Indifference! I'll set her heart in a blaze—by Coldness, and conquer—by disregarding her!

Bel. You will admit that your way of love-making is not less singular than mine. But, as to its success, I should as soon believe the Spanish batteries had more effectually been attacked by Snow-balls than by Gibraltar's red-hot ammunition.

Carl. A flaming allusion!—But—here comes our Knight!

Enter Sir MARVELL, *and* LE GOUT.

Sir Marvell;—Mr. Bellair, my particular friend, begs to be known to you.

Mar. My dear Sir, I was prepared to meet an inferior person! (*Seizing Bellair's hand.*) Sir you do me inexpressible honour—Can I do any thing for you?—make use of me—give me the happiness to serve you!

Le Gout. (*Apart.*) *Monsieur!* dis is not de way to treat *Gentlemenne.* You must be cordial vid, and make offairs of saerveece, only to de *Canaille!* [*Exit.*

Bel. You have good Paintings, Sir Marvell. (*Looking round.*)

Mar. Why, I flatter myself I have Taste that way. We have Moderns who pretend to paint—ha! ha! Save us from Modern Painters!—the *Antique* is the thing! For a Portrait Painter, there never was any body equal to that Rogue ERASMUS; he gave us flesh and blood to the life!—But, for a Cabinet piece—give me a Dutch Fair by SCIPIO AFRICANUS!——(*To Carlton.*) What is he laughing at? he behaves very oddly!

Carl. You must excuse him;—unhappily ignorant, he has not read as you have!

Mar. Indeed! I'll offer him my Library. My dear Mr. Bellair, you have not read as I have I believe; 'tis pity—when you perceive it makes a man cut such a Figure in Society!—My Library is at your Service.

Bel. You do me a most particular favour, Sir Marvell; peculiarly chosen I am sure it must be.

Mar. Oh, as to that—yes, yes, Sir;—aye, Mr. Carlton, you have seen my Library. All the Poets, from Mecænas to Locke. All the dramatic writers of Name—including Shakespear, Lycurgus, and Pliny—Read *well*, Sir; and after that you may aspire to write.

Bel. Write!

Mar. Oh, yes; one is not compleatly finished without it—every body writes. One cannot put one's head into company without meeting Ode-writing Misses from School, and Matrons who compose Essays. But, my *forte* is Satire!

Carl. What then *you* write, Sir Marvell!

Mar. Trifles! trifles! There is a thing of mine in the Paper to day. You know—for every body knows—Miss Archer?

Carl. Doubtless.

Mar. You then know that she is the most haughty, affected creature living; and to day I have given her in Heroic—mark that—in Heroic—doggerel would have been too dignified for the Subject! There she is, in the Poet's Corner, at full length.

Carl. Satirize Miss Archer! surely you have not dared.

Mar. Why not? I satirize myself sometimes, and answer it again the next day.

Carl. (*Aside.*) On reflection, this is what I want!

Mar. Besides to tell you the truth, there is another reason.—Now I shall surprise you I know; I

hardly expect you to believe me—but—in short—she has actually refused *me!*

Bel. Refused you! Nay, then, Carlton, you must not hope. You'll hardly expect to succeed where Sir Marvell has failed.

Mar. Oh, I dont know that—I dont know that; Caprice frequently chuses the worst! You know the Proverb—those that are dainty—

Carl. So, Sir Marvell, 'tis Revenge then—

Mar. Yes, Revenge. But, I continue to visit her in a friendly way; she's fashionable; and one finds the first Dash there. Besides, I have such a Spirit about me, that I can never be out of humour with people to their faces!

Carl. In course, you dont mean to acknowledge your Satire?—Is it severe?

Mar. Tears her like a bramble-bush!

Carl. Then, do me the favour to announce me to her as the Author!

Mar. Are you serious?

Carl. Most peculiarly so. In short, I want to be introduced to her, and I know no better way.

Bel. Tell her Sir Marvell, he is dying for her—that's the better way.

Carl. Yes, to be made a fool—Will you oblige me?

Mar. To be sure. I shall like such a Skreen! for, in fact, I have rather an awkward terror of her Revenge.

Carl. Go then this instant my dear Sir Marvell; let not a moment be lost, nor any thing tempt you to betray that—you are the Poet!

Mar. Never fear me! It was a Goose's office you know, to *betray* the Capitol! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. AN APARTMENT AT EVERGREEN'S.

Enter Miss JUVENELLE *and a* SERVANT.

Miss Juv. Tell Miss Archer I cant stay a minute, I have only brought a Newspaper to show her. (*Exit Servant.*) How charmingly this will gall her! I never read such a piece of Abuse in my life—I wonder how the Author got it in!

Enter Miss ARCHER.

Oh, my dear Miss Archer!—Do you know that some cruel wretch here—

Miss A. Oh, yes, my Dear! I know it all; you are the fifteenth Lady that has been here this morning to inform me of it. Upon my word, a Newspaper Pasquinade is a mighty good thing—it makes one's friends remember one.

Miss Juv. (*Aside.*) What provoking haste! I thought to have been the first. Now, I dont know how it touched her!

Miss A. What are you musing about, my Dear?

Miss Juv. Oh, why about the wickedness of people, to dare—to be able—

Miss A. Oh, never think about it. It is rather a Distinction;—to be abused in a Newspaper, you know, is to be ranked with half the great characters in existence.—Ah! here's another visitant, with an-

other Newspaper! why my friends are so numerous they will be obliged to put forth another impression before the evening. Good morning Sir Marvell!

Enter Sir MARVELL.

Mar. Dear Ma'am, your most devoted! Have you heard of this scandalous Abuse?—Oh, yes, you have heard I see,—Miss Juvenelle is here.

Miss A. You might have met half my acquaintance here twenty minutes ago, they are kindly gone to disperse the Papers.

Miss Juv. Pray, Sir Marvell, can you guess at the Writer?

Mar. Oh, that's not a fair Question.—What do you think of the lines?

Miss Juv. Pointed to the last degree! witty and severe.

Mar. A'n't they?—this Couplet—

(*Miss A. stands between them.*)

Vainly does Molly break six Laces.
Some Forms wont yield to leathern Traces!

Miss Juv. And this—

The Blushes rubbed in with such art,

Mar. The laboured Swim, the studied start,

Miss Juv. Th' affected- - -

Miss A. Nay, pray, good people, have a little compassion!

(*She places a hand before each mouth; they struggle to speak, their eyes fixed on the Papers; as she removes her hands they each speak.*)

Mar. H—r—r—r— — — Miss Archer!

Miss Juv. — — — — Clear-Starcher!

Mar. What d'ye think of it Ma'am?

Miss A. What is your Motive for reading it to me!

Mar. Motive, motive — why 'tis fit every body should know what's said of them. That great Philosopher, *Heliogabalus*, said the Abuses of his enemies were more serviceable to him than the praises of his friends.

Miss A. I am quite of that opinion, and wish therefore to know whom I have to thank for this service.

Mar. Do you? would you really wish to know him?

Miss A. Yes, really.

Mar. Shall I bring him to you?

Miss A. Then you know him?

Mar. Perfectly well. I will not give his name; but, if you really have a wish to see him, he shall hear you express your thanks for the obligations you are under to him—here this very evening!

Miss A. I should like it above all things. My life has been spent in hearing Flatteries and Falshoods—let me for once see the man who has the Courage to speak what he thinks. Pardon me for leaving you—I shall expect you and my Panegyrist at Nine.

[*Exit.*

Miss Juv. You see she can't stand it—she is finely nettled.

Mar. Yes, yes, she feels it. I am not surprised at it!

Miss Juv. I wonder what Blockhead wrote it! for—between ourselves, I never read more wretched stuff.

Mar. Wretched!

Miss Juv. Oh, vile! though I tried to make her believe just now—that I thought it all Wit and Poignancy!

Mar. Why really, Miss Juvenelle, I am surprised that people will give opinions so rashly. The person Miss, who wrote this little *morceau* is peculiarly remarkable in his study of the *Belles Lettres.*

Miss Juv. *Belles Lettres*—nonsense! bell *metal* was all that was requisite to the Hammerer who produced these—they are mere Jingle!

Mar. Very well, Ma'am! very well! I must beg leave to say, that it is not agreeable to hear the talents of a very particular friend slighted.

Miss Juv. Indeed! you are unusually liberal; in general, 'tis the most agreeable treat a friend can have. But, pray let me know who this friend is for whose reputation you are in such extreme pain?

Mar. What do you think of Mr. Carlton?

Miss Juv. What do I think? ha! ha! ha!—My dear Sir Marvell!

Mar. Nay, if you dont believe me, come this evening and see him here.

Miss Juv. Well, really then, it is surprising! I did not think he had possessed so much Ill-nature.

Mar. Ill-nature! To make people's time pass cheerily is very charitable. Without a pleasant thing of this sort in a morning, people's chocolate would be as unattractive as—Venitian Black-broth!

Miss Juv. Spartan, I fancy you mean.

Mar. Spart—yes, yes, very true; what a ridiculous mistake!—ha! ha! ha! Thank ye, Miss, thank ye. Yes, I remember, the Venitians joined the Macedonians in their war against PHILIP!—how could I make such a Mistake—ha! ha! ha!

Miss Juv. (*Aside.* One may as well be quiet; in trying to help the poor man out of Error, he gets but the deeper in!) Pray, Sir Marvell, order my chair.

Mar. Yes, Ma'am, yes. Venitian! how could I blunder! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SCENE II.

BELLAIR'S LODGINGS.

CARLTON *and* BELLAIR *rise from their Wine.*

Car. And so you really mean to persuade the innocent thing, that running away with the Rogue Harry Bellair is the most honorable step she can take?

Bel. At least the happiest; for, does she not love me? What then is her Fate if she stays?—She will be huddled in less than three days into a marriage, with a passion in her heart that will heighten the bitterness of Disgust and Mortification.

Car. Who, what, is he? What's his Name?

Bel. She blushes, and declines telling. I have not been urgent, lest it might betray my Hopes too early.

Car. Where can you place her, to be in Safety?

Bel. I have a distant Relative in Town—a Welchman, whose Age will be a shield to her character. I have omitted to call upon him since I arrived, but, I'll go this very day. Will you assist in the *Enlevement?*

Car. If I am not summoned to the adorable Archer. If my scheme there proceeds—

Bel. That's really too absurd! If she believes you to be the Author of that vile abuse, and suffers you to enter the house, it can only be to poison you.

Car. I dont care with what view it is, if I am but invited.—I shall be sure at least not to rank with the tinsel captains, and the Sir Tommy's, and Sir Neddy's, who are received, curteseyed to, and forgotten.

Bel. Remembered you will be, certainly.

Car. I am convinced that a woman who has been

admired all over Europe, and yet returns with an untouched Heart, is not to be won by Flattery, and acknowledgements of her Power. Pride is her security—her Pride therefore must be taken down; until she is reduced to Humility, she will be invincible by Love.

Bel. That's well enough for a Figure.

Car. Aye, and for Reason too;—I shall govern myself by it however.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. (*To Bellair.*) The person you sent for, Sir, is in the Parlour.

Bel. I'll attend him—excuse me half a moment. [*Exit.*

Serv. (*To Carl.*) Sir Marvell Mushroom enquires for you, Sir; he has been at your Lodgings, and was directed hither.

Car. Admit him! admit him!

Enter Sir MARVELL.

My dear Sir Marvell, what News from the Lady?

Mar. Oh, I found her as inflammable as—the ASBESTOS! The whole Town had been with her—the whole Town is mad about my Satire!

Car. Then, tis in vain for me to hope that you have indulged me with the Credit of being its Author—it is not in mortal Wight to lend so much reputation for half an hour.

Mar. Oh, but you are mistaken—I disclaimed it—disclaimed all the Glory;—and she desires that, this very evening, the incomparable Author may be introduced to her!—So you will, PYRAMUS like, drive for one day the chariot of the Sun..

Car. Ha! ha!—shall I?—will she see me?

Mar. Pants for an interview! the beauteous HELEN

was not more desirous of the arrival of LEANDER, when he swam every night across the Red-sea! I have promised to carry you this very evening. But, be sure you dont proclaim me as the Poet, 'till I give the word!

Car. Nothing can be further from my design—you may decline your laurel-crown as long as you please. So striking an introduction!—I never shall be able to return the favour!

Mar. Oh yes! I hear you have a pretty quill at a Latin Epigram;—by way of returning the loan, call it mine!

Car. Excellent!—Ha! ha! when I come out, your name shall be prefixed depend upon it!

Mar. A bit of *Greek* would not hurt. Indeed I should learn Greek myself, for the pleasure of reading OVID, but those characters, crooked all ways, are so precisely alike that they excite- - -an Abstract Complexity in my head.

Car. My dear friend, I am too impatient now, to bestow on you the time your metaphysical and other erudition requires. I had rather hold a Convention with my Taylor and Valet, than with Ovid and Horace, and should prefer, at this moment, being well dressed, to being well read. [*Exit.*

Enter BELLAIR *and* TURNWIT.

Mar. My dear Mr. Bellair, will you excuse me!—I cant stay—I came to catch Carlton. He is going to visit the Lady—I have made his Fortune!—To make him striking in her eyes—I have lent him my Fame. [*Exit.*

Bel. Then, Sir, you know your business. You are to go to Mr. Barkwell's, and tell him—But stay, can you weep on occasion?

Turn. Oh yes, Sir, I dont doubt that I can squeeze a tear upon a pinch.

Bel. Well then, pinch out as many as you can! And tell him that your Wife is ill at Hampstead, and that, as her time for dying is certainly come, she wants his assistance to have it all regular.

Turn. My Wife! You'll excuse me, Sir, but—had I not better omit the crying, and appear to bear it with Resignation!

Bel. Ha! ha! Well, manage that as you will—you know what I want. Here is something for your Ingenuity. Be sure to hurry the Doctor; see him off immediately in his Chariot—with a direction to some house at Hampstead.

Turn. Never fear me.—I humbly thank you Sir!
[*Exit.*

Bel. So! having made Arrangements to set the Doctor off in his road, I shall fearlessly pursue my own. My sweet Arabella! in ten minutes I shall be at thy feet. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MR. BARKWELL'S.

EVERGREEN *asleep on a Sopha.* ARABELLA *at Work After looking at him, she rises.*

Arab. Oh, how different it seems when Mr. Bellair is on that Sopha! I could sit and look at him for ever.—If he was asleep, I'd take such care that nothing should disturb him!—but, I dont care whether this one ever wakes or no!

Ever. (*Beginning to wake.*) Never fear Doctor, she'll be—(*yawning*) she'll be a very good girl.

Arab. To be sure I'll try to be good; but, I shall never be happy though! (*pensively.*)

Ever. (*Waking.*) Mind what I say, my pretty Bell;—the Young Fellows, the young fellows are all Rogues, Villains and—heydey! where's the Doctor?

Arab. He's gone to Hampstead, Sir.

Ever. Hampstead! why how long have I been asleep? Bless me! (*looking at his watch*) 'tis Eight! I must be off. A'n't you sorry, my pretty Bell?

Arab. No.

Ever. Not sorry!

Arab. Why must I be sorry?

Ever. Because I am going to leave you. When you are my Wife, you must be sorry always in my absence, and glad in my presence.

Arab. Indeed!—why glad?

Ever. Because I am with you—to warn you against the ensnaring devices of Youngsters—who spread, like spiders, their cobwebs every where, to catch such silly flies as you!

Arab. Dear me, how can you say so—why spiders are frightful! When my Uncle took me out in his Chariot, the young men looked at me so pure kindly! If I had been their Sister, they could not have been more good natured to me.

Ever. No, nor so much so. But, you are very ignorant, Bell; very ignorant indeed! however, you have time enough to improve.—When you are raised into our family, you'll be quite a different thing. Good bye, pretty Bell! you shall see me again this evening. [*Exit.*

Arab. I shouldn't care if I was never to see you more! Its very odd now, every time I see him I like him worse and worse, and every time I see Mr. Bellair, I like him better and better—

Enter POUND.

Pound! if Mr. Bellair should come, dont say my Uncle is out, for then perhaps he wont come up, but will go away as he did before.

Pound. He is just come, Miss. He seemed as though he was sorry that Mr. Barkwell was absent;

but, he says he is faint, and wishes much for some of the Spirit you gave him this morning. He sent me to ask whether you would admit him.

Arab. Oh, yes, yes! (*Exit Pound.*) How glad I am t'other's gone! Dear me, now I am all in a flutter! What can make me frightened so?

Enter BELLAIR, *leaning on* POUND.

Bel. Gently!—gently!—support me to the Sopha.—There!—now you may go! (*Exit Pound*)—I am faint, sweet young Lady!

Arab. Here is the smelling bottle; I hope, Sir—I hope it will do you good.

Bel. Do you hope so! (*holding both her hands*) Do you wish me to recover?

Arab. There is nothing that I wish for so much in the world!

Bel. Who knows but it may be in your power—

Arab. Oh, dear Sir! you cant recover. My Uncle says you are for Death—and you know he is a great Doctor and accustomed to it.

Bel. (*Still holding her hands.*) And can you bear to see me die?

Arab. No, I couldn't see you die, and I hope I never shall hear of it. But, I shall know it without, for—I shall then see you no more! (*mournfully.*)

Bel. Oh!—(*delighted.*)

Arab. I am sorry you are in such pain!—How bad you are, you'll hardly be able to come any more.—But, I have something to comfort me!

Bel. What!—what!—(*alarmed.*)

Arab. Your picture; I drew it myself. Nobody would know it to be you but I!—but, I can make out all your face.

Bel. Oh!—there can be no Happiness for me beyond this!

Arab. Oh, dont fear Sir! If you are uneasy and will confess, you will be pardoned, and then you will be sure to be happy!

Bel. I *will* confess, and shall indeed be happy, for—thou hast pronounced it! No longer can I refrain—you see before you the most passionate of Lovers! You have been deceived in me, I am in no danger of dying—unless I die now through excess of bliss! (*kissing her hand.*)

Arab. Gracious!

Bel. It will take too long to explain now—how first I saw, how first I loved you.

Arab. What *do* you love me?

Bel. More than my Life! and I come to save you from Misery. You are on the brink of marriage with some man you hate.

Arab. How can you save me from that?

Bel. By marrying you myself.

Arab. What, *may* you marry me?

Bel. Yes, sweet Innocence!

Arab. Why they told me I could not marry any body but the man my Uncle chose, and I thought it right too to obey, but, I have thought otherwise ever since I saw you!

Bel. You shall never marry him, unless you chuse it.

Arab. Chuse it!

Bel. There is but one way to prevent it; you must leave your Uncle's house, put yourself under my guardianship, and then become—the ruler of my fate!

Arab. And when must I go?

Bel. To night.

Arab. Goodness! and is it really in my power *not* to marry him, and to marry you? and will it be my Duty to love you, and sit by, and watch you?

Bel. My Angel! whilst it continues to be your Choice think not of Duty! Will you be ready to go with me?

Arab. Go with *you!* Yes indeed—but where?

Bel. I am going to prevail on a distant relation of mine to honour his house, by making it your asylum till you remove to your own.—I will be in the street at Ten—a Lanthorn shall be my signal—the moment you perceive it, leave the roof under which your misery has been planned.

Arab. I will, indeed.

Bel. Let nothing stop you.

Arab. No, not if my Uuncle was to beg ever so much.

Bel. One kiss from each dear hand—Adieu! remember Ten. [*Exit.*

Arab. Can it be all true? Mr. Bellair not dying, and loves me, and I to be his Wife!—It is—it is! these dear marks on my hands are real.—(*kissing them.*) Oh, happy, happy Arabella! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

EVERGREEN'S. *Enter* EVERGREEN *and* DAVID.

David. Sir, a Shentleman is without, and has crate desires and inclinations to speak to you.

Ever. Did I not say I was to be at home to no one!

David. Crant me mercy! I told him you sait so; and he sait you would see *him*, and that he is a pit of a Relation, and a got-son, of your's.

Ever. Godson! What Harry Bellair? Ah! (*looking through the side*) it is he sure enough.—Harry! Harry! [*Exit David.*

Enter BELLAIR.

Why, you rogue you, how long have you been returned from Leyden? and how can you have the impudence to be grown thus tall and big? Hark ye,

take care you forget that I was a Greybeard when you was christened you young dog you!

Bel. At least, I must not remember it on your Wedding-day, which I have just heard is very near.

Ever. Come, none of your Jeers now!—And pray who told it you? This crouding up to live in London has brought up all the Gossips from the Country. Formerly a man could, in Town, be snug, and his affairs less known than if they were transacted on the top of Penmanmaure; but now—one's most private concerns are as public here—as the Secrets of the Minister!

Bel. Why truly—it was from a Country-Gossip that I had the news, Sir; my friend David there was open mouthed with it as I entered. I never heard of it before, nor know I now the intended Bride.

Ever. Nor shall you know yet. What I suppose now you expect to be introduced to the Bride—I shan't do it, I shan't do it Godson—there's your answer.

Bel. Then I shall be kinder to you—for I'll introduce you to mine!—I'll even intrust her to your care.

Ever. No great compliment in that, perhaps. But what then are *you* going to be married?

Bel. I hope so; but, to confess, it is a kind of a run-away affair. I am this very night to carry off the Lady, and I come now, to solicit your permission to bring her hither.

Ever. With all my heart—with all my heart, Harry. But who, what, whence, is she?

Bel. Why, she is a blooming Girl, on the point of being decoyed into marriage; all I can learn is that it is with some man old enough to be her Grandfather, and Dotard enough to believe that the enchanted circle of a Wedding ring will conjure her into love with wrinkles.

Ever. Aye! (*dryly.*)—Well but—troth 'tis rather

laughable too—ha! ha! humph!—how old is the little tit?

Bel. Of that delightful age which Women term childish, and which girls think womanish. She is the niece of a medical man.

Ever. (*Aside.* Whu! I am the most miserable old fool on earth! But stay—there are more old fools than I—) The Name, Sir—the Doctor's name?

Bel. Barkwell;—and his lovely Niece is named Arabella Melville. (*Evergreen strides about, whistling.*) What is all this? are you rehearsing the Music with which you intend to grace our wedding?

Ever. Oh, 'tis the Drollery of the Story you tell me—that's all. But, hark ye young man! you must know, all this time, who this - - - old Lover, as you call him, is.

Bel. Not I truly. I have at last pressed the question, but, for some reason or other, she persists in it—that she must not tell! Indeed, I was not over urgent; for I could not bear to dwell on the idea that any old fellow had had such Presumption!

Ever. Humph!—And pray, how did you get acquainted with the young woman?

Bel. I saw her in the Park with her Uncle—was struck with the air of Innocence combined with understanding that distinguished her — followed the Carriage—learnt that, for the sake of her Fortune, her simplicity had however been practised upon, and that she was just brought from Cornwall to be married to some Old Dotard or other. On this, I introduced myself as a Patient!—and permitted the ignorant Doctor to rob me of my Gold, whilst I robbed his niece of her heart.

Ever. Well done, Uncle Toby! — wise Uncle Toby! - - - and, you are going to carry her off to night?

Bel. Certainly.

Ever. And you wish to bring her hither?

Bel. Ardently.

Ever. Well, I shall think myself very unfortunate—if you carry her any where else!

Bel. There is not another house in London I would trust her in.

Ever. Bring her! bring her away! I'll take as much care of the little rogue—as though it were my own affair!

Bel. How shall I thank—

Ever. Oh!—you'll know how to manage your thanks in a day or two hence.—Go my dear Harry!

Bel. Your extraordinary eagerness delights me! (*Going.*)

Ever. Go—go—go! (*pushing him out.*)—Ha! ha! ha!—Oh! oh! oh!—I could cry heartily on one side, but, the other wont let me for laughing!—Now, which shall I yield to?—Oh, the sly Gipsy!—Oh, the old Fool of a Doctor!—That he should procure her a Lover—that she should consent to run off with him—and that he should humbly solicit to put her under my special care!—Well, it shall all work together for good—shall squeeze me another Five Thousand out of Barkwell—I have it working here—'tis working here!—David! David!

[*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I. MR. EVERGREEN'S.

Miss ARCHER *striking a few notes on her Harp.*

A rapping is heard—she rises with precipitation.

Miss A. My sweet Harp, I must abandon thee—that rap announces my Satirist! Ha! ha! now I really wonder, though I wish to see him, how he can look me in the face, he must be most ridiculously confused, and try at fifty awkward Apologies!—Oh, 'tis Miss Juvenelle, impatient I suppose to see the Bard!

Enter Miss JUVENELLE, *speaking eagerly.*

Juv. Bless me, is he gone! I ran away the moment we arose from table—I would not have missed him for the World!—Who would have expected him to be gone so soon? not Nine yet!

Miss A. Why, my dear Ma'am, you'll still be happy—the charming man who has given me this trimming has not been here.

Juv. That's lucky! I do want much to see what sort of a man he is. (*Aside.* She shan't know I could tell her.)

Miss A. Oh, I can draw his Picture I am sure

exactly. A great fat man, in a black coat, with twinkling eyes, and a prodigious length of Profile, making amazing low bows, then sitting down with his hat resting on his knees, and, after wiping his face, stuffing his red and white pocket handkerchief into the crown of it.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Marvell Mushroom, and another Gentleman.

Carl. (*speaking without.*) Ha! ha! ha! My dear Sir Marvell, that was in the very first stile. Do you know—

Enter CARLTON *and Sir* MARVELL.

Ladies your most obedient! (*passing them with a sliding bow.*)——Do you know the very thing happened to me at Padua.—Miss Archer, I am happy to wait on you. We were all in the *Marchezza's* box, that night when her Husband came from Paris. She is extremely handsome, he, *toute au contraire!* but, notwithstanding—

Mar. Bless me, cant you tell your Story afterwards!—Let me introduce you to Miss Archer. This, Ma'am, is the Gentleman, who permits me to inform you that he had the honour to day to entertain the Town with that little—

Carl. Oh, a mere trifle! not worth mentioning Sir Marvell. Miss Archer, I hear you have been a considerable Traveller; I wonder, when you was advanced in Italy, your taste did not carry you on to Greece! You can conceive no women so charming as the Grecian women!—Nothing so interesting as their stile of living! You would have found all Arcadia realized.

Miss A. (*Aside.*) Greece and Arcadia! are these his awkward Apologies!

Carl. I endeavoured to persuade a fair Greek, that the fate of my countrywomen was happier than their's.—Oh, 'tis impossible, said she, their liberty makes them capricious, and their power over the men assuming; they grow old whilst planning new conquests, and, alive only to the pleasure of Admiration, are insensible to true passion.—I felt the truth of her observation, and could not help confessing that it was possible for a handsome Englishwoman to border on the unwise!

Juv. (*Aside.*) So! that's tolerably home!

Miss A. (*Aside.*) I'm petrified! he talks with as much self-possession as he would to a maiden-Aunt. —No bearing this!

Carl. You play, Miss Archer. I am charmed that you prefer the Harp;—'tis so graceful for the Lady, so advantageous for the voice.

Mar. (*Impatient.*) Pshaw! nothing so meagre, nothing but tink-a-tink! I should prefer the dead sounds of a wooden Cimbal.—Why, I thought to have heard nothing but about my—your Verses!—and here you have whisked us to Padua, then to Asia—to talk about Greece! then a swing to Vienna in Turkey! and now—a *tink-a-tink* is substituted for the Lines! Why, I tell you Miss Archer, this is the Gentleman—

Juv. Yes, Miss Archer, this is the Gentleman—who travelled all over Europe to qualify himself to write an Epigram on you! he need not have travelled so far for its Wit.

Mar. Where it was he got it, is no matter Miss—it is enough that it has come home!—h-r-r-mph!

Miss A. Miss Juvenelle means Severity, Mr. Carlton; but, dont be disheartened. When you have exhausted your spleen to me, you will find a number of innocent characters, who, at no cost, except that of a secret heart-ache, may be made victims to your Muse.

Carl. Madam, with the Muses I admit myself no Ally; nothing inspires me—but the Subject.

Juv. Have you the Paper about you, Sir Marvell?

Mar. Yes to be sure—here it is.

(*Offering it to Miss Juvenelle*)

Carl. Pardon me! I am not yet so hardened a Writer as to stand the reading of my own Works!

[*Snatches the Paper, and puts it into his Pocket.*

Miss A. Now would I give much to know, whether that is in compassion to his own feelings, or to mine. —May I be permitted to ask Sir, how I came to have the honour of your poetical notice?—Did I ever offend you?

Carl. No Madam!—with respect to me you have been thoroughly harmless!

Miss A. (*Aside.*) Would I had not! 'Tis now the first time in my life that I wish to do real mischief.

Carl. I never had the honour of your acquaintance; but, last Spring I very particularly remember, at the Pantheon—

Miss A. (*Aside.*) That very particular remembrance is well!

Carl. I am thinking of the Name of the lovely creature that was in your party. Bright blue eyes, flaxen tresses, elegant shape—

Miss A. (*Impatiently.*) What has all this to do with taking pains to represent *me* in so odious a light?

Carl. We do many things without bestowing Reflection upon them; one happens to be in the humour to write—a name occurs—the thing is done—I am careless—friends like it and will have it appear. You may abuse me if you please with Fifty times the Wit.

Mar. Humph! In fact Ma'am he feels confidently secure of not meeting similar Wit from any quarter!

Miss A. Then it was not Sir, that you really thought me so extremely displeasing— (*In great Confusion.*)

Carl. (*Aside.*) Oh, that submissive look will ruin me, such another brings me to her feet!

Juv. Do you hear Mr. Carlton?—is the Lady so very displeasing?

Carl. Miss Archer is certainly—a very agreeable kind of woman—I wish I had abated a point or two in my Epigram. She is fair—and—as to Shape—why altogether she is certainly a—(*Aside*—a most bewitching creature!)

Miss A. Sir, do you think I can stand to be criticised in this manner? Pardon me if I say you scarcely keep within the line of Good Manners. I did not expect—not that I care—I would not have you think that—that - - - I can bear it no longer!

(*Goes off agitated.*)

Carl. Oh that Agitation! would that I might sooth it.

Juv. Ha! ha! ha! Well, she's finely mortified. I'll go and tell her you are going home to compose another Satire! [*Exit.*

Carl. Go thou thing! and whilst gratifying girlish spite, conduct my heart's dearest interests!

Mar. In the midst of Miss Archer's anger about the verses, she does not even pretend to despise them!

Carl. Despise them! I design to make her account them the happiest lines that ever were written! Your talents I find are capable of being turned to value.

Mar. Talents! a Fool thinks he has talents now! But, I say, with Chaucer, in the Rape of the Lock—

To Wit each Blockhead makes pretence,
Give Me—a little Common Sense! [*Exit.*

Carl. Amen, Sir Marvell! [*Exit.*

Enter Evergreen *and* David.

Ever. Mighty pretty! mighty pretty! I can never come into my house, but I am jostled by two or three fellows going out of it. Hark ye, Sir, in future when

any body, male or female, asks for Miss Archer, say she's not at home. She shall see nobody in the house, that is the surest way to get her out of it. Without a Husband she may live, but to live without gossiping, without flatterers, without all the *he* and *she* family of Nonsense, that I take to be impossible. —D'ye mind me?

David. Yes sure, and certainly, I to, Sir!

Ever. Well, then mind me again. Mr. Bellair will bring a Lady here presently; tell him I am out, but say I left strict orders with the housekeeper to take great care of the Lady.

David. Yes, I shall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Ever. Aye, aye—they are together by this time, driving to me their only friend and guardian! ha! ha! ha! I saw the dog watching the door, holding up a Lanthorn, the Signal I suppose ha! ha! ha!—Pretty creatures! Oh, I have them fast in the trap set by themselves. And I—

Bellair.—(*speaking at the Door.*) Out do you say!

[EVERGREEN, *runs off without speaking.*

BELLAIR *enters, leading* ARABELLA.

Bel. My dearest Angel, you are now in the house of a Friend;—be not alarmed, he will soon be your Relation; his Sanction secures your reputation, and your reputation is now mine. Why do you sigh?

Arab. I am afraid they will take me from you again.

Bel. Never! I will protect you as I would my Life. I will instantly hunt out my Relative that you may not be without a Guard. For many reasons, I ought not to remain with you.

Arab. Not remain with me! why, are we not to be married!

Bel. Doubtless!—but the World says we must live apart till then.

Arab. Why, how will the world know any thing about us?

Bel. Oh, there are a thousand eyes always open every where.—(*Aside.* Of what a nature is Innocence! The more pure and ignorant of Vice it is, the nearer Blemish in the World's eye!)

Arab. Well, if you must leave me, make haste to return.—How shall I amuse myself? Oh, here are Paintings. I love paintings dearly—I can make out whole conversations between unhappy Girls and cross Uncles.

Bel. Look now, my angel, for another subject—search for the figure of a Lover, fancy him telling her he loves, that his Life is devoted to her felicity; fancy me the Lover—you the charming Girl.—(*Kissing her hand.*) Heaven guard thee! [*Exit.*

Arab. The *happy* Girl, he should have said. Oh, I shall find no figure here so interesting as his!

(*As she is examining the Paintings Evergreen enters, and stands between her and them—she shrieks.*)

Ever. How now, young woman, why so frightened! —How came you here Child, eh?

Arab. Oh, goodness! how came You here?

Ever. Oh, I'm familiar here—quite at home!

Arab. Indeed! (*Aside.* He'll tell my Uncle where to find me!)

Ever. Bell! Bell!—have I not always told you to beware of Youngsters? have I not always told you that they are all deceit and lies?

Arab. Yes, you have told me so, but, I dont believe you. And you told me that I was born on purpose to be your Wife, and now, I dont believe that neither!

Ever. Indeed! Why who then was you born for?

Arab. Some one.—But I must not tell!

Ever. Not for the one you think of, my pretty Bell. Oh, you little Goose! dont you perceive a scheme planned between Bellair and me. This is my house! and what think you he could bring you here for, but to deliver you into my Power?

Arab. What a Story! he'd die, before he'd put me into your power.

Ever. Would he so? Hark ye—I have been in his Secret the whole time; for instance, I know of his sham sickness to impose on your mighty wise Uncle, and of his persuading you that he had a Relation under whose care he would place you. I know of the dark-lanthorn, and every particular—Now what do you think of Youngsters!

Arab. Think! oh merciful! I cannot believe that in all the world there can be such—

Ever. Aye, now, are they not deceitful monsters? and Bellair, in particular, is he not—tell me—(*snatching her hand*)—is he not the worst of men?—a most cruel villain?

Arab. What—for putting me into your power!

Ever. No, no, no, I mean for—(*Aside.*—Troth she had me!)

Arab. I think now I could hate him. I wish he would come, that I might tell him so!

Ever. Aye, but he wont come—or, if he does, he'll never see you more, my pretty Bell, until you are my Wife.

Arab. If I was sure it would make him miserable, I could almost determine to be your wife—though I would rather die.

Ever. You ungrateful Baggage! so much love, so much tenderness as I have thrown away upon you!

Arab. It is very strange!—he who seems to have been so cruel I cannot hate; and you, who have been so kind, I cannot love!

Ever. I am much indebted to you, Madam, for your Confidence.

Arab. Do you wish me also to be a Deceiver? You think Mr. Bellair wicked, in deceiving by pretending to love when he did not. If I pretended to love you, you ought to call me deceitful creature too.

Ever. So, so, so! Well, Ma'am, with regard to the matter of Love, perhaps we are more even there than you think. Here Housekeeper! (*Enter Housekeeper.*) take Care of this young lady; tempt her to eat if you can, and, if you cannot, put her to bed supperless. Lock her up, and take special care that Mr. Bellair never enters the doors.

Arab. Heighho! [*Exit with the Housekeeper.*

Ever. Now will I to my sapient Doctor; by this time he is apprized of his loss. I'll see him poisoned before I'll tell him where she is.—Oh Doctor! Doctor! [*Exit with an air of Joy.*

Enter Miss ARCHER, *leading* ARABELLA.

Miss A. Go down, Mrs. Jones, I'll take care of the young Lady. My sweet Girl, who are you? what is the Occasion of this extreme distress?

Arab. Oh Madam, you seem good natured, and I'll tell you. Mr. Bellair has left me in this house, I ran away with him to marry him, but, I dont know where he lives.

Miss A. And, my Dear, do you run away with a man, to marry him, and not know where he lives! why, he may be a deceiver.

Arab. Yes, an old Gentleman who lives in this house says he is so. But, my Uncle told me he is of a very respectable family, and besides—I loved him!

Miss A. An old Gentleman that lives in this house, who wants to marry you! What's all this? Come, my Love, you shall go with me to my Dressing-room. Your Heart has an attachment, and it seems an unfortunate one. (*Aside.* Alas! I feel but too much Sympathy with her!) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

MR. BARKWELL'S.

He enters in great Agitation, speaking to a Servant without.

Bark. Gone! gone! gone off! I cant believe it—'tis impossible.—She knows nobody—speaks to nobody. In all this vast Town there cannot be a house open to her. And here have I been on a Fool's errand to Hampstead! where every body is in health—not a soul sick from the top of the Heath to Mother Red-Cap's. But, she cant be gone off!

Enter EVERGREEN.

Ever. Aye! here's a Dose for you Doctor! here's a bitter potion. Whilst you have been running to Hampstead after an Old Woman, your niece has been running away with a young man.

Bark. What are we to do? Why do we stand here?—Why dont we go in search of her!

(*Running about, and taking up his hat and stick.*)

Ever. Search of her!—where? where are we to go? And, if we find her, what then? Who do you think is to take tarnished ware off your hands? We indeed! 'tis all your affair now, Doctor; I wash my hands of it entirely.

Bark. What do you mean? why, is she not contracted to you?

Ever. Contracted to me—yes, but her Prudence, and peculiar Discretion, you know, were warranted!

Bark. Her Mind is yet pure, Sir.

Ever. Yes, yes, that may be, but, it by no means

follows that her Reputation will be so. The first sun-beams may see the flies upon it, and, by Noon, it may be stale—stale Doctor.

Bark. Come, come, Sir, this is going too far—you are too violent in your conjectures. After all, it may be but a Girl's frolic, strayed to some Toy-shop, or Confectioner's, perhaps.

Ever. Toyshop, or Confectioner's!—What then you have not found out, all this time, that she has really run off with a young fellow, and who he is?—Whu! have I that news to tell you? Come Doctor, prepare for a Convulsion—loosen your neckcloth, take off your Wig, slacken your ligatures, and sit down for a Fit!

Bark. (*Angry*) Slacken your wit, Sir! you are too jocose on a Lady's reputation.

Ever. Lady's reputation! there are more reputations than her's at stake, I promise you—the reputation of a wise man! a Doctor's reputation will become matter of Sport for all the Wits in Town. Oh Doctor! Doctor! when will you gain a Diploma for Wisdom!

Bark. Sir!—there is no bearing this, I—

Ever. Yes, but you must bear more yet.—Hark ye! I shall make ye in one minute, as mute as the Bust of Old Galen in your Study.—This bold, spirited, sturdy Youngster, who has carried off your Niece, against all let or hindrance, is the poor, puling Patient, who was brought to your house every day for the benefit of the Park air! and concerning whom you pronounced that it was beyond the skill of all the Physicians in Europe to keep him out of a winding sheet! Confine not your anxiety Doctor to a Young *Lady's* reputation!

Bark. A malicious invention of your own—sheer Malice!—That poor young Gentleman is in a state, and I will prove it, to make it impossible for him to recover! The morbid matter (*speaking very rapidly*)

hourly encreases—the Absorbents do not perform their functions—Digestion is destroyed—the Thorax inflamed—the—

Ever. I tell you he has run away with your Niece!

Bark. (*Continuing to speak, without regarding the other's Interruptions.*) I tell you, Sir, that such an attack upon my Character—(*I tell you he has run away with your Niece!*)—a man of my Experience Mr. Evergreen—(*I tell you he has run away with your Niece!*)—I who am acknowledged by every medical man within the bills of Mortality—(*I tell you he has run away with your Niece!*) I (*going off, the other following*) who am called in in every difficult case—(*I tell you he has run away with your Niece!*)—I whose Patients have never died without regular Assistance— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

BELLAIR'S LODGINGS.

Enter BELLAIR *and* CARLTON.

Bel. My dear Carlton, congratulate me!

Carl. Congratulate *me*!

Bel. I have carried off my Prize.

Carl. I have been with Miss Archer.

Bel. I have safely lodged her in the house of a friend.

Carl. I have seen the most interesting melancholy in her air.

Bel. I have seen Love light up all her features. I have pressed my Arabella to my Heart.

Carl. I have pressed Miss Archer to mine too, in idea; for I am now convinced of her sensibility, and adore her. But, where is your Arabella?

Bel. At the friend's I mentioned. Not being able

to find him any where, I called at his house a second time, and have been assured that the dear Girl herself, Mr. Evergreen, and all the family are retired to rest.

Carl. Evergreen!—Evergreen! why he is Miss Archer's Guardian, she lives in his house.

Bel. Then our mistresses are under the same roof!

Carl. Then we are both safe! for, two Girls talking to each other of the men they love, will do more for us in a day, than we could for ourselves in a Month.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Barkwell. [*Exit.*

Bel.—Barkwell!—Oh, all the imps of mischance!

Carl. Can he have made the Discovery so soon?

Enter BARKWELL.

Bark. (*speaking as he enters.*) A Villain! to attempt to undermine my Reputation!—Gentlemen, I have been insulted so grossly, that I can hardly compose myself to tell the Cause of my unseasonable visit, but—if——in one word—how is my poor Patient—how is Mr. Bellair?

Bel. Sir!—Mr. Bellair, Sir!

Carl. (*Apart.*) He doesn't know ye—fear nothing!

Bel. Are you sure of that? Watch his Countenance.

Bark. My Patient, Sir! Good gentlemen speak—how is my Patient?

Bel. Your Patient, Sir, is as a Patient is likely to be—who is out of the reach of his Doctor! No further occasion for Asse's milk, Balsamics, Cordials, or Coolers; alas! Doctor, he is departed from you!

Carl. Alas, Doctor, no more fees!—he has given

you the slip. Is it not a shame, that a man of your Celebrity in the fields of Galen should not be able to master such a pitiful Hectic! Why, a Doctor ought to have the Diseases at his call, and whistle them on and off, as a huntsman does his hounds.

Bel. Aye, 'twas a crying sin, to let such a spirited fine Young Fellow be the victim of such a rascally little Feveret! An old woman would have cured him; but, he so appreciated the Skill of the renowned Doctor Barkwell!—Sir—he departed full of Resentment, his last words being—"Toss the Doctor in a Blanket!"

Bark. I can forgive that—I can forgive that—but, I cant forgive your Illiberality Sir—an Old Woman cure him! It was not in the power of all the Doctors between London and the Alps; not an Herb, Gum, Wood, or Fungus in the whole MEDICOPEIA that could have given your friend Breath two days longer!

Bel. 'Tis false Sir!—Utter no such Scandal against his Constitution——the Blanket!

Bark. I could not bear this treatment, Sir, but that the extreme Satisfaction I have in Mr. Bellair's decease—

Bel. Satisfaction!

Bark. Yes Sir. My Reputation, my Character, demanded that he should be no more. I would not have had him alive tomorrow morning to have the management of a hundred more such Patients.

Bel. Is it a Rule, then, with you, Doctor, not to let a Patient escape!

Bark. Why, Sir, there is a vile Story in circulation, which if true would sink me beneath the lowest grinder in my laboratory—beneath a mixer of eggs and turpentine—beneath the cork in a julep bottle; nothing less than that Bellair is in perfect Health, and so very much alive as to have run away with my Niece—they say that!

Carl. What is there this world will not say!——

(*Apart.* I verily believe that, for the honour of Physic, he has a dose in his pocket, to have ensured his reputation on discovering thee alive!)

Bel. (*Apart.* We'll search him, and make him swallow it!)—But, have you really lost the young Lady—is she gone?

Bark. Gone Sir—absolutely gone; but, as my Patient is gone too, I am in some measure reconciled.—Why, Sir, you seem of the same GENUS as he;—a man not so practised in Distinctions, as we of the Profession are, might take ye almost for the same person. A different voice to be sure—and *your* features are fresh plump and healthy.

Bel. Ah, ah, Doctor! what, your discrimination begins to perceive that you have discovered a branch of the Family!

Bark. Aye, I have an Eye!—a correct Eye!

Bel. You are not surprised at not finding your poor Patient's younger Brother in Grief—you know the World Doctor! Grief, as a species of Complaint you know has its *medicine* too, and, I have now a clear estate of Two Thousand a year!

Carl. As for the loss of your Patient, Doctor, why—Custom you know! But, I wonder the loss of your Niece sits so lightly!

Bark. Oh, Sir, I have a great Heart—a prodigious great Heart! its feelings are for the Faculty at large. A Girl may run away from an Uncle without reproach to him, but, when a Patient sets at defiance the Sentence of his Physician, the Sagacity of the Profession, Gentlemen, may suffer!

Carl. Happily our Patient knew his Duty;—and so, as we are now three very happy fellows, let us e'en adjourn to the Tavern, and, thinking no more, for the present, of the Dead, pass the evening like *bons vivants!*

Bark. With all my heart! And, truly, Gentlemen I like you so well, and I am so offended with the in-

sulting Insolence of an old fellow whom I will not name, that, if you will discover my Niece, I'll give her to the one of ye that can prevail on her, with a snug Fortune of Twenty Thousand. (*Aside.* The odd Ten I'll stick to!)

Bel. Ah! say ye so? if I discover her, may she, with the fortune, be my reward!

Bark. That she shall.

Bel. May I rely on your promise?

Bark. With as much Confidence as on my knowledge of the Symptoma of a Fever. I would give her to a rincer of Gallipots, rather than to the person I had engaged her to—to a Quack-drop vender——to a Mountebank!

Bel. Bravo, Doctor! keep to that, and we'll discover her Prison-house, never fear!

Carl. That we will. *Allons!* we'll sacrifice to Bacchus to-night—to Æsculapius tomorrow!

[*Exeunt, arm-in-arm, in high glee.*

ACT

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I. MR. BARKWELL'S.

Enter BARKWELL, *followed by* POUND.

Bark. Nothing of my Niece this morning!—may the Rascal who decoyed me yesterday to Hampstead ne'er get rid of his own wife until his grand climacteric, and then, for further punishment, may he grow rich, and fall in Love!

Pound. Rich and in Love!—Pray, Sir, may I venture,—do you wish him these as Misfortunes?

Bark. Are not Riches a Misfortune, when the care of them becomes a Burthen; and falling in Love a misfortune, when a man is falling into his grave? May such Blessings as these be the lot of Knaves, and Cowards, and Quacks! Bring me the List that I may see where I am to go.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Ever. Go! why to find your Niece, to be sure. Have you heard nothing from her yet?

Bark. No. (*Surlily.*)

Ever. Come, how much will you add now to the Fifteen Thousand, if I should discover, and bring her to you?

Bark. Nothing.

Ever. What!—consider what you say!

Bark. I do consider, and have made up my mind.

Ever. How if I discover her, take her off your

hands, and make her Mistress Evergreen, will you not throw in Five Thousand for that, now?

Bark. No, *Mister* Evergreen—nor five Guineas—nor five shillings—nor half a crown. (*Aside.* Oh, how I could nettle him now, by telling him that Bellair has not dared to be alive!).

Ever. Here's an unreasonable man! So then, if I discover her first, and then marry her, I am only to have Fifteen Thousand Pounds!

Bark. You shan't have her at all. Fifteen thousand pounds!—if I thought my Niece would ever think of thee as a Husband now, I'd put one half of her fortune into each pocket, drive to Dover, and leap into the Sea to disappoint thee.

Ever. Why we'd fish thee up again, like a pearl oyster, for the sake of your riches. Neither Earth, Sea, or Air, in this happy age, can keep Curiosities from us now.

Bark. Aye, all things are possible except one—your marrying my Niece with my consent.

Ever. What, are you in earnest?

Bark. Earnest—aye, as earnest as you was in your Abuse of me last night.—Smoke the Doctor! I suppose was the word. You love a Joke, old friend; so do I! and mine shall cost me less than your's—so, good morning to you. Depend upon it, I shall prescribe another Husband for my Niece! [*Exit.*

Ever. Say you so my old Boy? Why then I must play a Game I did not think of—I must secure the young woman 'till you can be brought to alter your Prescription.—I have made a pretty mess here! though I love a rich Joke, yet, I did not value this at Fifteen Thousand—dangerous joking with Doctors I find! Well, well, a wise man may fall into a mistake as well as a fool—but, we shall see how a wise man will get out again! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Evergreen's.—*Enter Miss* Archer, *and* Arabella.

Miss A. I am charmed to see you so well this morning.—Has Mr. Evergreen visited you?

Arab. Oh, yes; and he left me to go to my Uncle's. Oh! could I but see Mr. Bellair now, to tell him how I hate him.

Miss A. Have a care, my dear Girl! you wish to see him I have no doubt; but, should he appear, you'd forget your Motive for the wish.

Arab. Oh, never!—If there is no mistake, was there ever so base—so—

Miss A. Never, I acknowledge; yet, should he invent any plausible excuse, your greedy ear would swallow it all.—(*Aside.*—Should Carlton frame excuses, where would my resentments be!)

Enter Evergreen, *speaking at the Side.*

Ever. (*Aside.*—So! there's Innocence in a state of Temptation!)—Did I not desire, Miss Archer, that you would hold no correspondence with this young Lady?

Miss A. Yes, dear Guardian, I therefore made a point of seeing her, and giving her a little sisterly advice. By this time she knows how to deceive vigilance on common occasions, and on uncommon—I have promised to assist her.

Ever. Your assistance! (*contemptuously.*)—Well, Miss Melville, are you prepared to meet your Uncle!

Arab. Oh dear! is he coming!

Ever. What knowledge he gained of your being here I know not—possibly from your false Bellair; a garret and water-gruel are the least you can expect.

Arab. Oh, Miss Archer!

Ever. What signifies appealing to her? Miss Archer indeed! 'Tis I alone who can contrive how to shelter you; I would not deliver up my little Bell to her Uncle in his fury, for a Dukedom. To conceal you from him here may be impossible, I have therefore a Chaise ready at the door, to carry you a few miles out of Town. (*Aside.* A little concealment in the country may bring Barkwell to!)

Miss A. Out of Town!

Ever. Yes, Madam—or in Town, or where I please—you wont presume to interfere I hope!

Miss A. I hope Miss Melville will refuse to go.

Ever. Let her at her Peril! She is my affianced wife—my wife betrothed—I have a perfect right over her. Madam, to your apartment! and leave her to my care. [*Exit.*

Miss A. My dear Girl, go not with him; who knows whither he may carry you!

Arab. What can I do? I have fears in going—but I am terrified to death at the thought of seeing my Uncle.

Enter EVERGREEN, *bringing in a long white stuff Cloak with a large Hood.*

Ever. Here, here's a Welch riding-hood, that belonged to a tall meagre Aunt of mine; 'tis a little too long I believe, but it will conceal you the better. Put it on, and pull the hood over, that, whatever happens, your Face mayn't be seen. Nay, dont be restive Miss (*throwing it loosely over her.*) Put it on, whilst I replenish my Purse.—Miss Archer! once more, I insist on your withdrawing to your own apartment. [*Exit.*

Arab. Oh, my dear Lady, what shall I do?

Miss A. My sweet Girl, how can I assist you? What an arbitrary wretch! I am full of grief for you.

—What has not this Bellair to answer for?—Some one comes, retire this way, that our agitation may not be perceived.

(They retire back. The Cloak falls.)

Enter Sir MARVELL.

Mar. I must give up Hyde Park this morning—I'll be sworn Carlton will be here, and I am determined to make one in their *tête-à-tête!*—Eh! eh! why Ladies!

Miss A. (*turning.*) Oh, Sir Marvell!

Mar. Why, you seem almost weeping—Niobe like—no—Dionysius like, all tears.

Miss A. A thought strikes me!—You can assist us. My Guardian is going to force this young Lady out of Town, we know not whither.

Mar. Aye, I saw the Chaise at the door—shall I go and break the Axle, or shoot the horses?

Miss A. Neither—put on this cloak (*taking it from the ground.*)—ride with him a few miles, then turn upon him and terrify him to death. I suppose your *Vis-a-vis* is waiting; permit me to borrow it, to convey her out of his reach instantly.

Mar. (*The Cloak half on.*) Stop! hold!—Good natured fool that I am!—Have you not repulsed me—disdained me?

Miss A. Oh, my dear Sir Marvell! consider, 'tis for this young Lady—she has not repulsed you.

Mar. I'm at one word; unless you'll promise to receive me on terms—off it goes!

Miss A. Oh, I—I—I'll do better; I'll introduce you on terms to the pretty Widow Lady Beauville; she is just becoming the rage—'twill be high *eclat;* she had all eyes on her the other night at the Opera.

Mar. On with it! we are upon honour—you carry me there to-day.

Miss A. Any time. There stoop a little. Come Miss Melville! (*Snatching her hand, Exeunt.*)

Mar. So, here am I going, Jupiter knows where; cased up perhaps for a wooden horse adventure—like the TROJANS!

Enter EVERGREEN, *tying up his Purse.*

Ever. Oh, what Madam has left you! Aye, she's a bad Girl Bell, a bad Girl! never heed her! Come dont cry—you're a good Girl!—confusion to the string! Hide your face as I told ye, that's right, pull the hood closer, who knows but the Doctor may come athwart us—to some Hampstead patient or other! There, now I am ready. Come I say—(*Takes Sir* MARVELL'S *hand, who goes a step or two, and then stops*)—Why d'ye stop Child! go you must and shall, loitering will have no effect but to make me angry. Come, I say—nay, if you will be pulled, you shall be pulled (*Pulls and pushes him.*) Whu! you are strong Bell. I have heard that the Cornish Girls wrestle, I fancy you have practised the sport. Nay, if you are for that Miss—here David, come and help this young Lady into the chaise.

Enter DAVID.

David. (*Pulling.*) Crant me mercy, Sir! I cant make it stir, or moof, or pudge, a petty-toe.

Ever. Give her a pinch on the arm.

(*David pinches. Marvell wheels round boisterously.*)

David. (*Flying off.*) Oh pless me! What is it, Sir! it must be the Tevil in a Planket!

Ever. Aye Taf, you have not been used to a Country Hoyden since you have been in Town. They clamour and romp at home, you know, like Grena-

diers, but, when they come to Town, they mince their words, and mince their steps, as though they couldn't utter more than a Monosyllable, or step more than an inch.—But, Nature will out at times.—Come, we'll have t'other tug Miss.

Mar. (*Raises the hood, and looks first at one and then at the other.*) Now for it then! and a Cornish Wrestle too, if you please.

Ever. Oh, that schemer Miss Archer! this must be her contrivance—Where are they? where are they? (*Runs towards the door.*)

Mar. No, you dont pass this Streight—you dont indeed! I'll defend it—as the AFRICANS did those of Thermopylæ.

Ever. Sir! how dare you take this Liberty in my house!

Mar. Come Sir, dont be obstreperous; if you are, I'll accommodate *you* with the riding hood, and cram you into the Post Chaise—you wont play the Cornish Romp as effectually as I, I believe.

Ever. Sir, this Insolence—

(*Endeavouring to pass.*)

Mar. Nay, if you will have a ride, we must protect your face from being seen first. (*A scuffle to get on the Cloak, Evergreen gets off at last.*) Here then I remain on the field, but, whether the Game is Olympic, Isthmian, or Irish, I know not. But, Lady Beauville! to be enrolled in her suit—she has always the first Dash! Miss Archer will indeed serve me—Oh Pylades, as JUVENAL says, what's Life without a Friend! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

SCENE III.

CARLTON'S LODGINGS.

Enter Miss ARCHER *and* ARABELLA, *followed by a Maid.*

Miss A. Tell Mrs. Tomson, pray, that I am here. Come, cheer up, my Love! now we are safe—that dear Sir Marvell has obliged me for ever.

Enter Mrs. TOMSON.

Mrs. Tomson. Ah! my good young Lady!—

Miss A. My kind Mrs. Tomson, this Lady wishes to have an Apartment here for a few days—can you accommodate her?

Mrs. Tomson. Oh, yes, Ma'am.

Miss A. I congratulate you Miss Melville; you will be here perfectly at ease.

Arab. Not unless you give some charge about Mr. Evergreen. The dread of seeing him will keep me always in disquiet.

Miss A. You know my Guardian. On no pretence admit him whilst Miss Melville is in your house.

Mrs. Tomson. I shall take care Madam. [*Exit.*

Miss A. Adieu! for the present. I must hurry back, that I may dismiss the Carriage before his return. You will see me again in half an hour.

Arab. I am so sorry that you must leave me! I love you better than any body, except—I mean I love you bettei than every body!

Miss A. I comprehend you my Love—Adieu!

[*Exit Arabella.*

(*As Miss* ARCHER *goes off on the opposite side*, CARLTON *meets her.*)

Carl. Angels! and beings of Grace!—Miss Archer!

Miss A. Mr. Carlton!

Carl. (*Aside.*—Come to seek me in my Lodgings—Why, I am quite an Adept in catching a Coquette!—)—How charmed I am to see you.

Miss A. How is it you presume to follow me hither, Sir!

Carl. (*Aside.*—That's well put!) I'd follow you all over the Globe—Now dont put on that cold look, it neither becomes your face nor the occasion.

Miss A. (*Aside.* His Familiarity mortifies me more than his Satire.) How comes this Presumption, Sir—

Carl. My dear Madam, I am not so ungrateful as not to have at this moment as much presumption as any unsettled Gentleman in Town.

Miss A. Intolerable! Whence is it you take such Liberties with me Sir?

Carl. Why do you take such Liberties with me? You have made free to intrude yourself into my thoughts without leave—sleeping or waking I am never free from you. If I mean to be civil to another woman, your Image pops itself before me, and steals the compliment which has begun to wake her Smiles—talk of Liberties indeed!

Miss A. (*Aside.* How dares he treat me thus? The object of his Satire in public, and of his humour in private—I am tortured!

Carl. Bend your eyes on me sweet creature, that I may interpret them.

Miss A. If they could convey the sentiments with which you have inspired me, you should have their most pointed Glances, Sir!

Carl. (*Aside.* The Sentiments I have inspired! and this in my apartment—it would be scandalous to lag behind!)—Permit me—permit me now, Madam,

then seriously to pledge myself, that the sentiments you have already inspired me with are exactly—what the most charming woman in the world ought to suppose them.

Miss A. Dont misconstrue, Sir;—I dont know what I ought to suppose them.

Carl. (*With Eagerness.*) You ought to suppose that you are lovely, and that I have Eyes; that you have an enchanting Spirit, and that I have a Heart; that you are captivating, and that I am enslaved— (*Aside.* Cupid! how hast thou drawn me into this ruinous confession?)

Miss A. You have at this moment an air of Sincerity that almost convinces me that you do not delude—and I rejoice at it! I would have you presume to cherish hope — that your punishment may be severe; for, if I could think of you but with Indifference, I should despise myself!

(*Rushes off*—CARLTON *staring after her.*)

Carl. I congratulate ye, Mr. Carlton—I congratulate ye! Fallen into the very snare that, with all thy boasted knowledge of the Sex, thou hast laboured to avoid;—entrusted a *Coquette* with thy passion, without first being assured that thou hadst touched her heart. But, who could have doubted—after a Visit? —Pshaw! (*striking his forehead*) 'twas clearly to draw me in! She penetrated my Scheme, and determined to expose me, as a poor, ridiculous, miserable, Plotter.—Well, I love her the better for it! Now, will it be impossible for that *Hyæna* to do any one thing, for me or against me, but I shall love her still, still, better. And, how I shall be used?—worse than a Spaniel that fawns and is spurned! But, I'll have thee!—yes, thou dear proud bewitching Gipsy, I'll have thee, spite of every artifice that either active Coquetry, or patient Gentleness, can devise— I'll go and tell her so now, in the very front of her malice! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

EVERGREEN'S. *Enter* EVERGREEN, *followed by* BELLAIR.

Ever. Dont make me mad!—dont make me mad! I tell you I know no more where the Girl is than you do.

Bel. Not know where she is? What can this mean? Did I not leave her under your protecting roof? Did you not assure me—

Ever. (*Interrupting.*) Assure you! what signify assurances when a Woman is concerned? How could I guess that she would run away from my protecting roof!

Bel. This cannot satisfy me, Sir; you have rather an air of being angry at my Enquiries, than of being hurt at the Occasion of them.

Ever. Angry! so I am—mad angry. Why, she has run from *me* not from *you!* Who cares about your concern?

Bel. Mr. Evergreeen! (*In extreme astonishment.*)

Ever. Aye, now here he is staring—and we must have Explanations. Why, then, in five words, your Bell is my Bell; you carried her off to prevent her marriage with some old Gentleman, and brought her to the house of Mr. Evergreen, who is the Gentleman—not so very old either!

Bel. Sir!

Ever. Aye—what you cant comprehend yet? all stare and wonder!

Bel. You the husband to whom my Arabella was to have been sacrificed?

Ever. Aye—and you, to expedite the sacrifice, as you call it, brought her to the Altar.

Bel. Is it possible—Put the Dove into the talons of the Hawk!—fool! fool! (*Traversing the stage

impatiently.) Now then, old Gentleman, as I am to consider you as my Rival—every other tie is dissolved; and, as my Rival, I insist on your revealing where you have hid the Lady!

Ever. Dont challenge me—dont think of challenging me, you blood-thirsty wretch—I will not be challenged! 'Tis time some scheme were hit upon, to save men of Substance from duelling blades. We ought to be allowed to fight by Proxy, as those drawn for the Militia do—I would subscribe a hundred Guineas towards Substitutes with all my heart.

Bel. I dont wish to challenge you, Sir; I am no Duellist—but I must know where my Arabella is.

Ever. Where she is? I swear, by the Honour of an Ancient Briton, I do not know; and if I did, I would not tell you. Tell *you* where *my* Arabella is!

Bel. Why did she fly? Did she not know that—But, why do I stay questioning when I ought to seek her! (*Hastens out.*)

Ever. Nay, if you are for that, I'll seek her too; —perhaps Luck may for once favour Sixty five instead of five and twenty; and, if I catch her Youngster, I shall mind your *ohs!* and *ahs!* if you dont challenge, no more than the moans of the winds upon Snowdon. [*Exit.*

(BELLAIR *re-enters, stealing in, fearful of being seen by* EVERGREEN.

Bel. I cannot believe that she is not still in this house.—She could not surely fly from it; for to her this town must appear one snare, in which she would every moment be in danger. (*Looking about.*) As Carlton's Miss Archer lives here—she may give me some insight. None of the Servants about?—no one of whom I can enquire!

Enter BARKWELL *speaking, followed by a Servant.*

Bark. Just gone out! Well, when he returns,

give him these Parchments—they may do for his Taylor, it is the only way to make them useful now. [*Exit Servant.*

Bel. Mr. Barkwell!

Bark. Ah Sir!—where have you been all this morning? Have you found my Niece—the vile story I told you of has got air—have you heard of my Niece I say?

Bel. Heard of her! Why Sir she—she slept here last night!

Bark. In this house!—in the house of Mr. Evergreen!

Bel. Assuredly; and has been spirited away this morning.

Bark. Run away to this house!—you might as soon persuade me that, become Lunatic, she had been for flying to the Moon.

Bel. What Obstinacy! Why Sir I tell you—

Bark. Say no more! Perverseness and Folly came in with the Frost I believe, and lay hold of both old and young.

Bel. What steps can be taken?—My Anxiety for the sweet young creature you have described to me ——Pho! why comes this fellow to trifle away such moments?

Enter Sir MARVELL, *in a great hurry.*

Mar. Ah! Mr. Bellair! I came up because I heard you was here, for I am not so lucky as to find Miss Archer at home, who is to introduce me to Lady Beauville. But, I guess where she is, so I'll fly after her.

Bel. Stay, Sir Marvell, do you know where Miss Archer is?

Mar. I guess, I guess. She used my Carriage

this morning, to run away with a Miss Something or other, whom Mr. Evergreen was going to carry off. (*Going.*)

Bel. My dear Sir Marvell, you give us Life! Where are they Sir, where are they?

Mar. My Servants can certainly tell whither they carried them—and that puts me in mind of a fine Anecdote!—About two Centuries ago—

Bel. Sir Marvell! we cant go back two Centuries—we have not a coming moment to lose, but must know instantly where the Ladies are.

Mar. Well, well, you shall;—I was only going to remind you, that Dido Queen of CARTHAGENA—

Bel. Pray, Doctor, prescribe for him. Sir, you must take us directly to the house where your Carriage left the Ladies.

Mar. Well, come I will take you, but you shall hear about the Queen afterwards.

Bel. Oh, the whole Æneid, with all my soul. Come along!

Mar. (*Going out last.*) What a happy thing it is to be of Consequence! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

CARLTON'S LODGINGS.

Enter Miss ARCHER, *followed by Mrs.* TOMSON.

Miss A. I am much concerned that Miss Melville is indisposed. Do you think she is now asleep?

Mrs. Tomson. I fancy so, Madam—but I'll tell her—

Miss A. On no account! let the sweet Girl repose a little; her spirits I am sure are much fatigued. I'll amuse myself with one of your books till she wakes. [*Exit Mrs. Tomson.*

Well now, what signifies attempting to read?

my thoughts are so deranged, that Don Quixote would be as little comprehended by me as Greek. What a peculiar Fate is mine! to receive a declaration of Love from the only man whose lips I ever wished to hear it from—conveyed in such a way as to give me more pain than pleasure! The air of Sincerity with which he made it would possibly have vanquished me, had not my pride been piqued by his boldness and freedom.

(Whilst she takes a Book from the Book Case, Carlton enters without seeing her. He throws himself on a chair, and his hat on the Table—then sees her suddenly.

Carl. This is too much!—Miss Archer here again! —it would be ridiculous for her to affect Displeasure now! (*Goes towards her, then stops.*) No—she shall speak first. I'll be courted this time.

(Sits down again.—Miss Archer not observing him, he begins to sing—)

"*I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids*"

Miss A. (*Screams.*) This is beyond all bearing! (*Rushing out.*)

Carl. It would be indeed, if I suffered you to go. —No, no, my dear Creature! We shan't part now as we did in the Morning;—I have just been at your Guardian's, to tell you that I forgive all your bad behaviour to day.

Miss A. Forgive!

Carl. Aye, you may well wonder I do! 'tis more than one in ten would. Come come—lower the scorn of that brow, and hear Reason.

Miss A. I'll hear nothing, Sir; and I insist on your leaving the house instantly.

Carl. Ha! ha! ha! that's not reasonable I'm sure, considering where I am. But, come I'll allow you half a minute's ill-humour, and then, you shall attend to me!

Miss A. (*Much vexed.*) I will have my own way in something!—I wont say one ill-humoured thing—though a thousand are in my mind.

Carl. A thousand! what a Prospect!—Alas! you will have opportunities enough—every morning at Breakfast—every day at Dinner—

(*Affecting melancholy.*)

Miss A. What can the Creature mean?

Carl. Mean! why after our Marriage has given you a right to plague me for ever. I feel already the horrors, though resolved on the forlorn hope!

Miss A. You imagine that being whimsical excuses Freedom Mr. Carlton, but be assured—

Carl. Pho! pho!—dont let us waste Time. The plain English of our situation is this—you are a Coquette, and I am a Man of the World; you would like merely to make me act like a fool, and I am determined to make you act like a Woman of Sense—mine is the most laudable motive.

Miss A. Very well Sir—very well!

Carl. I admired you the first moment I beheld you, but resolved not to be made a Dangler, which, if I had approached you in the common modes of Courtship, would inevitably have followed.—I therefore took the path you have seen; and the Consequence is, you'll condescend to be happy, and to make happy, a year or two sooner than coquetry would have allowed.

Miss A. To be happy, and to make happy!

(*Smiling and tossing her head.*)

Carl. Yes; and that in spite of all those pretty affected airs.—They are but affected, Charmer, you know; for, at this moment, you feel that I have a kind of resistless Impudence about me, which you love for its Novelty.

Miss A. If I thought it possible Sir——(*Aside.* The wretch reads my very Heart!)

Carl. Nay nothing, but a desire to convince me of

it, could bring you to my Lodgings!—You see the ultimate effect of carrying Airs too far; you used me in the morning with such barbarity that your Heart, hard as it is, was pained by the reflection—and now, you run after me again to make it up! O you dear commiserating—

(*Attempting to snatch her hand.*)

Miss A. How dare you, Sir, insinuate all this?—Run after you? seek you in your Lodgings!

Carl. What will not a Coquette carry off!

Enter hastily Sir MARVELL, BELLAIR, *and* BARKWELL.

Mar. Here they are!—I claim your promise! you must introduce me to Lady Beauville at once—not to be at her Rout tomorrow would be—to be and not to be—as MACBETH says.

Bel. Where, Madam, where is Miss Melville.

Bark. Where is my Niece—where is Arabella?

Carl. Hey-dey! What is all this?

Bel. Carlton!——in your Lodgings!—ah!—there she is— (*Hurries out, followed by Barkwell.*)

Miss A. *Are* these Mr. Carlton's Lodgings then?—(*Aside.* 'Tis well his Boldness has such an excuse!)

Carl. Is it possible you did not know it?

Miss A. Know it!—How can you dare think I did!—What an imputation has the Interest I took in Miss Melville's welfare subjected me to? I shall never cease to regret the occasion!

Carl. Nor I to bless it. How many tedious long months, of hopes and fears and caprices, have I been saved by it?

Mar. Oh, Oh! what's going on there! What, the Poetry is successful? why then, it is mine, not his, upon my honour!

Miss A. What Poetry?

Mar. Why that little *Jeu d'esprit* you know—about you.

Miss A. What! was not that Mr. Carlton's?

Mar. No; he implored that he might have the Credit of passing as the Author, but it was my own composition entirely—no other mortal mind was concerned in the composition—deny it Mr. Carlton if you can!

Miss A. So! it was you who chose to represent me, by those wretched lines, in so odious a light!

Carl. You had better have been quiet, Sir Marvell!

Mar. Why this is puzzling odd! When they passed for your's, I observed she never said one word against them; and now they are mine, they are despicable!

Carl. My charming creature, you must forgive Sir Marvell—I promised him you should!

Miss A. (*Smiling.*) Secure first your own forgiveness.

Carl. That sweet smile secures it!

Miss A. No; you must earn it by long Services. I, for two whole years shall be a thorough Tyrant—you a most humble slave;—my Caprice you shall allow to be reason—and my Whim shall be Law.

Carl. (*Kissing her hand.*) For two months agreed! but, not one hour longer—

Enter Bellair *and* Arabella.

My dear Bellair is this Angel your's?

Bel. Mine; and, by a whimsical concurrence, concealed in your Lodgings. How much, Miss Archer, am I indebted to you!

Mar. Indebted to her! No, 'twas to me; I wore the Cloak, and was put to a Pinch to procure her escape.—'Tis really very hard that I can neither gain Credit by my Verses, nor my Good-nature!

Miss A. So you really have forgiven—Did I not foretell? (*Archly.*)

Arab. Oh, goodness! there was nothing to forgive—You cant think how innocent he is.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Ever. Confound Bellair—has he found her first! —Come Sir, give up my Bell—(*attempting to take her.*)

Enter BARKWELL.

Bark. Your Bell! No, no, my quondam friend. This silver-toned thing wouldn't be heard on your Mountains, so I have given it to him.

Ever. To him! You must joke Doctor! You cannot mean to bestow your Niece on—the destined Victim to Atrophy and Destruction!

Bark. There, d'ye hear!—Again, again Sir you defame me, and Sir—(*Strutting up to him.*)

Ever. Defame ye! Why you are your own defamer. That is your poor Invalid—the *dying man!* You'll never be able to stand the laugh if you give her to him. Come come, Doctor, give *me* the—

Bel. Sir, I have already received Miss Melville from this Gentleman——who will be so generous as to pardon the innocent Stratagem of Love!

Bark. What then—what then—are you the—the —(*trembling.*)

Bel. You recollect, my Good Sir, that I had an irresistible Fancy that I should live, and, after all, be a healthy stout young fellow!

Bark. (*Extreme Anger.*) So Sir, you had the— the Impudence to—

Bel. Yes Sir, I had the Impudence to live—dont be surprised. Pardon it, and I'll risk Death now, and swallow all the Gums, Woods, Herbs, and Funguses in your Medicopeia to give you a Chance!

Bark. You had better Sir—I say you had better —oh! (*Going hastily off.*)

Carl. Stay, good Sir! you must be reconciled!

Bel. Dear Doctor, be but reconciled, I'll advertize my Decease, change my Name, and fight every man that says that I am alive!

Ever. He dares not be reconciled!

Miss A. He cant resist us. I'll make Love to him —Dear Doctor!

Mar. And I'll write him up in the Papers, as the Harpocrates of the Age—if he'll *chat*, and be reconciled;—Dear Doctor!

Ever. He *shall* resist you—He shall *not* be reconciled!

Bark. Say You so!—Here Mr. Bellair (*giving his hand*) I *will* be reconciled, though—excuse me!—I should rather you were defunct—However, I will be reconciled.

Ever. Oh, oh! you shall repent it. Bellair! though I shall never speak to you afterwards, I'll tell you at parting—that her fortune is Thirty thousand—remember Thirty!—There Doctor, that cuts you short of some snug thousands—so your joke is costly as well as mine!

Bark. Sir! you are a—Sir—my Resentment—

Carl. Oh, Gentlemen, Gentlemen, there must be no serious Quarrel!

Mar. Both are justly defeated and laughed at—and why not settle which is the worst of the two if they've a mind for it!—Doctor, I'll carry your Challenge; where are your weapons of destruction?

Ever. In his medicine-chest!—he'll do harm with no other.

Bark. And you are harmless in Nothing—but your Wit!

Miss A. Come, I see Anger will subside—for it is expending itself in Words, and that our Happiness will not be clouded either by your Displeasure, or that—of any who are here!

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MISS YOUNGE.

The original performer of Miss Archer.

(Speaking within.)

I speak the Epilogue! Dear, how they teaze one!
They write so dull, so seldom they can please one,
I never read them. Well, I'll trust to chance,
And now before them frightened I advance.

(Enters.)

Ladies and Gents, behold—that is, our play
We hope will—Dear, I dont know what to say,
To entertain the Cit, the Belle, the Beau,
With India, Stamps, or Race at Fontainbleau.
I'll try, as MERCURY did, a small deception,
As GODDESS, claim as welcome a reception.
How do I look? The Jokers of the Farce
Declared as VENUS I might safely pass!
'Twere begging Compliment to say I'm other,
No more Miss Archer now—the archer's Mother!
Nay, never wonder, doubt, nor start, nor stare,
Dont you perceive the Goddess in my air?
Yon lowring brow says No!—Well, if you doubt me
I'll drop the Goddess—you've enough without me!
Each happy swain around, though e'er so dainty
May snatch a peep—at Venuses in plenty.

(Side Boxes.)

Or, aiming Glass beneath upon the Pit,
See faithful Venus with her Vulcan sit.
There's Bacchus—Spouse t' a Venus all divine!
(Lower Gallery.)
She Nectar asks, he gives—a Pint of Wine!
And you, of course, have there The Queen of Love,
(Upper Gallery.)
I speak to you, ye loftiest Gods above——
MOMUS is surely there, from all this racket,
Yonder he sits, he's in a Sailor's Jacket,
Thrice happy God, who lives a life of Joke,
His Wife a Venus—in snug hat and Cloak!
Where have I got to! whence thus glib my tongue!
Am I Miss Archer, Venus, or Miss Younge?
Be what I may, amongst my friends I rank ye,
Applaud Miss Archer, and Miss Younge shall thank ye!

A SCHOOL FOR GREYBEARDS.

A COMEDY.

This Comedy came out at Drury Lane in the year 1786. *The idea of saving a young woman from a hateful marriage, even at the very instant when the Laws of her Country cause her Fate to appear absolutely inevitable (a rescue so attracting to a female mind) has introduced into the play a considerable portion of Interest.*

As the Contract of BETROTHING *can no longer be enforced in England, the Scene is necessarily laid abroad. It is placed in Portugal.*

The School to which Greybeards are here invited, to receive a timely Lesson, is a scene of incessant ridicule of rich old Dotards who purchase Marriage with extreme youth.

PROLOGUE.

Written by

MR. COBB.

Prologues like Mirrors, which Opticians place
In their shop windows, to reflect each face
That passes by, still mark how Fashion varies,
Reflecting *Ton* in all her wild Vagaries,
Point out when hats and caps are large or small,
And clearly show, when Collars rise or fall,
Caricature the fashionable Hobby,
And tell if Boots or Shoe-strings grace the Lobby.
Yet howsoe'er the saucy Comic Muse
Delights fantastic Fashion to abuse,
From pert Thalia's wit let's try to save her,
And see what can be said—in Fashion's favour.
—How many own immortal HANDEL's sway,
Since to the ABBEY Fashion led the way,
And taking long neglected Nature's part,
She hail'd him Shakespeare of th' harmonic art.
In vain had warbled GALATEA's woe,
If Fashion had not bid the tear to flow,
" Hailstones and Fire" had spent their rage in vain,
They might as well have heard a shower of Rain.
But now awaken'd to his magic song,
Folks wonder how it was they slept so long.

His tortur'd airs all voices made to suit,
His Chorusses, adapted for a Flute,
Hand-organ, Hurdygurdy, Tambourine,
In Handel's praise, all join the general din.
When Miss is teazed to sing, by every guest,
And fond Mamma, too, joining with the rest,
Cries—" Get the new Guittar Papa has bought you,
Play the last Lesson Mr. Tweedle taught you,"
Miss hems, and simpers, feigns a Cold of course,
After the usual—" Dear Sir, I'm so hoarse!"
Instead of a Cotillon from her book,
Where favoured Handel triumphs o'er Malbrouk,
By way of Prelude to the charming squall,
Thrums, like a Minuet, the March in Saul,
Papa too who a connoisseur grows
Accompanies divinely—with his Nose.
Since Music is so universal grown,
No note discordant you to night must own;
We joy in Harmony's enchanting laws,
Our sweetest music will be your applause!

CHARACTERS.

DON ALEXIS, — — — —	*Mr. King.*
DONNA SERAPHINA, *his Wife,*	*Miss Farren.*
DONNA VIOLA, *his Daughter,*	*Mrs. Brereton.*
DON SEBASTIAN, *in Love with her,*	*Mr. Bannister, Jun.*
CARLOTA, *her Maid,* —	*Mrs. Wilson.*
DON GASPAR, — — —	*Mr. Parsons.*
DONNA ANTONIA, *engaged to him,*	*Mrs. Crouch.*
DON HENRY, *in Love with her,*	*Mr. Kemble.*
DONNA CLARA, *her friend,*	*Mrs. Cuyler.*
RACHEL, *her Maid,* —	*Mrs. Wrighten.*
DON OCTAVIO, *Don Gaspar's Son,*	*Mr. Palmer.*

PEDRILLO.
JACQUEZ. } *Servants.*

SCENE, PORTUGAL.

A SCHOOL FOR GREYBEARDS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. AN APARTMENT AT DON SEBASTIAN'S.

Enter PEDRILLO *and* JACQUEZ, *on opposite sides.*

Pedrillo. So our Master is dressing, to dine at Don Gaspar's previous to the Wedding.

Jacquez. Yes.—There's hardly a richer man in all Lisbon than Don Gaspar, Donna Antonia makes thus an excellent match.

Ped. A thrifty one you mean;—more cannot well be said methinks of Sixty five and Eighteen.

Jacquez. Master Pedrillo, thou dost distinguish well.

Ped. Our Thomasa indeed here has had it imparted to her, by her friend Rachel, the Lady's Lady, as a very great Secret to be kept from every body! that Donna Antonia is right unwilling now, that the match should take place. But, willing or unwilling, there is no escape for her—for she has been betrothed

to the Old Gentleman in full form! which by our laws, here in Portugal, thou knowest, binds like a Marriage itself in some countries.

Jacquez. I know nothing about Marriages in outlandish countries. But, Women in all countries are alike I believe—they never know their own minds. —Prithee, who can that Stranger be, so muffled up without?

Ped. I know not. The Gentleman seems somewhat sheepish, he takes as much pains to hide his face as though he had stolen it.

Jacquez. Why that's no reason for hiding it, if we may judge by the Women; with them, stolen faces are always the most bold—witness Rachel's after robbing her Mistress's rouge pot.—The Stranger asserts that he comes from our Master's friend, Don Henry.

Ped. Ah! does he so? What that Don Henry who fled to Spain for having fought a Duel?

Jacquez. The same. I'd go boldly to Court, and ask to speak to the Queen's Majesty, and fall upon my knees and set all right;—hang me if I'd be playing at hide-and-seek in foreign lands for it.

Ped. Oh, living in Spain, he must be quite at home; for he was brought up there, and all his tastes are Spanish; his Donship is less at home here, amidst the greater liveliness of Portugal.—Hist! here comes Don Sebastian—

Enter SEBASTIAN.

a Stranger waits without, Sir.

Sebas. Who is he?

Ped. Truly, Sir, I can't discover. I have questioned, and cross questioned to no purpose; he's as dexterous at shifting, as though he was foster brother to a Lawyer.

Jacquez. But he says, Sir, that he came from Don Henry, who flew his Country for challenging the—

Sebas. Ah! Where is he?—(*Going to the side.*) No! both quit the room, and send him instantly. [*Exeunt Servants.*] The brave, the unfortunate, Don Henry! This hour will by him be deemed, hereafter, more fatal than any that preceded it.

STRANGER *enters.*

Welcome Sir! the friend of Don Henry cannot find a house in Portugal where he would be more joyfully received.

Henry. What Sir! receive you thus but the Friend of a banished man—of a man who, were he himself discovered in Lisbon, would be seized the next hour? —If thus you can receive his friend, how will you (*Throwing open his Cloak*) receive himself?

Sebas. In my arms, and in my heart!—Nay, but I rejoice not, Don Henry.—What Imprudence! How venture you hither before your Pardon has been obtained?

Hen. Could the intelligence of Antonia's hastening Marriage permit me to remain in any other spot that the sun visits? From beneath the Zone from whence he pours his most fervid rays, or from the dusky regions of Cimmeria, such Intelligence must have drawn me hither!

Sebas. And to what purpose? Surely this is a sort of Quixotism that, like the Sublime Knight's, will end in being injurious only to the Hero.

Hen. I care not how it ends. My heart is torn by the Ingratitude of the woman on whom it doats, and the sooner the final close arrives the better!

Sebas. I full well know how difficult it is to stem the torrent of your passions; yet, if you *would* be patient, all might be well—at least I trust so!—My

absence abroad, at the period of your Quarrel, prevented however my knowing the precise ground of it.

Hen. Quarrel! Do you then suspect that it was but out of a common *fray* that our encounter arose, and that my sword was drawn in some Tavern brawl? Duels of that sort a Soldier stoops not to.

Sebas. Pray then relate its origin.

Hen. I fought to punish the Slanderer of his Child who taught me first to fight—the brave D'Almeida, that Hero!

Sebas. I knew him well.

Hen. 'Twas he first fixed a Sword at my youthful side. Drawing it forth—my Henry said the hoary General "To be a perfect Soldier, you must be an exemplary man! Ne'er let this be used, but to serve your King, or, to sustain the honest fame of yourself or your friend—these are the limits of a Soldier's duty?"—With that sword I vindicated his child against her base and slanderous traducer!

Sebas. Surely then there may be hope of Pardon.

Hen. But whilst, in Madrid, I awaited an answer to my application for pardon (in obtaining which a delay occurred for which I cannot yet account) my Antonia was on the point of being lost.

Sebas. Is she not irretrievably lost?

Hen. No, she neither is, nor shall be! She is my betrothed Wife—no power on earth shall make her another's.

Sebas. All this, my friend, only proves the poignant excess of your disappointment. Have you any planned scheme?

Hen. I have. At Madrid it chanced that Don Julio, Nephew to old Gaspar my Rival, conceived a sincere attachment for me. From him I learnt the news of the preparations for this detested Marriage; the agony it threw me into he compassionated, and formed a scheme that gives promise of Success.

Sebas. Alas! it is vain I fear—well, but pray go on.

Hen. Learning that my person was unknown to Don Gaspar, whose singular mode of life throws him out of all public circles, Julio conceived the scheme, not disadvantageous certainly to his own future prospects, of making me pass for himself, and Julio is equally with myself unknown to Don Gaspar.

Sebas. You Henry, are to pass yourself off for Julio, Gaspar's nephew;—well?

Hen. With this view he has pretended an ardent desire to visit Portugal. His father has given him an introduction to Don Gaspar. We both arrived last night, and Julio has given me the Letter, which privilèges me with residence in the house of my Rival himself, to prevent, by whatsoever means may offer themselves, his marriage with my Antonia!

Sebas. My dear unhappy Henry, summon your Fortitude, whilst I tell you that, nor Julio's friendship, nor your own temerity, can save you.

Hen. Sebastian speak! relieve my apprehensions!

Sebas. I cannot give utterance to words so torturous. Fly, and save that life, which if you are discovered must be forfeited.

Hen. Ah—she is married! Antonia is another's! Oh Sebastian—

Sebas. Courage man! if you would but wish all the Sex, fair, brown, and yellow, at the bottom of the black sea now I should have hopes of you!

Hen. What a Fate is mine!

Sebas. There's no bearing this! a fine fellow yielding himself to Despair, at the very moment an unworthy perfidious mistress is giving herself to another! This day she weds Don Gaspar.

Hen. Is it then but to be!—speak it again Sebastian, restore me by the assurance!

Sebas. Hopes in such circumstances! thou hast

brought with thee so much of the pride pomp and romance of thy favorite Spain that thou art madden'd with it!

Hen. Oh, if it be but to be to-day, there yet are Hopes!

Sebas. According to the custom of our country, she is now in the house of your Rival. She this Morning went thither, attended by her bride-maids; this very day old Gaspar receives her vows.

Hen. They are mine! in the face of Heaven and before witnesses she was betrothed to me;—if she has given them to another they cannot be valid, but by my assent. I'll hasten instantly to the house—

(*Going.*)

Sebas. Nay, suffer me to attend you; for, though I have deep Interests of my own now at risk, I shall scarcely be awake to them, whilst my friend incurs such danger.

Hen. Oh, Sebastian! within a few hours, the Bliss or Misery of all my years to come must be determined. The enterprize is full of danger! but, what danger can be formidable to a wretch, who, precipitated to a gulph, must clear it, or be lost!

SCENE II.

DON GASPAR'S.

He enters, meeting Rachel.

Gasp. Well Rachel, how is my little girl? how is my Bride? Are her spirits up? What does she say?

Rach. Oh Sir, nothing but a half-stifled Sigh pops out now and then. Except that;—she's as dumb as though she wasn't a Woman.

Gasp. But why dont you talk to her then, and make her perceive how happy she is?

Rach. Laws, Sir, she has been spoiled, for want of being carried into the World to see what men are. You may depend upon it, Sir, she has been a long time most desperately in Love!

Gasp. In Love, Rachel!

Rach. Aye, in Love. Having till lately been but imprisoned, as one may say, in a Convent, she has scarcely seen a human being—asking your pardon Sir—with the air of a gentleman; and has no notion of them but from our fine Romances—and there you know they are all made up of Sincerity and Honour and Love and Courage. And she, I suspect, has made up for herself, out of all these, a being as different from any thing she'll ever meet with as your Worship from her Monkey; and this Being of her Fancy, I shrewdly surmise Sir, she is in love with instead of You!——(*Aside.* Though truly once I believe she thought she had found, in another, her being of all perfection!)

Gasp. Pshaw! instead of all this airy Nonsense, you should give her substantial ideas, and should say —" d'ye see Ma'am what a Fine House you will be mistress of?—d'ye see Ma'am how many Servants of us are at your command?—and this rich casket of Jewels Ma'am, which my Master presents to you—how many Ladies will envy you these Jewels!"—Did not her eyes sparkle when she saw them on her Toilette?

Rach. Why, no Sir, they didn't quite sparkle; but, they glittered—for there was a Tear in each!

Gasp. Tear! aye of Joy to be sure!

Rach. The Bride-maids, and the rest of the Ladies, endeavoured all they could to divert her, but to no purpose; so I up, and said, says I—" Laws Ma'am you are the happiest Lady in Portugal. My Master, that is to be, is the most agreeablest man for a middle-

aged gentleman—that was the word indeed Sir!—for a middle-aged gentleman, in all the World. He's never out of Temper, except when he has the Gout."

Gasp. Pshaw!

Rach. Then says I, "Ma'am, as to Wrinkles—what signifies minding a few? Why, in five-and-forty years hence, Ma'am, you'll be as wrinkled as he is."

Gasp. What need had you to talk to her about Wrinkles?—Wrinkles! to be sure I have a few crow's feet about my eyes; but, many have them before they are Thirty.

Rach. Then, says I, "As to my Master's teeth Ma'am, they are as white, and even, and polished, aye—as your own Ma'am." And so they are you know Sir—*they* are not old.

Gasp. Impudence! Get thee down into the kitchen, and go near your Lady no more. Was there ever such a stupid, chattering—

Rach. Aye, well Sir, here comes your Son across the Garden. Don Octavio may talk Sense perhaps.—(*Aside.* Its nuts to me to sting him, for I pity the poor young creature from my soul!) [*Exit.*

Gasp. I dont know whether 'tis Stupidity or Archness in the wench, but, I'm afraid she means to laugh!

Enter OCTAVIO.

Oct. Joy to you, Sir! joy on this festive morn! but, by the way, it is very ill drest for a bridal morn—the same dusky blue it has worn this fortnight, nor has the sun expended one ray extraordinary! all Nature should have been in Gala, on such an event as your nuptials! But, where is my Mother! I came eagerly to pay my Duty.

Gasp. Mother! Faith it will sound odd to hear such a strapper as you call her so! Let it be *Madam;*

that has a distant sound in it, and is grave and comely. And pray Sir, have you seen the Lady?

Oct. Yes Sir. And she now passes the Lawn—there she is!

Gasp. Ah!—there she trips—there she trips!

Oct. With Submission—I wish the trip mayn't be your's—for I really fear you are making a false step Sir.

Gasp. Instead of coming to remonstrate with me Sir, why did you not dutifully marry yourself? Nothing can persuade you into the trammels. There's Don Alexis de Alva has been half mad to give you his Daughter.

Oct. I refused the daughter of Don Alexis, without having seen her. But, now that I have seen her, I think I could venture to exchange my dear prized liberty for captivity with her!

Gasp. Say you so my Boy? 'Tis the happiest news I have heard. But, where could you see her? for Don Alexis is so sapiently jealous, that, even before the pictures on his walls, he would, if he could have his own way, have both his Wife and Daughter veiled.

Oct. I saw her at Vespers, with her old Father. Something was said about Charity, and she lifted her veil on the side next me.

Gasp. Memorandum—My Wife never goes to Church, I'll read lectures to her at home!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Don Alexis de Alva, Sir, desires me to tell you he is come to pay his Compliments on your wedding day.

Oct. This opportune arrival is a happy presage! Pray recommend my suit, Sir, at the same time; and, in return, I'll go and ask a blessing of my young Mother in the Garden. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Alexis.

Alex. So my old friend—you are going to be wise to day!—Humph! I give ye joy—I congratulate ye!

Gasp. You have an unhappy knack, of wishing Joy as though you hoped it would be Sorrow, and of congratulating with an air of Pity.

Alex. Why didn't ye ask my advice? Could any body have given ye better?—Dont I know folly by Experience?—have *I* not married a Girl? I wish the day I left my room to marry, I had been confined in it by Gout, an Asthma, and a Dropsy!—Pshaw man! there's no end of your plagues from such a moment!

Gasp. Pray, keep your Temper now—keep your Temper. Tis a very bad one—keep it to yourself.

Alex. Why you'd find it easier to spin cables out of cobwebs than to make a young rantipole wife honour and obey—as I full well know; and so your servant.—I give you Joy! (*Going.*)

Gasp. Stay, stay, pray a moment man.—Which is the greatest torment a young Wife, or a youthful Daughter?

Alex. Such a Daughter is a seventh day Ague, and such a Wife a frenzy Fever!

Gasp. Well come, I'll recommend you a Physician who shall relieve you of your Ague.

Alex. What do you mean?

Gasp. Why a Lover, to take your Daughter off your hands.

Alex. Who'll be the bold man to do that?

Gasp. An impudent young rascal who calls me Father; if you like it, he may call you so.

Alex. What Octavio!—but, perhaps, this is a Wedding-joke of your's, old Signor!

Gasp. It is but a second hand one then; the original Wit is now in the house, and has just desired me to employ all my Interest in his favour.

Alex. Your's!—let him use his own—bid him come! I'll hurry home and prepare my Daughter; —so fare ye well.—Aye, aye, when your hair turned grey my old friend, your aims and purposes should have taken a turn too. Let Boys and Girls marry, it is the proper aim of youth—Age should have a still better object, encrease of Wisdom!

Gasp. You are truly a fit preacher on Grey-beard's Folly!

Alex. The very best! Mine are not mere dry Precepts.—Alas! I teach by Example! [*Exit.*

Gasp. By Saint Jeffery, the old fellow has made me feel queer! What brought him to throw cold water upon all the pretty little Loves that were springing up, and warming the Lapland region about my Heart! (*Going.*)

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, one Don Julio, from Spain, is without.

Gasp. Who?

Serv. Your Nephew, Sir, from Madrid. He has brought you a Letter from your Brother, Don Henriques, and desires you to admit him to pay his Duty.

Gasp. Ah! my Sister's son—my poor deceased Olivia's Boy?—let him come in!

(*Don* HENRY *introduced, cloathed in his travelling Cloak.*)

My dear Nephew, why I am as glad to see thee, as if I had before known you—how dost do? Grown up a Man! dear, dear, how Time slips! 'twas but yesterday that your mother came out of the Convent to be married. Well, and how dost do, Julio? how is thy father?

Hen. Don Henriques was well, Sir, when I left Madrid. That Letter will inform you of his wishes. —(*Aside.* Scarcely can I contain my feelings! I am

now under the roof with my perfidious Antonia, and of the wretch who would call her his Wife!)

Gasp. Aye, very well—very well. Your Father desires that you may be received as my guest; and adds that you are of a remarkably sober serious turn. I am glad of it, Julio. You are come in happy time —you are going to have a new Aunt—I'll present ye to her—but remember! she'll expect you to treat her with the most distant respect!—Ah! here she comes!—she is not so young as she looks—no—no —some women will be young in spite of years; nor so pretty I assure you, when her face is examined, as at the first glance;—some women strike at first you know!

Hen. (*Aside.*) How shall I contain my Emotions!—

Enter Antonia, *with Ladies.*

Ah! she does not look happy—some Consolation in that!

Gasp. Come Deary, cheer up, cheer up! What, all these Trinkets, and Laces, and Finery in your Dress not brighten ye?

Antonia. (*Aside.*) Nauseous! Oh, Clara my Fate seems to open to me at this moment a scene of greater disgust even than I had yet conceived!

Clara. 'Tis then a moment too late, sweet Cousin! You have submitted to your Fate, think now how to make your fate submit to you.

Gasp. Out, out, no Whispering till you grow old enough to turn backbiters! Now call up your Smiles (*patting Antonia's cheek*) and your pretty Spirits! Come Ladies, I thought every woman was happy on a Wedding-day, whether it was her own, or her Neighbour's.

Clara. The Bride's pensiveness affects us, Sir; Mirth seems impertinent.

Ant. Ah! 'though we can be resolute to act, our Spirits are not obedient to us, our Feelings we cannot command!

Gasp. Feelings—romantic Nonsense! When I was a youngster, Women had no such word in their Vocabulary. Never mind your feelings, and then, like neglected guests, they'll be in no hurry to repeat their visits.

Hen. (*Aside.*) Not one chance look this way! and yet, I can forgive the sweet averted eye that speaks Disgust to all around her.

Ant. My pensiveness ought not to throw a weight upon the day—I will be better, to show my Duty. (*Aside.* He never asked my Love.)

Gasp. Aye, aye, we shall be as happy as two faithful turtle doves Pet.—Ud! I had forgot, here, here's a Nephew of mine—a nephew of your's almost—pray receive him—Don Julio Cavallo.

(*She curtsies, without regarding him.*)

Hen. (*Aside.* Where then is the Secret Sympathy of Love! that should instruct her—her Henry is near!—she shall at least surmise it.)—May this day be happy to you Lady, and to him whom most you wish to bless!

(*As he speaks, he turns from her; concealing his person by his Cloak. She starts at his Voice, and shrieks.*)

Gasp. Heydey, little Pet, what ails ye?—(*Aside.* I like his Awe and Distance!)

Ant. Surprise, Sir!—your Nephew's so much—he so much resembles—

Gasp. Aye, like me, mayhap you think. I believe there is a Family likeness; but—that needn't have scared you so!

Clara. 'Tis well 'tis so turned!

Gasp. Come, away to the Music-room. There you who have husbands will find them, and you who have

none may set snares for them. Come Pet! you are already snared, and, in truth, he must look sharp who gets you out of my net.

[*Exeunt all but* DON HENRY.

Hen. Closely as she is entangled, I will look sharp enough to get her out, I warrant you!

(*Donna Clara returns, and twitches his arm.*)

Clara. Turn young man, I pray! (*He starts.*) Good Don Julio! tell Don HENRY we did not expect, to grace Antonia's nuptials, to find him in Masquerade here.

Hen. I am discovered! Oh Donna Clara, the faithless Antonia has—

Clara. Faithless has she been?

Hen. Is she not this day to be married!

Clara. Truly I think so, Signor, or I am not a Bridemaid; but how far faithless I know not, for I returned from Arragon but last night for the occasion, after more than a Year's absence; nor have we yet had time for conversation.

Hen. Then, I intreat you, let this discovery rest with yourself. It is of the last importance that I should not be known to Don Gaspar, and, at present, I would be equally concealed from Antonia.

Clara. You must give me Reasons for this request, for I am not certain that I ought not instantly to betray you: You have been her Lover tis true, but she is now to be the Wife of Don Gaspar. Her duties to him will be sacred, and must be fulfilled with the strictest delicacy.

Hen. I have loved Antonia for her Purity and Virtue; and to give room for suspicion of her honour, would be to slur my own. My passion is mingled with the tender protecting affection of a Brother. Should her Marriage be voluntary, I take my final leave of her; but if, as the melancholy of her air allows me to hope, she has been deceived into assent, there's not a power on earth can divide us.

Clara. Oh! fair Competition between Rivals I shall not oppose. Follow me, a new Secret is almost as delightful as a new Fashion!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. AN APARTMENT AT DON ALEXIS'S.

Enter SERAPHINA *pulling in* ALEXIS.

Seraph. Come along my charming Husband! Bless me what Eloquence and Vivacity considering you are Sixty five! I protest a man forty years younger could hardly have found such a Variety to have said, on a subject so trivial. One might mistake you for a Senator in that talking country—what do they call it—England, instead of a Portuguese Privy-Counsellor, you utter so much upon Nothing.

Alex. Nothing! what is it nothing that, whenever I go out of the door from your Lectures within, your head is popt out at the window—like the sign of Queen Jezabel?—Tis known to all the impudent young face-hunters in Lisbon, that saunter about our Gates like wolves before a sheep-fold; do ye call this Nothing?

Seraph. Oh no; forbid I should be so ungrateful for almost the only help-time of my wearisome life. Nothing! tis every thing. I wait for the Promenade with impatience, because I then am enthroned, and view my prostrate Subjects in their silent Adoration.

Alex. What a vile Custom it is to build houses with Windows! I'll have them all blocked up. Windows and Balconies!—skylights are alone fit for a discreet country.

Seraph. Listen, Deary! and I'll bless ye with a Secret. Blind your windows and nail your doors—but all might be vain, had your honour no security but these.

Alex. What stronger security could my honour have?

Seraph. *My* honour! Your effectual guard over me is my Sense of Duty; rely on this, and I swear to you that no Vestal's life shall be more blameless. This is due to my own feelings, even without the delightful task of thinking of you.

Alex. If all this is true, what Whim makes you so fond of Admiration?

Seraph. Why all I know is, that I have no violent objection to let it, in all Innocence, chequer the heavy life I lead with you; and so perchance it may, till he, whom you represent, says No!

Alex. Who's that pray?

Seraph. Mercy! who can it be but old, shrivell'd, grey-pated Time? To his negative I shall yield—but with a very ill-will I assure you. If the Passion we have for Admiration is wrong, let Nature look to it; it is her law that we should awaken the Attention of man—to give life to his heaviness I suppose.

Alex. And yet, one and all of you pretend you are tender-hearted and compassionate forsooth!

Seraph. Why to say truth, we are a sort of Paradox! At a tale of woe I melt like Niobe, and am agonized at distress if I cannot relieve it;—yet, the misery of a hopeless Lover is delightful! I would not abate a humble adorer a single sigh. And, if I thought he was quiet, *I* should have no rest.

Alex. Mercy on poor man!

Seraph. I hope, Sir, you feel very much honoured, that I take you so far into my Confidence.

Alex. I dont know what to think of ye.

Seraph. Why then I'll tell you what to think;—most wisely and gravely make up your mind, that

when an Old Fellow purchases a young Wife of those who have power to dispose of her—he has bought a Plague!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Don Octavio, Sir. [*Exit.*

Alex. Better he than Cæsar! I'll wait upon him directly.—Well, I'm in the way, at last, to have one Plague less however! Don Octavio is come to offer himself to Viola. Pray step, and send her here to receive him—for I am obliged to go instantly to the Council. I shall but just speak to Octavio, and send him up. Charge her to receive him well, she shall be married in less than a week! [*Exit.*

Seraph. I shall give his daughter no such charge, poor Girl!—How can she receive Octavio well, with her heart devoted to Sebastian?—I wonder what sort of a being this Octavio is; some wrinkled Privy Counsellor like himself I suppose. 'Tis very odd now that these Ancients, high in the State, should take it into their venerable noddles, that a Youthful Bride is a proper appendage to their Dignity, and fancy that it requires no more wit to govern a young wife, than to govern a realm!—Oh! if my Deary would but speak out now, and warn his wise brethren! —Heydey! is this the Octavio?—handsome, I vow! young! He a Privy Counsellor! how could I slander him so?

Enter Octavio.

Welcome Don Octavio; for I am informed that here you *must* have welcome.—(*Aside.*—Ah! How is this?—why—yes—the very man I saw at Vespers, I protest!)

Oct. That cruel *must*, checks the Transport your Welcome gave me.—May I venture to form a hope

that, otherwise than as an act of Obedience, you would have given me welcome?

Seraph. Oh yes, pray hope it; for as I think the season of hoping the most delightful in our lives, I should be sorry to shorten your's.

Oct. If you mean to shorten hope by Disappointment—it is kind to protract it; but, there is a season for ending hope, enchanting VIOLA, without giving Despair.

Seraph. (*Aside.*) What! *Viola* did he call me!

Oct. Oh, permit me to believe that the honour your Father allows me, of telling you I adore you, is not displeasing to you.

Seraph. (*Aside.*) My Father! He takes me for my husband's Daughter!—Delightful! this Mistake now will I so humour that it shall be the means of preserving Viola for her Sebastian!

Oct. From the moment I beheld you at Vespers, your Image has never left me.

Seraph. Upon my word I take it very ill of my Image, to follow a young man about, and keep such bad company.

Oct. Whilst your displeasure is thus playful I can support it. How charming to find that the information your face gave me did not deceive me.

Seraph. Why, what did it promise you?

Oct. Elegance, Liveliness, Frankness, and Understanding!

Seraph. Oh dear! how self-love operates on all our perceptions! Had I received you with a frown, and given you reason to believe the commands of Don Alexis unpleasant, you would have believed me stupid, and, with your friends, would have expressed Wonder—at nature's giving intelligent eyes to an Ideot!

Oct. I shan't defend myself—to be the object of your Raillery is a distinction, pray go on!

Seraph. Nay then, I have done; an enemy that wont resist there's no spirit in attacking.

Oct. Oh, pray then present me with your chains at once.

Seraph. Oh, by all means—There! (*appearing to fling something over his neck*) there they are—do you feel them?

Oct. Yes—they delight me.

Seraph. Oh! that's not what I intend! I would have you sigh under them—aye, in downright earnest too!—(*Aside.* Or you will be sighing after Viola, and defeat Sebastian!)

Oct. I shall sigh quite in earnest, if you tell me the hopes Don Alexis has given me make you sigh in sympathy.

Seraph. What were they?

Oct. That I should have the transporting joy of calling you mine.

Seraph. I can hardly think it!

Oct. By all the Witcheries of your face, and the Cupids that regulate your graceful air, 'tis true!

Seraph. So pretty an oath demands a civil reply; and I therefore protest to you, the moment—mark me—Don Alexis really consents to my being your's, I'll yield you my hand! But, I expect you to leave me for the present.—(*Aside.* Some one will come in a moment, and spoil my Roguery!)

Oct. Your Commands shall ever govern me; but, when may I again presume—

Seraph. I cannot tell you exactly now—be at the Gate in the evening.—Adieu! adieu!

(*Running off.*)

Oct. Well, if I must be a Slave at some time in my life, e'en let it be now—a desperate action should be done as soon as resolved upon! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SCENE II.

DON ALEXIS'S GARDEN.

SEBASTIAN *and* VIOLA *seated on a Garden Chair in front. He throws Flowers at her. Then rises playfully.*

Sebas. No! I swear it Viola—I'll love thee no more. No more from this instant.—I am fixed!

Viola. (*Coming forward.*) Wont you indeed! Let me look in your face, whilst you make that wicked oath.

Sebas. I could cuff you this instant, for looking so pretty. What a horrible length of time is before you, to do mischief.—Eighteen! the fire of those eyes cant be quenched, nor that alabaster skin shrivelled, in less than fifteen whole years, 'tis dreadful!

Viola. You are mistaken. Grief and Vexation may effect a change. You've many chances to behold me frightful yet.

Sebas. Would some of them might arrive!—so lovely, and your father so cruel!

Viola. But suppose the change should happen to my Father, and he should favour our wishes—would you then allow me to have charms?

Sebas. Aye then, how would I cherish them! Not a feature but should have its separate share of Admiration, divided, and subdivided—I'd give to each a twelvemonth, and then begin again.

Viola. Inventive Love! ever the same, and yet for ever new!

Enter CARLOTA.

Carl. Bless me, Madam, Don Alexis is returned—

the council is put off—he is asking for you—and will be in the garden directly.

Sebas. 'Tis impossible! scarcely have I had time to vent half my wayward tenderness.—I have been here but three minutes.

Carl. Three minutes! Oh dear, how every Woman, on the afternoon-side of Twenty, would rejoice if Time with her compressed his minutes to the scale of Love.—You have been here one hour and a quarter, by the great Dial at the end of the walk.

Viola. Be it hours or minutes, you must leave me my Sebastian. Should my father surprise us, I could expect nothing less than six months imprisonment in a Garret, with the lives of the Catholic Saints for my Study, and bread and water for my banquet—

Carl. Now you might as well have postponed half the last speech to the next opportunity—for here comes the old gentleman! Well, I'll not be in the scrape I assure ye, take it all to yourselves! (*Going.*)

Viola. Oh stay—stay! my dear Carlota, he cant discern at this distance who we are. Let me run away, I'll into the house through the close walk, and Sebastian shall stay and pass himself off for your Lover;—it must be so, the danger will be less to you than to me. [*Exit.*

Carl. Upon my word!—so, I must be the Scapegoat! But, I wont be blamed I vow—I'll pretend I dont know you! (*Raising her voice.*) 'Tis very extraordinary Sir, that the Gardener could not leave the wicket open whilst he threw out rubbish, but more must come in than went out. Go this minute, or I'll call him to throw you out again with the rest!

Sebas. (*Speaks low.*) I commend me to your good graces Carlota, and I trust that Viola will be mine! [*Exit.*

Carl. (*Apart.* She trusts it too!)——Aye get you gone, and dont mistake neighbour's gardens again! That's your way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALEXIS.

Alex. You artful slut! this must be all a feint. I clearly heard—" She trusts it too!" that *She* must concern my wife or my daughter.

Carl. (*Re-entering.*) I wonder people are not ashamed of themselves, to pretend——Oh! dear Sir, are you here?

Alex. Am I here—Cunning! who was that Spark, eh? Speak thou Powder-puff—thou Snip of Gauze—thou Black-pin? Who was he?—Tell me the truth, for I have a touchstone to try thee by, that thou canst not evade.

Carl. I did not ask him who he was. The careless Gardener left the door open;—he seems some curious stranger walking about the streets of Lisbon.

Alex. Aye, seeking whom he may devour I suppose. Come, what were you and the curious stranger talking about—Pray ye what were his parting words!

Carl. (*Aside.* Some evil Genius surely is prompting him!) Why Sir they are not worth repeating, he was saying 'twas—he asked if it was—past twelve o'clock.

Alex. (*Going a little off.*) Is it past twelve?—" She trusts it too!" that fits like custard and cucumber. —Those were not the words Mistress—try again! I mean his expression just before you said—" Dont mistake neighbour's Gardens!"

Carl. Oh, didn't you hear him say, just then, Sir, —" That's a fine Poplar?"—(*Pointing to a Tree.*)

Alex. (*Aside.* " A fine Poplar."—" She trusts it too." That doesn't meet a bit closer than t'other.) —Come, once more Comb-brush, recollect! or by St. Anthony—

Carl. Now I have it, Sir; I have recollected now

the very words. What the Gentleman said to me, at going away, was—oh, you little black-eyed Rogue!

Alex. (*Aside.* " You little black-eyed Rogue"— " She trusts it too!"—Now, by our Lady, if thou dost persist in giving me the trouble to question thee again! (*Shaking her.*)

Carl. Oh, how you gripe my arm! if you will pinch the truth out, hear it then!—(*Bawling.*) He said—" I trust that Viola will be mine."—Now are you satisfied?

Alex. " I trust that Viola will be mine"—" She trusts it too."—H-r-r-m—that fits! Now Minx, I feel that I have the truth; and the curious stranger then must have been Don Sebastian, whom I have ordered her never to think of.

Carl. Why, Sir, she too has ordered herself never to think of him; but, her thoughts mind her no more than a Conclave of Cardinals would you—they will incline to him, in spite of her.

Alex. Will they? but I'll give them a turn before she's aware. I'll go this moment, and—Oh! here Madam comes.

Enter VIOLA.

Viola. Bless me, Carlota, where have you been?

Alex. Oh dear, why she has been so kind as to entertain one of your Lovers without doors, Madam, whilst you pretended to be listening to the one I sent you within.

Viola. I do not understand you Sir.

Alex. You dont!—Come troop (*to Carlota*)—you little black-eyed Rogue!

Viola. To be sure my Father's bewitched! (*Aside.*)

Alex. I'll fit ye! You shall pack up your Wardrobe in your pocket handkerchief you little black-eyed Rogue! and beat your march before you are three hours nearer your wrinkles.

Carl. I hope I shall never reach my wrinkles, if they are to make me as tyrannical as your's have made you! [*Exit.*

Alex. Well, Innocent One, what sort of reception did you give Octavio?

Viola. Sir!—(*Aside.* Who does he mean?)

Alex. Did you give yourself only the allowed Airs; or was your stubborn mind so full of Sebastian, that you gave no hopes to Don Gaspar's son?

Viola. My dear Father, if you'll be pleased to speak in a way that I can understand—

Alex. (*In a violent passion.*) Dont provoke me! What encouragement, I say, have you given Don Octavio? Why how you stand!—if you dont answer me—

Enter SERAPHINA, *hastily.*

Seraph Bless me, my dear, what is all this noise?

Alex. Why I cant get her to say a word about Octavio; I know no more than my shoe-knot whether she behaved well to him or not just now.

Seraph. To be sure she did—how can you question it; but you are really very coarse; allow something to her delicacy!

Viola. (*Aside.*) I believe *now*—that they are both beside themselves!

Seraph. Leave her; she'll be undisguised to me.

Alex. I'll go to Octavio himself, that's the shortest way! I'll ask him what passed—if he is content I shall be so—I'll to Octavio instantly! [*Exit.*

Seraph. Ha! ha! ha!—my dear Viola, this is a web of my weaving,—how I shall puzzle through it I know not. And your poor Father—ha! ha! ha! how you stare! be pleased to know then, that I have just been hearing the most violent love, in the name of Donna Viola;—actually personating you!

Viola. Personating me!

Seraph. Your father went out this morning, my Dear, and either begged, borrowed, or stole a Lover for you. The poor youth was introduced—he had seen me at Vespers—took it for granted, then and now, that I was my old husband's Daughter Viola! and began (as I suppose he promised your Father he would) to adore and die for me in very good form.

Viola. Oh, now the mystery is cleared! this then is the Don Octavio with whom I am threatened!

Seraph. Yes, yes. Now, having unravelled the conundrum, can't we turn it to some good purpose?

Viola. Yes to be sure! Leave Octavio in the Labyrinth, and, if we can contrive to keep my Father in the puzzle too, it will allow me time to concert measures with Don Sebastian.

Seraph. Then I suppose I am to let Octavio adore me for a time in error, to serve you in earnest—in truth the identical thought that struck me at the moment I perceived his mistake! We must take Carlota into our Council, or affairs cant go on.

Viola. My Father has discharged her!

Seraph. Pho! I'll manage that; it would be hard indeed if it were otherwise. When we marry Greybeards, it is with the pious design of always having our own way.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. AN APARTMENT AT DON GASPAR'S.

Enter HENRY *hastily, followed by* SEBASTIAN.

Hen. What I have witnessed at Table exceeds all reasonable Patience; how ill-fortune besets me!

Sebas. What high luck attends you, you mean, that they should be so blind to your starts, your angry blushes, and your ill concealed confusion! I drew you from the company the moment dinner ended, lest, having satisfied their appetites, they should be at leisure to exercise their eyes. Do you reflect, that Don Gaspar has only to betray you to the Minister, to get rid, in this happy country, of his Rival for ever.

Hen. To hear the Old Dotard, though in her absence, talk of his Fondness, distracted me!—That I could see her, and speak to her! 'Tis plain, amidst all the bridal gaiety around her, her Heart is not at ease!

Sebas. Your wish is, in part, obtained, for here comes *almost* half of her; the worst half indeed by Forty years.

Hen. Thou a Lover, and able to speak thus *to* a Lover!

Sebas. In truth I am so much a Lover at this moment, that I scarcely know what I am saying. In a word I am summoned by my Viola's maid; in an hour I am again at your Service. [*Exit.*

Enter Don GASPAR.

Gasp. Why how now Julio! What stole away?—run from the Guests?—hide in Corners? not pledge me in a joyous glass?—how's this?

Hen. I am not in Spirits for Company Sir; or to be sure this joyous occasion—

Gasp. Not in Spirits on your Uncle's Wedding-day—out upon it! But tell me Boy, what do you think of the Bride? am not I a happy man—eh?

Hen. You seem so at present, Sir.

Gasp. Oh, I fear no change. But, what d'ye think helped me to gain her!

Hen. Why Sir I long to be informed.—(*Aside.* His Wine perhaps will make him communicative!)—A splendid Jointure probably.

Gasp. Jointure! why it was a writing to be sure; but, guess again.

Hen. I am not fortunate in guessing.

Gasp. Then, as you are so nearly related to me, and may be trusted, I'll tell you;—half a sheet of paper gained her!—Aye, you may well stare. 'Twas but half a sheet of Paper, in which, in one of the frauds of Love, I procured it to be said that one Don Henry, to whom she was betrothed, was dead and buried—that gained her my boy!

(*Slaps him on the Shoulder.*)

Hen. Were you then capable of contriving this?

Gasp. Was I?—yes! And I did it in right reason too—a banished man you know is a dead man in the eye of the Law!

Hen. And how, Sir, could you take advantage—

Gasp. Why, Sir, those young rascals take every advantage over us with the aid of Nature, and we have a right of making reprisals when we can with the aid of Art.

Hen. So the Lady then believed this intelligence

—and thought she was thus absolved from her Contract?

Gasp. Yes, yes, she believed, and swooned, and raved, and took to her bed. In truth the Doctor gave her up, so I determined to tell her the truth, when it should come to the last gasp, rather than have her Death to answer for; but—she got over it!

Hen. Why, why, Sir—female grief—though sometimes obstinate—is not, always, absolutely fatal!—My dear Uncle you are a perfect Machiavel at a plot. (*Aside.*—I shall try if I cant out plot you though!) Antonia's astonishment will be amusing when she finds her Henry is still living—ha! ha!—but then, she'll be your's ha! ha!

Gasp. Yes, then she'll be mine ha! ha! ha!—You must know my chuck had no Fortune though of a noble family, and was pestered with youthful, profligate, Lovers, and at last, as a mode of escaping from them, agreed to give herself to me—there's consideration and prudence in a Girl!

Hen. (*Aside.* Oh 'twas more! 'twas a proof of Love to me!) But, what will Don Henry say to this pretty jest?

Gasp. What care I what any man says when he's a thousand miles off!

Hen. But, should he obtain his Pardon, he'll return instantly, and then!

Gasp. Oh, I leave no loop holes for schemes to drop through. Hark in your ear, but be secret, I bought his Pardon!

Hen. Bought it!

Gasp. Hush! that's all under the rose, you undersand me; it cost me a good lump of Moidores.

Hen. Strange Kindness to a man whom you would rob of his Wife!

Gasp. Kindness—tut! I got his pardon myself, only that, when asked for now, the Official Answer may be—"The business cant be further attended

to, the Pardon has been already granted"—but, for want of its production, he's dead by Law depend on it; the Sexton might as well have covered him with green sod. And it will be long before Official Forms will suffer him to revive!

Hen. Are you actually in possession of this destructive Pardon?

Gasp. As good;—the money is paid, and I shall receive it from the Broad-Seal office tomorrow.

Hen. (*Aside.*) What an opportune discovery is here!

Enter ALEXIS, *pulling in* OCTAVIO.

Alex. Come in here, come into this room my dear Octavio. So! we find here the *young* Bridegroom your Father. Now prithee, be so kind as to leave the apartment to me and Octavio.

Oct. Let us not disturb my Father, Sir!

Gasp. Oh, I'll leave ye—but, first let me present my Nephew to you. The Son of my Sister Victoria—you knew her.

Alex. Knew her—aye as well as your nose does its Spectacles. So, young gentleman, what, you are come to dance at your Uncle's wedding!—He has been entranced these forty years, the Charm is broke, and, on awakening, he fancies he is still Twenty-Five.—'Twas worth while to come post from Madrid on purpose; you wont cut capers at so extraordinary a marriage every day I can tell you.

Gasp. Come, come, a Truce to Sneers! Come along Nephew;—when people grow old, they grow so testy and obstinate there's no convincing them of any thing—along! along!

[*Exit, with Don Henry.*

Alex. Hark ye Gaspar! (*bawling after him.*) Dont take him to your Antonia, lest she should take a Fancy to the Nephew instead of the Uncle!—Well,

my dear Boy, I am come on purpose, to ask how you managed to day, with my Daughter Viola. The young Gipsy is so reserved, I could get nothing out of her, but a pretended stare of Astonishment! Was she kind?—did she show a proper sense of the favour?

Oct. Sense of the Favour Sir! She permitted me to hope.

Alex. Well, well, that's the point I would come to. —Hang Phrases! Was you contented with your reception—was she no more than properly coy?

Oct. Contented with my Reception! the Lady was all angelic sweetness Sir; she had the condescension to promise—

Alex. What—what?

Oct. That, when you should pronounce the order that she should bestow her hand on me, she would consent to be mine in the sweet bonds of matrimony.

Alex. She promised that, did she? Delightful! Come again this evening, and I'll go then and pronounce the Order for prompt obedience to her Father's wishes. [*Exit.*

Oct. Pshaw! I dont like all this interference, I should prefer the sweet trouble of getting over my love difficulties myself. If I dont take care, I shant have the pleasure of catching my own game. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

DON GASPAR'S GARDEN.

Enter HENRY.

Hen. (*Looking behind him.*) Surely tis herself—yes, tis Antonia! Like a Lily, oppressed by the dew of night, she bends her lovely head. Oh Clara! lead

her—lead her to her Henry.—Ah! they come! but, how may I be master of her thoughts? Perhaps to her friend she will unveil her inmost Heart.—I'll dissemble Sleep—yes; but, whilst I appear to slumber, my ear will catch every word she utters—my every hope be dependent on her breath.

He reclines amidst some shrubs on a Bank; his face concealed in his bent arm.

Enter ANTONIA *and* CLARA.

Clara. This is a Whim! seeking Shade and Solitude, instead of company and mirth. What will Don Gaspar say?

Ant. Name him not; the arrival of the Stranger, his Nephew, has renewed all my misery. Oh how these lonely shades will sooth my sorrow! Each day I'll seek this sweet recess, trace each endearing scene that elsewhere chastened Love made pure, and, in the dear review, forget all grief.

Clara. Aye do, pray, and look behind those shrubs; there's a youth at least as much like Don Henry, as ever one impudent rogue was like another.

Ant. Ah! 'tis Don Julio!—let us retire before he wakes.

Clara. One might e'en fancy it were Don Henry himself.

Ant. The resemblance is stronger now. When awake, this stranger had a stile and action that made me fear; but, Henry was all pleasing Grace, imparted a volume in a glance, yes—merely by a Look could say what eloquence would try to imitate in vain.

SONG.

Sweet gentle Sleep! oh do not fly,
Bind thy soft fillet on his eye,

That o'er his Graces mine may rove,
And sooth my hapless joyless love!
For, when he lifts those shading lids,
His chilling glance such bliss forbids,
Then, gentle Sleep! oh, do not fly,
But bind thy fillet on his eye!

Clara. I think, on the contrary, that we had better get his eyes open. Who knows but by this time they may have acquired a softer expression.

Ant. Fie Clara! let us go this instant—you will surely wake him! (*Going. Exit* CLARA.)

Hen. (*Starting up.*) Yes, he is indeed awakened! —Oh Antonia—turn sweet Traitress to look on Henry!

Ant. (*Shrieking.*)—What art thou? can Henry be then alive in Julio? Oh tell me whilst I yet can breathe—Say, art thou both, or Nothing!

Hen. (*Embracing her.*) Oh, my Antonia!

Ant. Henry! I believed thou wert no more;—but Health blushes on thy cheek—it is, it is, thyself!

Hen. Can this Joy be real? But, Antonia, thought you my obsequies would be most fitly celebrated by bridal pomp!

Ant. Think not my *Heart* perfidious;—a GUARDIAN 'twas I sought, and not a husband.

Hen. Ah! Nature that made women fickle, gifted them with language to conceal their fault!

Ant. 'Tis well you treat me thus, and check the Transport of beholding thee! But, pause on my situation—haunted by a train of Lovers, some of Rank that would enforce their claims on those who could controul me! 'Twas to escape all these that, believing Henry to be no more, I consented to a Marriage that cannot now take place, since my Henry lives! Base Artifice deceived me, virtuous management must free us from the deceiver.

Hen. Wilt thou then participate in my drear Fortunes?

Ant. Yes, at the utmost boundaries of the Earth.—And oh! thy Life's at stake!—whither shall we fly, and at what blest Altar partake the solemn Rite?

Hen. My mind much needed so sincere a proof of Love. But, my Antonia, fly we need not, tomorrow thou'lt be mine! My Pardon is obtained; but it is now in Gaspar's hands! You must escape hence. But how, my flurried Spirits have not yet resolved!

Ant. Oh, away at once, in any way, from this scene of Alarm!

Hen. The watching eyes of Gaspar's people prevent it now. Yet, danger admits not of the requisite delay to prove, in full form, that to me you was first betrothed. We'll away, as Accident, Contrivance, or Force, if necessary, may permit, before the moment arrives in which my Love—(*He takes both her hands in his*) the assumptive Gaspar demands the performance of the Ceremony! And mark me, however critical in any arriving moment may be your apparent danger, with utmost Confidence never despair of seeing me!

Enter GASPAR, *followed by* ALEXIS.

Gasp. Tony! my pretty Tony, where art? (*Starting*) Hey-dey!

Alex. Ha! ha! what's all this? Aye, didn't I warn ye of your Bride's possible Fancies? Didn't I warn ye?

Hen. We are undone!

Ant. (*Apart.* Hush! display not Fear by resigning my hands—Trust to me!)—I have indeed Sir (*still speaking to Henry*) made every solemn resolution you could wish, never to be engaged by any vows but those made to the Lord of my Affections, the contracted Husband of my Heart!

Gasp. (*Apart.*) Her contracted Husband! mark ye the words Alexis!

Hen. May you be happy as you're true, and you and that Husband partake pure and endless Love!

(*As they are parting hands, Gaspar runs to embrace them.*)

Gasp. Thank ye, thank ye indeed for this! There —there! what say you now to my choice? Had ever man such a Wife, and such a Nephew!

Alex. In truth I believe not! and may I be hanged if I believe them now.

Gasp. Envy—sheer Envy! You see when *I* resolve to marry a Girl, I know how to chuse.—Come along my Pigeons! the hour of the Ceremony will soon arrive. (*Going off, with one under each arm.*)

Alex. Hark ye Don Julio—give me a Minute. (*Twitching him back.—Exeunt* Gaspar *and* Antonia.) Come, I know there is some Jest in this! You must trust me, and if you will, I'll—do trust me, I know tis but some Jest.

Hen. You display, Don Alexis, most extraordinary marks of penetration!

Alex. I love a jest to my soul, and if you will really trust me—here—here is a Seal-Ring (*taking it off.*)—it was worn by my Great-Grandfather fifteen generations back. Tis as well known as the Privy-Signet of the State.—Humph! I have half a mind to place it on your finger, as a Token of our Friendship—no I dare not!

[*Putting it on again, and throwing his hand behind him.*

Hen. (*Aside.* An idea darts upon me! it is the critical instant of my Antonia's Fate!)—A Ring valued by you so highly, Don Alexis, I would refuse to accept; but, if you'll entrust it to me, I swear, when you next see it, you shall know the Jest!

Alex. Shall I indeed?

Hen. Yes—and I promise that you shall enjoy it too!

Alex. There then is my Ring! I pant for the hour of its being restored, as much as a Girl to unburthen her first love-secret.

Hen. I too pant for the hour; for, if I mistake not, I shall in the mean time make such a use of your Great-Grand-Father's seal ring, as must make that, and every future hour, one scene of bliss to me! [*Exit.*

Alex. What can he mean to do with it? that ring make all his future hours one scene of Bliss!—Heydey! there must be some concealed Magic in it! It seems indeed to have bewitched our Don Gravity here into the most absolute Liveliness and Activity. I'll look sharp to get it back again—who knows but it may lower my Madam's liveliness into sedateness and quiet!

[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I. AN APARTMENT AT DON ALEXIS'S.

Enter SERAPHINA, *followed by* OCTAVIO.

Seraph. It is in vain, Don Octavio, so spare your Suit!

Oct. Why, my charming Viola, I have your Father's sanction, so you may as well set about falling in Love with me;—you must you know fall in love with somebody.

Seraph. Upon my word I dont see any necessity for it.—Why must I?

Oct. Why! why because it is the custom with all the world.

Seraph. Oh I live in the world and know better;—fall in Love indeed!

Oct. If you treat me thus, I'll go positively! If I cannot keep a Lady in good humour with me, I presume she means me to be away. I will be teazed no more—but make my escape!

Seraph. (*Aside.* That must not be, or Viola wont make her's!)—Why Octavio there's no absolute necessity for escaping; by remaining you may keep me you know in good humour with myself—by Comparison; or you may be well enough as odd furniture for the room, though not as a Lover for the Heart.

Oct. Why, charming VIOLA, why are you so barbar-

ous?—is it not by your own Permission that I attend you?

Seraph. I know it, but what of that? When I gave permission it was Sun-shine, and now 'tis Candle-light. I will not be teazed!

Oct. This is singular!

Seraph. What, that a woman should change her mind since morning! You I suppose are so wonderfully steady, that your mind changes only with the Moon!

Oct. Do not suspect me of fickleness—permit me to prove my Constancy and Love!

Seraph. Ha! ha! ha! Love! You a Lover! Come, turn about (*wisking him round*)—why you are a Cheat, you have none of the symptoms upon ye.

Oct. Why—what are they?

Seraph. (*sings without Music.*)

A pale cheek,
A melting eye,
Pulse full weak,
A struggling Sigh,
Groundless Fears,
Starting Tears,
Joy, Despair, and Extacy!

I must tell you, to avoid long Altercation, that there is nothing on earth that I detest like the sober, quiet, prudent method of suing, of a Lover who, like you, boasts of a Father's sanction!—who is expected, enters the house without Difficulty, and yawns through an hour of Common-place; the wedding day being fixed, goes to church with his Dearee to be married, in the same hum-drum way as millions of dull couples have gone before.

Oct. (*Aside.* How alike we think! we were destined for each other!)—These I confess are misfortunes, but how, in our case, are they to be avoided?

Seraph. (*Aside.* Now, whilst I keep him from a thought of the real Viola, will I make him facilitate her escape to Sebastian!)—Why, if you are in earnest, contrive to make Don Alexis refuse you. Let him heighten the Interest of an adventure, otherwise dull, by throwing Difficulties in the way.

Oct. But, your Father is unhappily attached to the marriage.—How can we get out of that difficulty?

Seraph. Poor Don Octavio—you have no hopes! for my mind has taken a turn upon the subject, and I am determined that whilst Don Alexis approves the nuptials, I never will be your's.

Oct. I'll bribe fellows to slander me! was ever so strange a dilemma? I thought his approbation a blessing; but now, I would willingly make him shut his doors against *me*, and confine you—to a grated room with a dozen smoke-dried Duennas to guard you!

Seraph. Aye, then indeed all would proceed in the regular way! You would be sighing and groaning without, and I should be weeping and wailing within. Then for Plots and Contrivances, then for Bribes and Scaling ladders—then for Escapes and Pursuits, and all those dear difficulties so interesting to the youthful and unmarried.

Oct. You shall be obeyed, whatever I hazard!

(*A Bustle without, the door opens a little, and displays Carlota endeavouring to keep out Alexis.*)

Alex. I tell you, Mrs. Brazen, I will be amongst them.

Carl. Bless me Sir, how can you be so cruel to the young people?

Seraph. (*Aside.* There's Don Alexis!—What shall I do?)—Now begin your task directly Octavio by preventing his coming in; if he comes in I never will be your's.

Alex. Let me in I say!

Oct. (*Going to the door.*) Pardon me Sir, I insist upon it you shall not come in!

Alex. Shall not come in—why you young Dog! Well, well, well, tell me then—has she been harsh in her reception?

Oct. Why, I cant say that we have yet got quite to a clear understanding.

Alex. Oh, the perverse baggage!

Oct. (*Aside.*) I wish, instead of this, he had bid her dismiss me;—then perhaps she would fly to me.

Alex. Octy! Octy! (*Struggling with Carlota.*)

Carl. Laws Sir! how can you be so rumbusterous?

Alex. Come in, I will.

Seraph. Then go out I must! [*Exit.*

Alex. (*Bursting in.*) So! what she's off!

Oct. Off! yes, and now I'll be off. What Girl of delicacy could bear to be thus treated? or what Father but you would thus—(*Going.*)

Alex. Now, dear Octy do not be angry—do not be angry! you have the Character of being one of the politest—discreetest.

Oct. I beg leave then to request you to believe that the Character lies Sir. I am none of these, but rude, illnatured, unjust, fickle, and full of extravagance!

Alex. Hey-dey! and I rather think full of Wine too!

Oct. You may think, if you please Sir, that I am every thing you ought to dread; and that you could not, in all Lisbon, have picked out so hopeless a husband for your Daughter.

Alex. The Character would suit ye all I doubt; but you seem so intimate with your faults, that like stale acquaintances they'll soon disgust you, therefore, fickle, or mad, my Daughter shall be your Wife.

Oct. Are you so obstinate Sir!

Alex. Aye, and if she dares demur—

Oct. Dear Don Alexis pardon me! I am going to astonish you much, but—if you persist I am ruined! I believe I had better be faithful to you than to Viola in this instance.—In one word—stay let's take care we are not heard! (*looks round.*) In one word, you and I must both be in a plot against your lovely capricious daughter Viola.

Alex. How now?

Oct. To her Vivacity and Whim, a stupid formal allowed courtship is intolerable. If you persist in countenancing me, she will hate me. Order her to see me no more, allow me to steal her out of a window, or over a garden wall, she'll be the happiest Bride in Portugal.

Alex. D'ye say so? a perverse Baggage! but, I'll fit her! wont fall in love with ye merely because I order her—aye that she had from her Mother!

Oct. Remember, you must conceal your knowledge of all this. She must not know that I have betrayed her.

Alex. D'ye imagine that I dont see your whole drift? Talking through a Lapland winter would not make it clearer.—Ud! she's coming, and my Wife with her! So (*speaking loud.*)—d'ye hear you, Signor Octavio, you are—I say you are—I know not how to say any thing bad enough of you!—for the present that's your way Sir;—I have made the most serious determination, to declare to you that you shall never find your way back again Sir! (*Bows him out.*)

Enter SERAPHINA *and* VIOLA.

Seraph. (*Aside to Viola.*) Why my dear husband is so mere a Gudgeon, there's no credit in deceiving him. Now remember your Lesson!

Alex. So Mistress I have dispatched your Lover.

Viola. Have you Sir?

Alex. Your not liking him proves you have your

Father's penetration. Notwithstanding his modest front, there's not such a desperate fellow this side th' Atlantic, no nor t'other side either.

Seraph. My sweet love, are you speaking of Don Octavio?

Alex. Yes, I am. Take care you give him no encouragement now, out of obstinacy because I have dismissed him, d'ye hear girl? No Whisperings from your Balcony; no private correspondence; no billets dropt from the window by your officious maid, on pretence they are meant for some carrotty-pated country Cousin!

Viola. Dear Sir!

Alex. No pencilled assignations on the back of your Fan; or cards in Lemon juice, and calling them, on detection, secret orders to your perfumer, for pearl powder, and bloom of Circassia.

Seraph. How can you put such things into the Girl's head, Deary?

Alex. (*Apart.*) That her fingers may put them in practice to be sure; but, you are not up to me there Deary?

Viola. Why Sir, you know that, but a few minutes since, you clamoured at the door that he was not to be harshly received.

Alex. That was—that—well, no matter! He must go further a field now—he'll find neither wives nor widgeons in my Orchard.

Seraph. (*To Alexis.*) Oh! the clouds disperse, and we perceive the Sun!—now I understand. What an admirable head you have!—Poor dear Don Octavio! send him a garland of willows, Viola.

Viola. How distracting is my situation. I have made up my mind on the question of dismissing Sebastian, and now—

Alex. And now! why now you must make up your mind t'other way. In my present humour, of the two fools, mark me! I like Sebastian best!

Seraph. Pray oblige your good Father, and take Sebastian then, Viola!

Alex. (*Aside.* Whu! she does not comprehend my plot, and gives the advice seriously, I believe!)

Seraph. He is a most accomplished young man.

Alex. (*Apart.*) Wife!

Seraph. Engaging in his Manners.

Alex. (*Spitefully*) My dear, I say.

Seraph. His eyes expressive, his Tongue eloquent.

Alex. (*Apart.*) Mischief's at the root of your's! You know not what you are doing.

Seraph. (*Aside.* I do perfectly!)—In short Viola he is so amiable, so captivating, and loves you with such unbounded fondness, that, if you marry any other, your Misery ought to equal your Ingratitude.

Alex. (*Aside.* Pshaw! She murders it, she'll make her think of Sebastian seriously again!)—To your Chamber, hussy; and mind, I order you to drive Octavio from your head—(*Pushing off Viola.*)

Seraph. And fix Sebastian there for ever!

Alex. Confusion!—(*driving her off to the other side.*) you may be doing mischief all this time.—(*Going off on the opposite side.*) As she has not caught my plot, she shan't now know it, lest her perverseness or her folly should mar it. And yet, I think—no hang it I wont—I wont! The only plot that ever had a Woman in it came to nothing. I'll conduct this solely by my own Sagacity—and have a hearty laugh at the poor Fools when all is over!

[*Exeunt, opposite sides,* SERAPHINA *laughing.*

SCENE II.

AN ELEGANT APARTMENT AT DON GASPAR'S.

RACHEL *enters, followed by* GASPAR, ANTONIA, CLARA, *and several Ladies.*

Rach. (*Looking back.*) Bless us, the approach of the Ceremony has put my Master half out of his Senses. The poor Bride too seems half out of her's —but certainly not with Joy.

DON GASPAR *capers in, full dressed.* (*Singing.*)

Full of Dance, and Song, and Play,
Now is come our Wedding day.

Yes, yes, now for the Ceremony! Come my pretty Pet, the Priest is waiting in the next room to make thee the happiest Girl in Portugal. In ten minutes, thou wilt be the Wife of Don Gaspar! (*Strutting.*)

Ant. (*Apart.*) Ah! my Heart fails me!—where is Henry? Rachel, by what excuse put off the Ceremony! my Soul sinks within me.

Rach. Truly mine is not very high.

Gasp. Hey-dey!—what's all this about?—What! she must be coaxed now I warrant—they all love coaxing. Come now, my pretty Tony, my nown little Tony. (*Taking her under his arm.*)

Ant. (*Breaking from him.*)—Henry! Henry! where art thou? Ah! he deceives me at a moment so important! (*Aside.*)

Gasp. Come, let us to the Priest, and tie the knot which even Alexander, who cut the Gordian, could not destroy.

Henry. (*Without.*)—Where is he! where is he! Where is Don Gaspar!

Ant. Ah!—be still my Heart—he is come!

Gasp. Here he is—here is the happy Bridegroom—

Enter HENRY.

come you are just in time! the Priest waits to join us in rosy bands. Look at her! Oh you sweet little —there are smiles and blushes for ye!

Hen. Charming Antonia, the blissful ceremony, which I trust will be the foundation of your happiness, will not take place just now.—Oh!—Sir I am sent—

Gasp. Sent—about what! from whom? who presumes to postpone—

Hen. I have a Token to convince you! Sir are you acquainted with this Seal-Ring?—the Impression is—stay can you see it—the impression is I believe as well known to you as—the Privy Seal of the State!

Ant. (*To Clara.*) What can be the purpose of this? I can hardly breathe through terror.

Hen. Do you know it, Sir?

Gasp. Know it! yes, 'tis Don Alexis's Seal-Ring. But, what have I to do with it, more than with the Ring of Saturn? If you are for rings, you shall see one presently—(*taking Antonia's hand*) on this waxen finger, that—

Hen. You must hear me, Sir! It is a Token from Don Alexis, by which you are required, as a Privy Counsellor of the realm, to join him instantly at his own house to consult, and thence proceed with him to the Council on affairs of the most imminent importance!

Gasp. Meet Don Alexis!—what is he mad? or are you mad? or does he think me mad? Go prithee —I'll meet him tomorrow.

(*Seizing* ANTONIA'S *hand, and going.*)

Hen. All our throats may be cut by tomorrow, Sir!

Gasp. Eh! throats cut!

Hen. Why, Sir, there's a Plot—(*To Antonia*) a Plot!—you're in the utmost Danger Sir!

Gasp. A Plot!

Clara. (*To Antonia.*) Ah! now I catch his Design! —My dear Don Gaspar, at a juncture so important every selfish consideration must, you know, be annihilated. Should our discontented Citizens take arms—

Hen. Suppose they are in arms already!

Gasp. Arms! well, what can I do? Fight dog, fight bear—I'll be married! (*Going.*)

Rach. (*Dropping on her knee.*) Oh, dear Sir, there will be nothing but Destruction and Murder! Oh, take Pity on us Sir!

Gasp. Dont be a Fool! (*Striving to get free.*)

Clara. Consider Sir—the good of the Nation!

Rach. Aye, Sir, the good of the Nation! what should not a Privy Counsellor do for the Good of the Nation!

Hen. You know too, Sir, that a token from a Privy Counsellor is imperative on you by the Laws of the Realm!—Hasten, hasten Sir;—whilst you dally, all Lisbon may be fired!

Gasp. If there's such Danger, I'm safest here—an't I Duck? (*To Antonia.*)

Ant. Sir, if you can resist the call of Honour, you repel me! To marry at a moment of such horrible apprehensions is impossible—my fears are, really, at this instant so very great, they will destroy me!—Sweet Don Gaspar go!

Gasp. Nay then, if she coaxes so—come my dearest Nephew (*takes the Ring.*)—let us go together, not a step will I stir without you.

Hen. (*Aside.* Oh miserable, to be thus circum-

vented!)—Had I not better stay here, to guard the Lady Sir?

Gasp. Stay here! No Sir, you shall guard me i this great scene of Danger, if I stir;—but I wont stir by all—

Hen. You know, Sir, I cannot be present at the Council!

Ant. Fie, Don Julio! surely you will not desert your Uncle!—(*Apart.* Leave him at Don Alexis's Door, and return instantly!)—Adieu! sweet Bridegroom! (*helping to get him out.*) Speed back as quickly as you like—(*looking after them as they go out*)—and find that Antonia is gone!—Dear Liberty I hail thee! Rachel, prepare all for my flight, and make thy Fortune, follow me! [*Exit.*

Rach. I will; but first let me consider what I have engaged to do to make my Fortune.—Why, I am to assist a charming Girl to run away—from a ridiculous marriage to a proper one; from Age Gout and Petulance, to Youth, Goodhumour, and Love. Aye, that I will, or, may I never arrive at higher honour than to nurse Misses in their Bibs, and Old-maids in their Spectacles!

[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I. AN APARTMENT AT DON ALEXIS'S.

Enter DON ALEXIS.

Alex. Well, if at last Don Octavio should really marry my Daughter Viola, there will then be a house which I can enter with some Comfort.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Don Gaspar de Frontado is hurrying up stairs to you Sir.

Alex. Don Gaspar!—Don Gaspar!—it cannot be.

Serv. He is indeed Sir—attended by all his Servants with drawn Swords!

Alex. Swords! why the near approach of Matrimony must have turned his brain—no great Wonder! (*Looking through the Door.*) It is Don Gaspar sure enough!—what a Figure!

Enter GASPAR, *speaking*.

Gasp. Bless me, why all is quiet, all is quiet my dear Nephew!—Ah! (*looking back.*) what's he gone! —Not a voice in the street, but of two old women—quarrelling about a string of Onions.

Alex. (*Aside.*) It certainly must be so—he is

crazy!—I am very sorry Don Gaspar (*gravely taking off his hat*) that any thing should have happened to bring you thus from your house.

Gasp. My house—that were nothing! Even from the very Altar, my dear friend.—But that, it seems, is nothing—the Good of the Nation must be considered; let us therefore sit, and to Business at once.

Alex. As soon as you please.—(*Aside.* What wonder next!—what a time for turning his thoughts to State affairs.)

They draw Chairs, and sit looking, waiting for each to begin.

Gasp. Be brief, my good friend—come be brief!

Alex. Brief—why we haven't begun!

Gasp. Why, in the name of Patience, why dont we! How long am I to wait, before this mighty and pressing matter is disclosed? Do you consider that the Priest is now impatiently waiting Sir?

Alex. Pray Sir—what is your business? will you do me the very great favour Sir, to tell me what is your business with me!

Gasp. My business with you!

Alex. With me, Sir—with me! What caused you to come hither in this flurried state?

Gasp. That's what I want to know, Sir! and you'd best be quick in the relation! Will you explain to me now, or shall we go to the Council at once. You seem to think time of no more value to me than Straw!

Alex. (*Withdrawing his chair.*) Aye, there it is! —(*Aside.* It is always the first thing they think of—I saw at once how it was!)—I am very sorry you are thus disturbed Don Gaspar.

Gasp. (*Pursuing him.*) The disturbance is nothing, if you would but set to!—What is the plot

about?—where are the Conspirators—and what do they aim at?

Alex. Poor Soul—poor Soul!—(*Rising*.) My dear Friend, you really shock me to the greatest excess. —Though I knew your marriage showed a tendency that way—I did not think it would have taken effect so soon!

Gasp. Hur-r-h! this is beyond all bearing! (*Rising and putting his hand to his Side*.)—no Sword—meet me to-morrow Sir—meet me to-morrow!

Alex. With all my heart Sir!—(*Aside*. He'll be in a strait waistcoat by that time, and I shall be safe!)

Gasp. I am cooler now. There Sir—there is your Seal-ring Sir; and, let that be the last token of good or ill you ever send me!

(*Throwing the ring on the Table*.)

Alex. My Ring! why, by what Magic, did my Witchcraft Ring get into your possession—Who put it into your custody?—Who gave it you!

Gasp. Why—why—did not——oh! my mind misgives me!

Alex. Eh? what—you had it from your Nephew, perhaps, eh?

Gasp. Ye—yes! (*Trembling*.)

Alex. Ha! ha! ha!—oh, a young Rogue—oh, a plotting young Villain!—Why this is the very helmet and feather of frolics—ha! ha! ha!

Gasp. What then I have—oh, shame to my years! —at my time of life I have been made a Jest of by a Boy!

Alex. A Jest! and what then? at your time of life you make a fool of Yourself—and why shouldn't a boy have his laugh!—Jest do you call it?—hurry home my dear friend, you know what I said to day about your Bride's possible odd fancies. Hurry home, and if it be but a Jest, be thankful!

Gasp. What, do you imagine? do you suppose—oh, my dear, dear, friend! But hold—you must

yourself be in the plot—the Ring is your's!—you are in the fraud! (*Ragefully.*)

Alex. Believe me Don Gaspar—

Gasp. Oh, what a beetle, what a blind bat I have been! but mark me, I'll repay your jest with interest! And, to begin, my Octavio shall never marry your Daughter! how d'ye like that jest? Oh what a blind—blind— (*Goes off, stamping.*)

Alex. (*Going after him.*) My dear Don Gaspar, my friend, my worthy friend, I entreat—Whu! he's gone!—If it had not been for that choak-pear about Octavio, how I could laugh!—What the plague did Julio take such a liberty as to lead me into such a scrape by my own Ring for? how dared he haul me into his scheme? But, zooks, it is a good Laugh after all—ha! ha! ha!—But! if Gaspar now, through spite, should really prevent Octavio's marriage!—What's to be done?——I have it! I have it! I'll find out Octavio wherever he is, make him steal my Daughter, since she has the whim, conclude the Marriage; and then—I'll laugh with Julio 'till my old sides pant! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

THE STREET, BEFORE DON GASPAR'S.—*Dark.*

Enter HENRY, *and gently knocks at the door.*

Hen. I dare not be louder; but surely the ear of Love can catch the gentlest sound!

Rach. (*From the Balcony.*) Oh, are you come—I'll call my Lady Sir. (*Withdraws.*)

Hen. Oh haste! the minutes fly; I have secured a safe retreat—(*A noise of people advancing.*) Ah! what noise is that! they come this way; surely 'tis

Don Gaspar's voice—how returns he so soon! I am breathless with fear. (*Retreats from the door.*)

Gasp. (*Without.*) Hush! be silent—

(*Enters, followed by Servants with drawn swords, and knocks loudly.*)

yes, yes, I trust me, I'll be a match for the Privy Counsellor's Seal-Ring! (*Knocks again.*)

Rach. (*From the Balcony.*) We are just ready Sir —have a moment's patience.

Gasp. Just ready! why then I am arrived in the very nick of some villain scheme!—Keep your Swords drawn. Come, I'll not give way to Suspicions, she shall have fair play, appearances may deceive!

The door opens, Antonia *comes out.*

Hen. (*Aside.*—Ah, Antonia herself!—we are ruined!)

Ant. Where are you, Lord of my Vows—where are you?

Gasp. Well, well, that may be all meant for me.

Hen. Oh! aid us now some guardian power!

Ant. Give me your hand, my love, my life, and guide me.

Gasp. Humph! that's too sweet a morsel to be meant for me.

Ant. (*Feeling her way in the dark.*) Ah!—What are you here indeed, your silence frightened me. Take these jewels, and let us haste away.

Gasp. H-r-r-r-m! Are you at that, Madam?—then I am cozen'd!

Hen. (*Aside.*—To attempt to force her off now would be in vain.)

Ant. Will you not speak? Can you be then already fickle! am not I your betrothed Wife? have we not invoked Heaven to bless us in our Vows?

Gasp. Now then, 'tis clearly me! I'll be mute no longer.

Ant. O Henry! Henry!

Gasp. What! (*Starting.*) Who tak'st thou me for —for Henry? perfidious wretch!

Ant. (*Aside.* Don Gaspar!—what will become of me!)—Why—why—why are you displeased at my naming one who, now departed, cannot rival you? I was but on the point of expressing my belief that Henry would not have been so unkindly silent.

Gasp. What, was that all indeed! why then, my little Tony, pardon me—it was but Love's Jealousy!

Ant. Why—why did you not speak?

Gasp. In truth, you prattled Love so sweetly, I could have heard your pretty words run on for ever. But, pray how came you out so late, and with these jewels and parcels!

Ant. Sir!—I was—why Sir—

Rach. Alas, Sir, you know we were told the city was in arms, so it was but prudent to pack up and pack off all for Security. Oh Sir, we were so agitated about plots and treasons and robberies, that—

Ant. Really, Sir, we are terrified out of our Senses!

Gasp. (*Aside.* She shant know what a Gull I was!) —Oh, all is quelled now, my pretty chuck! as soon as I appeared, and threatened, and harangued on their duty, they were as quiet as the creeping tread of a thief on a dark stair case.—Come, now then let's in, and join our tender Hearts in one!

Hen. (*Aside.*) Ah! what are Numbers where such Danger threats! Tis best they move her not!

(*Draws.*)

Ant. Pardon me—but one added day of Liberty is my firm resolve! My flurried spirits must resume their calm, ere I will consent to a contract of such moment.

Gasp. How!

Ant. In this one point Sir, I will not be controuled —and of this I make the most solemn declaration.

Gasp. A most unjustifiable vow!

Rach. Well Sir—but you know you want her to make one still more rash.

Gasp. What's that, Minx?

Rach. Why to go before the Priest and solemnly vow and protest, her tender affection for a Grey-pate of Sixty five.

Gasp. But that vow has been already made Hussy, and all solemn undertakings, I lay it down, must be kept. (*Aside.* Zooks! there I've caught myself, for then this last also, that she will have delay, must be observed.)—Well, come in my little Tony, and learn from your nown Hubby what respect must be paid to every vow in life! (*They go in.*)

Hen. (*comes forward.*) Ah, this secures me! her delicacy is now safe from the insult of instant Marriage being pressed upon her; and when I see her next, it shall be with powers to bar off all necessity for deception for ever! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

DON ALEXIS'S GARDEN.

He enters, leading in OCTAVIO.

Alex. In truth I am glad I have found thee; I have reasons for wishing you to be off instantly with my Daughter. Viola is certainly somewhere in the garden; all Anxiety of course, now that she supposes all sorts of interesting Difficulties are in the way!

Oct. Is the Rope-ladder suspended from the place you pointed out?

Alex. Exactly there—I helped to fix it myself! so all is secure as I wished.

Oct. The dear sweet madcap must have her way, though strange is the Whim that prefers scaling a wall at night, to walking quietly through the gate in sunshine.—Hist! I hear the tread of gentle feet.

Alex. Then I'm off. If she should find us together, the perverse baggage would suspect our alliance, and that would spoil all—so (*lowering his voice*) I'm off! [*Exit.*

Oct. In a few hours expect us at your feet—in due form asking pardon and blessing!—(*A Pause.*) Charming Viola, appear! I hear you not, yet, by some sweet instinct I am sure you must be near. What delightful faculty is this, by which, without the vulgar intervention of the Senses, I am conscious of the presence of the Guardian Angel of my future life?—Oh! tis the privilege of the purest Love!

Seraph. (*Entering.*) The privilege of Fancy—the merest Fancy! You may depend upon it, ere long, you'll find it so.

Oct. Ah! my Charmer? (*Catching her in his arms.*)

Seraph. (*Breaking from him.*) Hold Sir! or by truth and decorum I quit you for ever!

Oct. Then we will fly my sweet trembler, and Hymen shall—

Seraph. A moment's pause Sir! I cannot go with you alone; you must now consent that a Lady accompany me.

Oct. Who?

Seraph. No matter—she is unknown to you. You must promise to conduct her, without presuming to question her, safely to Don Sebastian; and then to conduct me safely to your Father's mansion.

Oct. To my ghostly Father, I trust you mean, the Priest?

Seraph. No, to your father Don Gaspar; on those terms I scale the wall, and on no other.

Oct. All is odd and mysterious! but, with you I'll scale walls on any terms. Where then is the Lady?

Seraph. We shall find her in the next walk—no, she is hastening hither—

Enter Viola, *veil'd.*

come fair Damsel, this is the valorous Knight who is to lead, through all the intervening dragons and giants, to the quiet and sober pale of matrimony.

Oct. Come my tender fawns! take each an arm.—And let us make haste; or some unlucky ideas, that are growing rather ponderous, will prevent my flight over the wall!

Seraph. I'll die, if it is not the idea of Matrimony! but be of good comfort, Signor, and make speed—your Fate has a saving clause in your favour you little expect! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

DON GASPAR'S.

He enters.

Gasp. Well, Day at last is broad awake; and the vile Night, which cloaks so many schemes and villainous plots, is passed away—and all I trust hath gone well!—Truly Antonia is a treasure, but if to secure it I must pass the remnant of my life in alarms and misgivings—well well tis too late now to think about that—my hour is come!
(*Dolefully walks about.*)

Enter Servant.

Serv. Don Octavio, and a Lady, Sir. [*Exit.*

Octavio *enters, leading* Seraphina *veil'd.*

Oct. Permit me, Sir, to ask your protection for

this lady for a few hours; did you know who she is, you would think she had a right to claim it.

Gasp. To claim it—why who is she?

Oct. That I am forbid to tell. Do you release me from my promise, Madam?

Seraph. No certainly;—and yet, if I did, it were much the same thing, for you know not, either, who I am.

Gasp. Not know who the Lady is!

Seraph. Believe me he does not; and yet, if you ask him, he'll swear he does.

Oct. Surely, though you are veil'd, I can swear you are the same sweet tender creature, who in a certain Garden—

Seraph. Scaled the wall with you;—that you may safely swear.

Oct. Yet, I know you not?—ha! ha! ha! permit me—(*Apart.* Perhaps you'll deny being her whom I am to marry?)

Seraph. Well, I will marry you if the condition contained in my original promise be fulfilled, which was only you know—provided Don Alexis gave Consent! I have been thinking mighty seriously on the subject, and I will not now marry you without, certainly.

Oct. There is more than his consent then—his expressed Wish.

Seraph. Yet, I shall not be your's!

Oct. Why what a sweet enigmatical charmer you are!

Seraph. (*To Gaspar.*) If I mistake not Sir, this house has a mistress—may I be permitted to wait on Donna Antonia?

Gasp. Madam——Octavio! (*Whispers.*)

Oct. Oh yes, of Rank! but, a little capricious.

Gasp. Pardon me, Madam! I will wait on you to Antonia's Apartment. (*Aside.* I shan't care to leave them together though—in this season of Plots!)

[*Exit, leading Seraphina.*

Oct. What can she mean by her Riddles? I am perplexed!—

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* VIOLA.

Ah! Don Sebastian! What the weighty ceremony so easily over? Madam—congratulations!—Dear Sebastian (*Taking him aside.*) tell me, dost feel quite easy?

Sebas. Easy!

Oct. Aye. In a few hours I shall be in the same state; and, my feelings are not so quite.

Sebas. If you love as I do, you'll feel as I do, blest!

Oct. Aye, aye, you married rogues are but Decoy-Ducks! you give the Call to those at Liberty very invitingly, and, when snared, cry *quake! quake!* most maliciously.

Viola. (*Running to Sebastian, Apart.*—I hear my Father's voice; I would not have him see you at this instant.) Pardon my freedom, Don Octavio, but, it will be infinitely kind if you'll both leave me.

Sebas. These fears are idle, my Charmer, the moment must arrive—

Viola. Nay, do not stay to argue, but oblige me! (*Lowers her Veil.*)

Oct. What! so much a Husband in half an hour as to dispute a Command!—I'll take him to task, Madam, and give him a Lesson on Obedience. [*Exit, with Sebastian.*

Alex. (*Without.*) Octavio and a Lady veil'd?—(*Entering*) Then all must be right. Ah Viola! well, are you married?

Viola. Yes Sir. (*Curtseying.*)

Alex. Yes Sir—enough said.—Ha! ha! ha! now then, with Safety, I can have my laugh at Gaspar, and enjoy Don Julio's joke!—Ha! ha! ha! and You too have been also finely nick'd; I have cheated you into marrying the man you prefer—ha! ha! ha!

Viola. Oh Sir! forgive what I have done!

Alex. Forgive thee, my Girl! aye, that I will—here's my hand upon it.—Ah! Don Gaspar!—

Enter GASPAR.

your most obedient very humble servant Sir!—how do you find yourself after your last night's Privy Council Sir! My Seal-Ring will always be ready for such important service—ha! ha! ha! But stop, I have two jokes now—how is our Son old Boy?

Gasp. If, by *our* son, you mean *my* Octavio, he is now in the next room, probably at the feet of a Lady, with charms sufficient to eradicate those of your daughter from his heart for ever.

Alex. What's that? Octavio at the feet of a Lady! d'ye hear that, Viola?

Gasp. Your daughter!—pardon me, fair Lady, I observed you not!

Alex. Aye Sir, your daughter too—your Daughter! You encourage her Husband to kneel to other women in your house—how's this?

Gasp. Her husband—ha! ha! ha!

Alex. Be serious Sir, this is no laughing matter; how dare you Sir—Why Viola, why dont you rave and storm, like a true woman, on the occasion?

Viola. Sir, I have no right!

Alex. No right! I shall see that!—Here Don Octavio I say! The very day of his Marriage—nay within the hour! (*Going to the side.*)

Enter OCTAVIO.

Oct. Don Alexis—your pleasure?

Alex. Zooks, what d'ye. mean by—your Father says that in all probability you were at the feet of a Lady in the next room.

Oct. Well Sir.

Alex. Call you that well, Sir!

Oct. Why—do you not wish me to love your Daughter?

Alex. Love my daughter—and kneel to another!

Oct. All Mistake Sir—another! I'll convince you that your daughter Viola alone—(*going to the door*) —here she comes—the dear lively Girl! who, by your contrivance, scaled a wall, to give a sober Marriage the air of Romance!

Enter SERAPHINA *veil'd.*

Alex. All confusion! where am I? are not you my Daughter? (*snatching off Viola's veil*) Yes.—Did you not pass the wall with him?

Viola. Yes Sir.

Alex. And are you not married?

Viola. I am indeed! (*curtseying.*)

Alex. And did you Madam scale the wall?

Seraph. Yes Sir.

Alex. And are you married too?

Seraph. I am indeed Sir! (*Throws up her veil, and curtseys.*)

Alex. My Wife——my Wife!

Oct. What!—his Wife!

Gasp. His Wife—ha! ha! ha! Prithee, dear Don, indulge the laugh you were in so fine a vein for a minute ago—ha! ha! ha!

Seraph. Don Octavio, I trust to your Generosity that it will pardon my deluding you, to serve two such faithful Lovers.

Oct. I intreat you my dear Don Alexis be a very Tyrant! suspect, watch, and confine her!

Seraph. Come, dont fancy yourself angry Octavio! I more than half suspect that your real feeling is Joy—at escape from Matrimony!

Oct. Why come—Humph! I am not married that's

something however! I am not married.—So, Madam, I can forgive. Love rather favoured me in the Garden though, had I but proved myself worthy.

Seraph. How?—by disgracing Love! A woman, who respects herself Octavio, is safe in every situation;—she ne'er incurs risk, who has sense of Duty for her Guard!—Don Alexis, you know now what benefits arise from plotting without a Woman!

Alex. I shall be mad! So, it was my wife, then, to whom you were kneeling? and it was you whom I pressed yesterday to encourage his courtship!

Seraph. Just so, my sweet Hubby! But, you know, I am never apt to be very obedient!

Gasp. Come, be merry! old Gentleman. This Joke matches, excellently well, with your Seal-ring; —nay, I have two jokes for one! [*Exit.*

Alex. Aye, you have it all to nothing now. Both as Husband and Father, I have ingeniously contrived to be bit by myself. As for you Madam, Bread and Water shall be your lot—

Sebas. (*Entering.*) Sir! I am now the arbiter of the lot of this Lady, and I trust it will not be grief and repentance.

Alex. What, it is true then that thou art married —and married to Sebastian!

Viola. Dear Sir, you assured me, you know, that, of the two Fools, you preferred him!

Alex. But, I depended on your Perverseness Hussy, and you perversely disappointed me!

Enter Gaspar, *leading in* Antonia.

Gasp. Come, you who have not seen my little pet, behold her; I present her to ye all, as the pattern of obedience and perfect love—Come, my sweet pudsey, we'll to the Priest at last!

Ant. Obedience you cannot answer for;—as to perfect love, the world has not a heart more truly

wedded than Antonia's—behold its master, its lawful lord! (*Pointing to* HENRY, *who enters.*)

Gasp. Why Nephew Julio, what in the name of Wonder—

Hen. Julio no more Sir, but Henry!—that same Don Henry whose Death you so basely reported.

Gasp. How, why—why then you are dead—as good as dead; you are dead in Law—you are banished, out-lawed!

Hen. No Sir neither—restored to my Country! The concealed Pardon, for which you basely bartered your Gold, caused me little delay;—this I obtained freely from the hands of Majesty itself.

(*Shows it.*)

Gasp. Humph! now then I see the whole—I blabbed my Secret!——It gives you no Title however to my Pretty One. (*Putting Antonia behind him.*)

Hen. But here, Sir, is the Evidence of her being first betrothed to me! (*Shows another paper.*) What say you then, my sweet Antonia, will you confirm my title to deprive you of this venerable Suitor?

(*She gives him her hand.*)

Oct. What then, am I to lose Mother as well as Wife?—Is this the full of the Moon?

Alex. H-r-r-m—(*Sings.*)

Once he was a merry Old Man,
But, now the case is changed!

why my old Seal-ring must indeed have Witchcraft in it; it shall be treasured up as a Talisman of wonderful powers—to make Lovers happy, and save a Greybeard from Folly!

Seraph. Come, Don Gaspar, let me advise you; think your loss Gain.—You see, in me, what plaguy creatures young Wives are.

Alex. That throws me back again! I thought the laugh on my side, but, 'tis still on your's. You have escaped—what I cannot be rid of!

Gasp. Why, to say truth, I feel tolerably comforted, though, at present, I dont know very well which way to look! However, as there is an act or two of mine, which I shall not be sorry to have passed over, e'en away to the Priest, but—beware of Plots and Seal-rings!

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. COBB.

Ah! could I wedlock's fatal slip repair!
Cries old Sir Testy in his gouty chair.
Young Wives are but a sort of flying gout,
Torments for which no cure was e'er found out.
—Thus rail grey cynics, striving to disparage
The charming silken ties of modern marriage.
In former times, when folks agreed to wed,
The silent Bride, by silent Bridegroom led,
Up to the Altar marched in solemn state,
All was demure, and stupidly sedate;
Impressed with awe, while neither dared to speak,
A Wedding was—a mere *Ballet Tragique.*
But now, we're past the ages of Romance,
And Wedlock is a kind of—Country Dance,
Where man and wife with smiles each other greet,
Take hands, change sides, and part as soon as meet;
Pleasure's soft accents every care dispel,
While Hymen fiddles—*Vive la Bagatelle!*
Smooth Age, when ceremony's chains are worn,
Like Bracelets, not to fetter, but adorn:
E'en when assumed deep Mourning's sable show,
'Tis *Etiquette* prescribes the form of Woe,
Whate'er our Loss, we must have Fashion's leave,
Ere we can venture decently to grieve.

EPILOGUE.

Blameless the Heir o'er the dear parchment chuckles,
If he's unpowder'd, and puts on black buckles,
Until the grey frock speaks first anguish o'er,
And he's but half as wretched as before.
  Ere the gay Widow first abroad is seen,
Deck'd in exhilarating Bombazeen,
Custom's indulgence wisely does she borrow,
In cards of Compliments exhausts her Sorrow;
Of Tears her black-edged Paper fills the place,
Mourns as her Proxy, and—preserves her face.
  As for the Play, the wish was to unfold
Old Dotards' follies, sillily grown old;
Blest in the fate that these kind Smiles decree us,
We hope, good friends, you'll often come to see us!

THE FATE OF SPARTA.

OR,

THE RIVAL KINGS.

A TRAGEDY.

The Fate designated in the Title is no fate fraught with Woe, but the atchievement of the downfall of a Tyrant. The play was brought out at Drury Lane in 1788. *The Author's Prologue gives Notice that its scene is not laid in the heroic times of Sparta, but in its latter days of luxury and weakness.*

Finding however in its history, combined in one character, a Wife and Daughter with as much of the Heroism of her Ancestors as change of circumstances would admit of, so fine a theme excited the Author to present such a being to view—rather to raise the loftier passions than to subdue to the weakness and the tears in which MELPOMENE, *laying aside her Dagger, full frequently indulges.*

Thus Chelonice, in whose bosom reign co-equally filial and connubial love, arraigned before her Father for her attachment to her Husband, invokes, for the credit of his administration of Justice, the rigid Sentence of the Law, not Mercy to his Child; and yet, prefers the Exile with which her husband is threatened in his fallen fortunes, to the splendors of a Throne.

The Author's object was but to display all the bearings of such a Character. With this view, and to constitute a Fable dramatic in its texture, the particular events of the Tragedy are, in a considerable degree, derived but from the Poet's usual source—Invention. But, that Leonidas and Cleombrotus alternately dethroned each other, and that the Heroine of this play, the Daughter of the former and the Wife of the latter, devoted herself to soothing the fate of each, as he sought refuge in the Temple from the other—this is History.

TO

JOHN COWLEY, Esquire.

WHEN Letters were yet in their Infancy, and knowledge and the arts were still groping their way through mists, some splendid Name was necessary to give an Author Celebrity—hence the custom of DEDICATIONS; hence those floods of Adulation that poured from the press, and outraged the feelings of the Addresser and the Addressed.

But now, when Poets and writers of every denomination accept Patronage only from the Public, and when Fame is to be obtained only by deserving it, the custom of dedicating can be continued only, as a medium through which to convey personal respect. It is *delightful* to make an offering to those we love, when that offering has had value stamped upon it by the voice of the Public. Thus "THE FATE OF SPARTA" seeks you in the recesses of a Counting House; and, whilst you are engaged in supporting our national manufactures, and invoking Commerce from her distant realms, solicits your attention to the Muses.

When I hinted an intention of addressing this Tragedy to you, you shrunk from the idea, and de-

sired me to chuse a worthier name. My dearest Brother, where shall I turn to find it?—This shall not be an address of Adulation, therefore I shall only observe, that those to whom you are known will acknowledge that I am justified in the choice I have made of a patron; and those who know you not, will do my pride the credit to believe that I should not have selected for that patron, a man whose name and situation did not reflect honour on me.

There is yet another motive for using my Poetic Wand to call your Shade before posterity. As your regard has been one of the chief blessings of my life, I wish those who succeed us to know how much I hold myself indebted to it. I wish my own children and your's to feel the sweet influence of our mutual friendship; and, as they carry in their veins the same blood, to cherish in their hearts the same attachment. Dear Children! who will wander again and again over this page, after the hand which traces it moves no more, after the heart to which it is addressed hath ceased to beat!

I was about to conclude with this pensive idea; but, I recollect that I have not yet mentioned, in dedicatory form, the Work dedicated. The following Tragedy then, Sir, is in its fable and events Invention—except in the Conduct of CHELONICE and the scene in the Temple; and with the circumstance on which that scene is founded I have taken some liberties. Other deviations from History will

strike; but, if I have altered Circumstances, I have still abided by CHARACTER. Leonidas, at Drury Lane, as in Sparta, is artful, tyrannical, and doats on his Daughter. The impetuous and crafty Amphares, the destroyer of Agis, is here true to his System. Cleombrotus, ambitious and considerably obstinate, is yet sensible of the merits of his wife. He, though my Hero, is not—a faultless monster. If the Lady should appear too perfect, I appeal to the grave authority of PLUTARCH, who I believe is not suspected of writing Fictions to compliment women.

Struck with admiration at the slight, yet powerful, touches with which that Biographist had sketched the Heroine, I wondered such a character had never been brought on the stage, in honour of the sex; yet, I had pleasure in reflecting that this was precisely the age in which it ought to be done, for this age boasts MRS. SIDDONS.

The public prints bear testimony that the Tragedy excited the best efforts of that Lady, and of the other performers; and I record it with pleasure, not merely because it is flattering to myself, but because I wish the present I thus offer you, to be surrounded by every circumstance that can make it interesting.

With the best wishes and affection,

I have the honour to be,

Your devoted humble servant,

H. COWLEY.

PROLOGUE.

To ask your Favour we're by Custom bound,
So Prologue bows before you to the ground.
But, interchange of Favours we are told
Is truest method to make friendship hold.
My gift is this;—these chilly wintry nights,
Whilst hoar frost glitters, and the north wind bites,
I'll waft you to the gentlest Summer sky,
Where rose-buds swell, and softest zephyrs fly;
Where the bright Sun, with scarce diminished ray,
November's month bids charm like florid May;
Where, 'neath sweet myrtle shades, the Lover dies,
As gales, with fragrance fraught, perfume his sighs—
Presto! I waft you now from Drury Lane,
To Greece, where first Taste rear'd immortal fane.
You've heard of Spartan Boys, who let young foxes
Feed on their blood, placid as beaus in boxes,
Sans shriek, or groan. You've heard of black broth too,
More prized than our ice-creams by me or you;
With many other mighty noble things,
At which less stubborn times have had their flings.
Alas! th' events on which we found our play,
Were long posterior to that stoick day!
Sparta conceived a whim—to be polite,
Black broth, with changing fashion, took its flight,
And, Luxury her flood gates opening wide,
Wild dissipation came with headstrong tide,

Plain dress, and frugal meals, no more were yokes,
And GODLIKE SPARTANS lived—like other folks!
Turned fiddlers brokers merchants, gamed, and betted,
Their Boast—but what they risked, or what they netted,
Till haughty Sparta, circled now by Walls,
Admits there's Danger, and assaulted falls.
  Of old, their Privy-Council urged a plan,
By double sway to curb degenerate man,
Each of two Monarchs wore a splendid crown—
Castor and Pollux like, this up, that down?
Oh no—they both together were enthroned,
And subject slaves, in double slavery, groaned.
  Each Privy-Council's wise!—yet, e'en away
This passed; but first, th' Adventures of our play.
The ground work true, a little Fancy grant
Where Fact had in its tribute been but scant,
A trade in fibs all Poets are allowed,
By our's, with hopes of pardon, 'tis avowed!

CHARACTERS.

LEONIDAS, *King of Sparta,*	—	*Mr. Bensley.*
AMPHARES, Generals,	—	*Mr. Barrymore.*
NICRATES, *Generals,*	—	*Mr. Whitfield.*
SARPEDON, Generals,	—	*Mr. Phillimore.*
HIGH PRIEST OF MINERVA,		*Mr. Wilson.*
CLEOMBROTUS, *the deposed King,*		*Mr. Kemble.*
CHELONICE, *his Wife, Daughter of Leonidas,*		*Mrs. Siddons.*
THEIR SON,	—	
MEZENTIUS, *Leaders of the Thracian Mercenaries in his Army,*		*Mr. Williams.*
COREX, *Leaders of the Thracian Mercenaries in his Army,*		*Mr. Staunton.*

THE FATE OF SPARTA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. A FOREST. MOONLIGHT.

In the back ground a Camp.

Beyond it SPARTA.

Enter MEZENTIUS *and* COREX.

COREX.

How the thick vapours clog the sultry air,
As glowing Sirius in his fervid rage
Sends noxious languors through the sickening sky!

MEZENTIUS.

Majestic Nature's thunders through the day
In full terrific grandeur struck the ear.
Whilst elements with wrathful elements engaged
Through labouring Æther flew the living flame
The darken'd concave fiercely to illume,
The Heavens the Earth all aiding in the fray
And heightening terror to the region round!

COREX.

The conflict of the elements is past,
The Tempest which so lately seemed to stir
All 'neath the louring sky, at length hath paused.
And agitated nature gained repose,
As, in the beauteous regions of the West,
Whilst gorgeous dyes their thousand tints gave forth,
And pour'd their utmost brilliance on the sight,
The Sun descending gradually withdrew.

MEZENTIUS.

Aye, for a time the stormy air is still,
Whilst other conflicts live in uncheck'd rage.
That war is past, and now, the war of men,
The rush of Armies, and the shouts of death,
Will reach the skies.

COREX.

Olympus must take part,
When Empires vibrate in the scales of Fate.
Not more illustrious was the hour in which
Enthroned Gods hung o'er the fate of Troy,
And granted to celestial Juno's hate
A People's ruin!

MEZENTIUS.

May th' avengeful Gods
Frown thus on Sparta, and its hoary Tyrant!
But, where's Cleombrotus? The trumpets sound,
And sound to Arms in vain! Is this the Leader
Who from the fields of Thrace and proud Iberia
Brought us to reap the richer spoils of Sparta?
Where is the Courage that should lead us on
And rouze the tardy valour of the troops?

COREX.

Suspect his courage! That his daring mind
Knows not to fear, his lofty well earned Name
Secures from wavering doubt.—Pierce thou the Wood

Where yonder Cypress veils the dazzling moon,
I'll this way bend my steps to seek the Prince,
For tis within these glades he shuns the camp,
And, in deep Thought, retreats awhile from fame.
(*Trumpet sounds.*)
He'll hear Bellona's voice! its powerful charm
Will break the spell of gloomy solitude,
And give us back the Warrior and the King!
[*Exeunt, opposite sides, in the distance.*

Enter CLEOMBROTUS.

Resistless sounds! ye chace my lethargy,
And rouse the Soldier in my languid heart;
My Soul awakens to the glorious impulse!
But, may the Moon whose beams their silver shed
On those proud towers, as decking them for sacrifice,
Glide cloudless onward through th' etherial plains,
That, when o'er yonder battlements war raves,
Check'd by her rays, the dreaded arm may spare
All those who Mercy ask! May her chaste light
Protect the Matron and the trembling maid
Inviolate to Safety!—Me it guides
To CHELONICE, Daughter to my foe,
Yet my loved Wife!—Dian! avert from her,
And from my beauteous boy, each hovering ill,
Till I, enfolding them within my arms,
May soothe their terrors with the voice of Love!

Enter MEZENTIUS.

MEZENTIUS.

At length then, Prince! I've traced thy lingering steps.
Th' impatient warriors seek thee through the camp;
The meanest Soldier now his ardors boasts,
Whilst thou, whose all on this great hour depends,
Retir'st to Shades, sunk coldly in reflection.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Not cool, Mezentius, though alone, and thoughtful,
For oh! my breast with poignant feeling throbs.
The common soldier's heart expands with joy
For the rude hour of plunder; mine, my warrior,
Contracts with fear—lest that wish'd hour should [sink
In undistinguish'd ruin, her I love,
With him who, though her Father, I must hate.

MEZENTIUS.

These are a Lover's fears—

CLEOMBROTUS.

They are a Husband's!
Oh! when I ponder, in the Battle's rage
What various ruin darts from 'neath its banners,
Not to be agonized were not to feel!
Unsparing War, that topples yonder Towers,
May, in blind sway, form Chelonice's grave!

MEZENTIUS.

Hath she not fled thee? Yes, the Wife, thus loved,
Hath left thy bosom for a tyrant Father's,
Who seeks thy Life and robs thee of thy Crown!
If Woman I can judge—

CLEOMBROTUS.

Thou can'st not her!
Her's is no common heart. Melting with Love,
Alive to Nature's softest impulses,
Tenderest of all her faithful tender sex,
Yet, where her Duty bids, she hath a Mind
Firm and unbending as the laws of truth.

MEZENTIUS.

Of late, her wavering conduct gives surmise
Fame erred, thus speaking honour of her name.

CLEOMBROTUS.

With highest honour it shall speak, yet err not!
When th' Ephori bestowed on me the Crown,
Which had been wrested from her tyrant-father,
Making me colleague in the throne with Agis,
Quickly thou know'st Leonidas had planned
The fall of both, and thus to reign alone.

MEZENTIUS.

His fruitless efforts caused you but a Triumph!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Dethroned Leonidas for Refuge sought
Minerva's altar: Chelonice quick
Her Father followed, left a splendid Court,
And all the State that waits on Royalty,
Within the Sanctuary to weep and watch
Around her Sire whom there she found o'erthrown.

MEZENTIUS.

Be Sparta's daughters thence with reverence named,
And proudly boast amongst the Grecian maids
They breathe the air that nourish'd Chelonice.
But, to your home, oft since, you've vainly woo'd her!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Oh yes, and there to greet her would be transport!
But in her Heart, the Filial Principle
As strongly burns; and easier 'twere to woo
The murmuring ring-dove from her unfledged brood
Than her from him who gave the mourner life.
She thinks his Safety guarded by her presence;
Oh, can I blame the cruel charming Duty
Which thus detains her all unwilling from me!

MEZENTIUS.

Fortune! benignant reign throughout this eve,
And in few hours we'll see thee King and Husband!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Dear, glorious, titles! how my Soul does greet ye!

MEZENTIUS.

The Soldiers, all in arms, but Signal wait!

CLEOMBROTUS.

First, let the Altar's blaze propitiate Heaven.
Mars and Bellona guide me in the battle!
(Draws his Sword.)
Precede my chariot, nerve afresh my arm,
And give me energy to rule my fate!
Whilst Victory bends from yonder starry seat,
And waves her flag triumphant to the town,
The generous transport labours in my breast
And conquest beams already on my helm! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

THE PALACE OF LEONIDAS.

Enter AMPHARES *and* NICRATES.

NICRATES.

My Amphares! how dread this hour for Sparta!

AMPHARES.

Of lofty import is indeed the hour.
See how the People throng! Each house pours forth
Its fearful inmates; whilst the eager hum
Of the enquiring multitude, that breaks
Like distant surges on th' invaded ear,
Mars the strict due of soothing Night's repose.

NICRATES.

How widely swerves th' event from foster'd hope!

When first Leonidas, with Agis, reigned,
And lost his share of rule by Tyranny,
The EPHORI adjudged his vacant seat
To Chelonice's Lord. Exchanging thus
The Tyrant for his Son, they hoped to bind
The arms of Sparta with the wreathes of Peace.

AMPHARES.

Weak baseless hope! for hate most fierce and deadly
Gained hold in either breast, and, faction-nursed,
Grew strong, and shook th' unsettled fabrick down.
—Whence, say, the King and Princess?

NICRATES.

From the Temple;
Where vows, and tears, and immolated victims,
Still strive to change th' unfavouring will of heaven.

AMPHARES.

Stern Fate demands far other immolations!
Cleombrotus leads armies flesh'd and keen,
As hounds insatiate, that fiercely course
The lightning footed stag. Can none save Sparta?

NICRATES.

None but the King! let him invest Cleombrotus
With the disputed sceptre, and the crown
Sparta adjudged him, and he nobly wore.
Your eye speaks surely Amphares a language
Too gay in glances for so dread a moment!

AMPHARES.

Brother! my spirit was not made for Peace!
The dark hued raven loves not more the tempest
In which he sails, up-borne by warring winds,
Than I the tempest of contending states.
Tis in such Storms superior natures rise,
And seize on stations niggard Fate had grudged
them!

NICRATES.

Though kindred, uncongenial are our souls!
Hadst thou possessed a mind less turbulent,
Cleombrotus upon a steady throne
Had now been seated, Lacedemon's hopes,
Sustained and nourished 'neath the rule of peace.

AMPHARES.

Not so, for though LYCURGUS gave the law,
By double tyranny to curb proud Sparta,
A Biarchy, beyond each mode of slavery
Wild Theory e'er formed to rule a People,
Is scheme least fraught with Peace. Tis thus that I,
With Envy leagued, Cleombrotus dethroned;
But with such secret, though commanding, skill,
He deems me yet his Friend!

NICRATES.

Cleombrotus
And Agis reigned together, jointly sway'd
The Spartan sceptre, nor did discord 'twixt them
Disturb our peace whilst annual suns rolled on.
Short time Leonidas has reigned alone,
And all is Anarchy, Distress, and War!

AMPHARES.

And all shall so remain, till I have worked,
Through all these tempests, for myself a day,
With unextinguishable Lustre bright!
I would unfold my heart yet more—I'm stayed,
The King and beauteous Chelonice come.

Enter LEONIDAS *and* CHELONICE, *with Guards and Attendants.*

LEONIDAS.

Let all the troops be hasten'd to the walls—

The Troops!—let every man can wield a Sword,
Let beardless boys, and indolent old age,
Rouse at the call! youth leave its darling sports,
Old age its aches forget, whilst all unite,
His hopes and proud Cleombrotus to crush.

CHELONICE.

Ah!

LEONIDAS.

Sigh'st thou, Chelonice?—can thy Heart,
Say dares it feel then one convulsive pang,
That a rebellious foe shall be opposed
And perish?

CHELONICE.

That foe's Husband to thy Child!

LEONIDAS.

Too true he is; but, his foe is thy Father!
Speak then; wouldst see me be his slave or Con-
(*Pause.*) [queror?
Unduteous Silence! which too clearly means
Thou would'st behold me dragg'd from 'neath this
My aged limbs with iron shackles braced, [dome,
My time-blanch'd head within a dungeon housed,
Because the man who perpetrates such ills,
Is the loved husband—of my only Child!

CHELONICE.

That he's the husband of thy only child,
My conscious Heart doth feel! But, when that child
Forgets, amidst her griefs, that thou'rt her Father,
When she forsakes thee in the hour of sorrow,
Or owns a Duty to thy Conqueror—
Then may the skies refuse her every prayer,
And Shame alone associate with her name!

LEONIDAS.

Then daughter, banish from your brow this gloom

That louring censures whom your Speech yet spares—

Enter SARPEDON.

Thy News!

SARPEDON.

A soldier of the foe is seized.
Impelled by tortures slowly he confessed
Cleombrotus this night triumphant hopes
To fix his Standard o'er thy Palace gates.
His mercenary army, mad for plunder,
And all the vengeance which such victors dare,
Urge on our fate. The battering rams approach,
And threat our walls with instant demolition.

LEONIDAS.

Why then let ruin come!—'tis my Election!
Full twenty years I've borne the Spartan Sceptre,
And shall I yield it, tamely, at his bid,
Like a light toy of which possession cloys me?
No, I'll reign still, and still alone, will reign,
Or give up Life and Sovereignty together.

SARPEDON.

Unhappy Sparta! thus thy fate is fixed.
T' oppose is vain; we can but watch awhile
The gathering storm whose bursting will o'erwhelm us.

LEONIDAS.

How Slave! a murmur at my Will! dispute
His word, whose voice annihilates thy race!
What are ye all?—dependents on my Breath!
Of me are held your Lives: if Death I lot
Who's he averts the doom!——My Daughter,
Bear up your mind for this night's dread event!
For, ere its circling minutes have been told,
Thou'lt through thy Father's blood ascend his Throne,

Or see thy Husband weltering at his feet.
Thy Heart must make a Choice, for one of us
Thy Prayers must mount to Heaven—tell me not
which!
Lest my pierced breast thy husband's probing steel
Should feel more keen, there knowing it was sped
By a loved Daughter's wishes!

[*Exit, followed by all but Chelonice and Nicrates.*

NICRATES.

Fixed and mute,
She bears to grief a front beyond the port
Of common female minds.—I venture Princess,
To break a silence that has dread expression!
The Tear were better that gave sorrow vent.

CHELONICE.

Nicrates, tears! dost think such woes as mine
Can waste in tears? Bid lighter sorrows weep,
Mine shall be cherished in my bursting heart!

NICRATES.

Mysterious skies! Why power and beauty given,
Why all the virtues can adorn a mind,
Yet gift them not with privilege from woe?

CHELONICE.

My Soul as firm is as its woes are keen—
Yet how my wishes shape? how shall my heart
Frame prayer aright, when every hope it forms,
Such my distracting fate, must be a crime
Against my father, or against my lord!

NICRATES.

To sooth the torturous conflict in thy mind
Would I had words.

CHELONICE.

This is a night for Deeds!
And cannot I, and wherefore not, from both,

By some bold act, avert the ills that threat!
In this great exigence Olympus hear;
Inspire your suppliant, send a ray of light
To guide me midst the darkness that surrounds!

NICRATES.

No deed can save that's prefaced by Delay.
E'en whilst we speak Destruction hastens on,
Within the hour, your husband leaves his camp!

CHELONICE.

Heaven speaks through thee! Each female dread
Whilst I gain safety for our tottering State! [away,

NICRATES.

Princess, beware some sudden thought of frenzy!
Too dear to Sparta dangers to incur—

CHELONICE.

Oh! what are Dangers when such Duties call!
The Spirit of my Ancestors is on me,
A sacred fervour seizes on my soul,
A fire unknown within my bosom glows
And chases female fear!

NICRATES.

How falsely said
The mind heroic but on Man's bestowed!

CHELONICE.

My Father! and my Country! Oh, for these
An Army I would lead t'inspire the troops;
Ascend the breach, and, like him of Macedon,
Leap midst the foe to dare my followers on,
And, whilst death's whizzing darts sigh'd round my
head,
Scorn their vain terrors, and their painless wounds!
Not such risk now.—Should busy Fame e'er trump

Her charge of Treason 'gainst me, close thine ear!
—The deed I venture I dare not confide,
Lest let officious bar me of my aim!

NICRATES.

Then chilling Prudence hence! such Ardors seem,
In cause so good, the stirring voice of Fate,
That with inspiring Motives urges on
Its Fiat to atchieve!

CHELONICE.

Aid now each guide
Of human actions! Howsoe'er we plan,
Howe'er begun our deeds, th' Event is your's!
We name the goal, but, biassed as we run,
Take paths diverging to the end ordained!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I. THE TENT OF CLEOMBROTUS.

Cleombrotus, *surrounded by Generals, &c.*

CLEOMBROTUS. *Rising.*

Perdicas 'gainst the Northern gate lead you
Th' Iberian troops, and you Menecrates
Support the Thracians at the Eastern gate.
I will myself lead on my loyal Spartans;
Then, if I fall, I fall midst those whose Rights
I shall too cheaply purchase with my Life!
If I am Conqueror, with them to conquer
Will add to victory a sweeter sense
And make my Laurels dearer than my Crown.

COREX.

Live Prince! long flourish, by the sword, in Sparta!

CLEOMBROTUS.

True Princes flourish but by patriot rule,
Who lives not in the Love of those he governs,
Is not their Monarch, but their missioned Scourge!

MEZENTIUS.

The night wears on, and our intrepid troops
Demand to place thee, ere deep darkness fly,
Firm on the throne thou know'st so well to fill.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Instant I'll join, and lead them to the battle.
Their force superior, and their honest cause,
Must doubly act upon our fear struck foes,
And prompt to spare the horrors of Assault—

Enter OFFICER.

Well Sir, what tidings of the foe?

OFFICER.

A Priestess,
Hallowed beneath the sacred vest she passed
Nor friend nor foe presumed to know her errand,
Asks audience Prince, and now with hasty step
Eager she seeks thy Presence.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Priestess say'st thou?
Of highest import must the errand be
That asks a messenger so pure and holy;
My friends, her Office claims that you retire,
He, now, who bids you go, shall soon bid follow!
Nor give you stay, till his glad voice shall hail you
Victors in Sparta.——Bid the Stranger in.
[*Exeunt all but Cleombrotus.*

Enter THE PRIESTESS *veil'd.*

Thus, holy maid, respectful, yet surprised,
I greet your presence. Say, what great behest
At this hour brought thee from thy hallowed couch
To seek, amidst the hurry of a Camp,
A care-worn Soldier?

PRIESTESS.

Couch, Cleombrotus?
Dost thou then think within the mournful walls

These feet have left, that one unfeeling wretch
Can seek a couch, or venture on repose?
Restore our banished rest! let soothing sleep
Again revisit our long watchful lids;
It is for this I seek thee in thy camp,
For anxious Sparta Respite to obtain
At least a day, that Conference may have room
T'arrange all deadly strife and mutual claims.
(*Kneels.*)

CLEOMBROTUS.

But that I dared not touch thy sacred form
Thou should'st not humbly thus to me have bent!
(*She rises.*)
But, for thy Errand to our martial plain,
'Twere well the Fire that burns within your Temple
Yet felt your feeding hand.—Your Altars, virgin,
They are the places whence your Prayers should rise,
Thence, mixed with incense, they might reach
Olympus,
But here, they fall on earthly ear obtuse,
Uncustomed to their sway.

PRIESTESS.

Canst thou, who own'st
A Sovereign's guardian feelings, think a moment
On the dread horrors of the waning night,
And yet resolve to guide the mischiefs on?

CLEOMBROTUS.

Bid him who governs save!—Leonidas
How wretched is this art! Yield me my Crown!
Nor thus descend to seek, by woman's tears,
Th' appointed hour of vengeance to delay.

PRIESTESS.

By the bright flame that burns to chaste Minerva
Leonidas ne'er stoops to supplicate!
Knows not the step that I unprompted take.

CLEOMBROTUS.

'Tis well; his firmness shall be firmly met!
Return then, Priestess, let your king prepare
His roughest welcome for unbidden guests;
His roughest welcome all have sworn to merit!

PRIESTESS.

Oh! for seductive wiles to perjure them!
'Twere crime most holy!—Say, Cleombrotus,
Exists not one—say Stubborn! ask thy Heart,
Is there not one could move thee?—Chelonice!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Oh, name her not, her image doth unman me!
Her form, her supplicating look—resist her!
Oh, she could drag me from the path of Glory,
And make me turn with Victory at my sword!

PRIESTESS.

That form is blest!—it henceforth is immortal
It saves my Country! View, Cleombrotus,
(*Throws up her Veil.*)
See her before thee, even at thy feet! (*Kneels.*)

CLEOMBROTUS.

Gods! wherefore this? must I upbraid, or thank ye?
Oh, thank ye ever—safe is Chelonice!
(*Raising her.*)
Now rage, rage freely, furies of the War!
Bear fiercest vengeance to the Tyrant's gates,
Devoid of every Fear attack, for now
My Chelonice breathes not in his walls!
Hear the impatient Soldiery! Lead on!
I'll follow with an arrow's swiftness—spare
One Moment spare me!—Hector thus did linger
In parley with Andromache, till caught
The Spirit fit for Victory, then darted
Amidst his foes, inspired by thought of her,

And wreak'd his vengeance through th' ensanguined field!

CHELONICE.

Darest thou deceive! this Chelonice's power!
(*Goes to the Side.*)
Stay your rash speed! your Prince commands ye stay,
Stir not till he shall lead you to your spoil!

CLEOMBROTUS.

My Chelonice, sink not from thyself!
Or that high Fate with which the moment teems!
My Crown this night, from Usurpation wrested,
Will grace thy brow!

CHELONICE.

Will decorate my Bier!
The crown of which Leonidas is robbed
Encircles ne'er this brow. But go, lead on!
My anxious ear shall catch the cry of Victory,
The Signal of my Death!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Though Woman's voice
Oft makes the Heart a rebel to the Will—

CHELONICE.

Not a mere woman's—but a SPARTAN's threat!
The hour in which Leonidas you vanquish,
Shall view the Pile in flame around his Child!

CLEOMBROTUS.

New ties should abrogate a Father's right,
Your Duty you mistake.

CHELONICE.

Mistake it! how?
My Husband asking respite for my Father!
Is this Mistake of duty?—if it be,
I'll ever so mistake, and boast my error!

Yes, till Leonidas sits throned in safety,
His Daughter shall forget she is a Wife,
Suppress each new traced fondness in her heart,
And own no ties, but those first awful ones
By Nature stampt!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Cleombrotus's Wife,
Thy Honour and thy Fame's derived from him,
Thy Happiness from that same source should flow.
How dear those hours, ah! wherefore passed away?
When thou hadst not an object but my Love.

CHELONICE.

Hadst thou, content with Love—

CLEOMBROTUS.

I'm born to reign!
And he so born knows fires the gentler mind
Could not endure. Let every SUBJECT feel,
Let them be taught, that in the humble Shade,
Far from the glare of proud Ambition's path,
Felicity hath raised her rustic seat;
Sound rule for them.—Felicity to us,
Is not a nymph in humble russet clad,
Sweet flowrets weaving on a streamlet's bank—
Oh, no! she's scepter'd! and her gifts are Crowns!

CHELONICE.

A Soul I have to prize her gifts like thine.
A mind I have that craves sublimer cares
Than Subjects e'er can know. I would be great,
And bear the cares of thousands.—But ambition,
And every lofty sentiment it gives,
Are airy nothing, to his life opposed
From whom I drew my own.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Were I disposed
To grant thee all, and sink from high estate,

Yet am I bound my Troops to lead this night.
It is not Glory, nor the hope of Fame
The Mercenary feels—his god is Plunder!
Should I protract their promised hour of harvest,
Disgust and mutiny would fill their ranks—
I cannot—dare not—yield to thee!

CHELONICE.

Farewell!
I'll be the Herald of thy near approach.
The child shall bid her father bare his breast
To her Lord's sword; shall bid the citizens
Throw wide their portals to admit these plunderers!
Then, whilst our Spartans are o'ercome by Numbers,
And from a Parricide receive their chains,
Amidst her last deep sighs shall Chelonice,
Mixed with the shouts of victory, proclaim
Her murderous husband Lacedemon's King!
(*Going.*)

CLEOMBROTUS.

Her Spartan Firmness nothing can make shrink!
The last sad sighs of- - - - Ah! my Chelonice—
(*Follows, agitated, and leads her back.*)
Sweet cruel Tyrant, who is Victor now?—
Until to-morrow, respite I accord!
—Nature! in mockery thou gav'st us Mast'ry!
Th' historic rolls, recording all the acts
That stand the loftiest in an empire's fate,
Report but Woman's will!

CHELONICE.

Ah! dost thou yield!
How my Soul thanks thee peaceful hours shall tell!
Now, on joy's swiftest pinions let me bear
The grateful tidings to the gates of Sparta.
—May filial Duty ever thus be crowned
With Joy as pure as Chelonice feels!
[*Exit, led by Cleombrotus.*

MEZENTIUS *and* COREX *enter instantly on the opposite side.*

MEZENTIUS.

The Conference thou heard'st! Where now the hopes,
The high raised hopes, that brought us here from Thrace?

COREX.

They can exist no more. She who could win
To spare her Lacedemon for an hour,
Now, when the Soldiery for Battle pant
And every breast is warm with martial glow,
Will next, like Omphale, her Hercules
Bid story in the Loom a bloodless siege!

MEZENTIUS.

And us disband! our steeds unrein'd and driven,
In envied freedom, to the neighbouring plains!
No, Thrace boasts Warriors of more stubborn nerve,
Who know no more to yield to Woman's will
Than Man's defiance. Well dost thou remember
When, through the numerous lets that gave delay,
In a dread moment when no thought of aid,
Of human aid, had glanced across his soul,
Down yonder Mountain's haughty swell there rushed
Our numerous sons of war; at that blest sight,
What transport seized this Leader and his troops!
And is it but to truckle for a Peace,
That he enticed us from our native fields?
Forgot his tempting Promise of reward
Their herds their Jewels and their treasured wealth!

COREX.

The wages of our labour are at hand,
The herds the jewels and the treasured wealth,
Our Troops obedient; why then not assault

The city we were summoned to reduce,
And, for ourselves, the promised booty seize?

MEZENTIUS.

Our Country's Genius, Corex, speaks in thee!
Astrea's Balance useless were with us,
Her Sword is all we ask! He who bears that,
Carves Justice for himself. Let us then now
Away at once to where the timorous deer
In their enclosures herded wait their fate!

COREX.

Let caution guide; Cleombrotus may yet,
Supported by th' Iberians, defeat
The glorious perfidy we meditate!
Revolt seems ripe: see how resentment burns
(*Looking out at the side.*)
Amongst the troops, as he his Order gives
To spare Leonidas, for this one night,
The pain to be unking'd!

MEZENTIUS.

Let us assist!
The struggling flame with secret breath we'll fan,
And thus, this Woman's Soldier shall be taught,
The great events that turn each empire's fate,
And stand examples to instruct the World,
Are not mere coin of female artifice,
But struck by Genius from a bolder die!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

THE PALACE.

Enter Leonidas *and* Amphares.

LEONIDAS.

Forsaken by my child!—If not, the hour
Were wanting still in congregated woes!
Doth th' enemy advance?—My Daughter leave me!—
Left for a Rebel!—ah! the foe's too tardy.
Destruction! slow to those who court thee, haste
Thy pace to me!

AMPHARES.

Destruction quickens on!
The Princess flown, and longing for thy Crown,
To conquest traiterous her husband goads!

LEONIDAS.

I do not curse her—mark me—I abstain!
Leonidas and Cruelty are sounds
Combining freely in the mind of Greece;
Am I now cruel? These late turbid veins,
In which such raging fires have coursed each other,
Have now no pulse for cruelty.—Yet, should I,
The thought arouses all my latent rage—
Should I, whilst yet I live, encounter them,
Gods! grant me such a moment, that my life,
In that last act, may end more satiate
Than e'er it was by vengeance or by crowns!

NICRATES. (*Without.*)

Where is the King? (*Enters.*)

LEONIDAS.

Here's he, who in an hour
May be a King no more!

NICRATES.

Not so Leonidas!
Thine enemies, whose late deserted Camp
Sent forth its eager troops upon the Plain,
Are housed again within the tented field,
No Standard seen, their Spears' bright beams eclipsed.

LEONIDAS.

Haste, prithee! whence is't known?

NICRATES.

As the Moon glides,
Giving each object perfect and distinct,
Crouds on the ramparts bless the favouring light
That shows their foes retiring and unarmed!

AMPHARES.

Tis but some subterfuge! the subtile Princess
The fraud hath framed with her ambitious Lord,
To lull thy mind in false security!

LEONIDAS.

Well hast thou spoke the feint I had conceived.
But! who shall speak the Father's mad despair!

NICRATES.

Oh Sir, abstain! the Virtues of your Daughter—

LEONIDAS.

Mention her not! henceforth to name the Rebel,
But with the title Parricide is Fate
To him who speaks. Your several Stations gain.
The troops, too credulous, remit their fervour,
But I'll restore and fix it in their hearts
To live yet Sovereign but an added day! [*Exit.*

NICRATES.

Stay, my prompt brother! Of Grace a moment grant
From duty so imposed. Your's is the storm,
Now raging in his heart against his child!

AMPHARES.

I know I raised the storm, and there will urge it.

NICRATES.

Ah! to what end? she'll scarce with life escape,
So fierce and rageful is her father's anger!

AMPHARES.

Not to that air of menace I reveal,
But to thy love fraternal which insures
Guard from exposure if no needful help.

NICRATES.

From the same Father we descent acquire,
On one maternal neck delighted hung;
Yet not such ties—the Father whom we loved,
Nor the chaste Mother round whose neck we clung,
Shall bribe me to forget superior Duties,
Or aid thee in a cause disclaimed by virtue.

AMPHARES.

Warm from the Schools, you're still full glib in phrase,
In empty declamation prompt.

NICRATES.

Not so.
For still simplicity, in Spartan schools,
Disclaims, proscribes, misleading Eloquence.
You, bred in Athens, taught each mental skill,
''Tis you who boast the gloss of Rhetoric,
That makes a shadow seem substantial good
As lurking guile 'neath flowery periods glides.
—Yet wherefore, 'gainst her Sex's paragon,
You still persist t' inflame the King, impart!

AMPHARES.

A Paragon I thought her! and her Birth,
That made her Dower a Kingdom, fix'd me her's.

Our line, a scion from that root whence sprung
Leonidas, well warranted my hope.
In Athens 'twas I learned Cleombrotus,
Become her husband, was co-equal King.
Had I been here, his sceptre on that day
Were stained with blood ere closed the solemn rite.

NICRATES.

But now—

AMPHARES.

But now, my hate's in unslack'd vigour,
Their Ruin I have sworn!

NICRATES.

Their ruin say'st thou!

AMPHARES.

Interrogative brother, yes!—his Death!
Were he no more, then Lacedemon's free,
And who could stand 'twixt me and Royalty
But a weak Boy?—whose tender bud of life,
Fatality or accident may nip.—
With eye so firmly fixed, and moody look,
Dost vainly ponder counteracting spells?

NICRATES.

Nor spells nor prayers, for they alike were vain,
Nor shall I reason 'gainst thy villain hope,
Nor bid thee dread the vengeance from above;
For, on a mind the Furies thus possess,
Virtue and Reason urge their claims in vain.
But, whilst thou spread'st thy toils and lurking snares,
And brav'st the Skies—my vigilance still dread!
[*Exit.*

AMPHARES.

Intrusive Insolence, impede me not!
Nor intercept one races for a Crown

And dares his hopes to fix on Sparta's Princess!
Thy moderate strength, as well might hope, good Brother,
A solid Pyramid's firm base to stir,
As me to move from purposes so grand.
Thou prat'st of Virtue! I behold a Throne!
Me thou bidst fear—all hope for Chelonice!

[*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I. THE TRIBUNAL.

The People assembled.

Enter Leonidas, Amphares, Sarpedon *and others.*

LEONIDAS.

Yes; the morn's Sun beholds me yet a King,
Cleombrotus is yet beyond our walls!
For this, let Altars blaze with sacrifice,
And hallowed victims yield the sanguine stream.

AMPHARES.

In vain shall hallowed victims yield their lives,
Or blood of hecatombs bedew our altars,
If Treason, deep veil'd, silently spreads snares!

LEONIDAS.

Her mask shall be removed, her snares exposed.
Here, in this awful seat, where great Lycurgus
Woo'd Justice from her high Olympian court,
And bade her rule unswayed by partial tie,
Here shall Leonidas his glory emulate
And rise e'en o'er the pleaded claims of Nature!
—Say, deep in Sorrow was the Princess found?

SARPEDON.

Not sunk in tears, but in more haughty grief,
Denied to vindicate her secret visit,
Her virgins tell she passed the sleepless night.

AMPHARES.

Great Sir!—You're on your guard!

LEONIDAS.

Her vaunted Duty
To test most dread I'll bring! If that she shun,
Hence tears and feigned Submission! Not my Child,
Unfilial Traitress will she stand before me,
And lose her Father in th' offended Prince.
(He seats himself.)

AMPHARES.

See, she advances in her wonted grandeur!
Yet, as composed and calm as if prepared,
Not gracious pardon to beseech, but grant!

Enter CHELONICE, *attended by* NICRATES, *Guards, &c.*

LEONIDAS.

Ill Daughter suits it with such deeds as your's
T' approach with looks, thus unabashed, before us!
Repentant tears, and cheeks tinged deep with shame,
Would best become your traitorous frauds and guiles.

CHELONICE.

Ah! may my cheeks indeed be tinged with shame,
And tears repentant, all unheeded, flow,
When traitorous disobedience brands the life
Of wretched Chelonice!—Oh, my father!
Whence are these Charges?

LEONIDAS.

From the mouth of Sparta!
Who stiles those traitors that desert to foes.
Princess of Sparta thus art thou accused!

CHELONICE.

If merited the charge, the death she dooms

To traitors fall on me! Not Daughter now,
Mere Subject, and arraign'd, I bow before thee,
Not to a Father pleading, but, a Judge!

LEONIDAS.

'Tis Lacedemon calls thee to th' ordeal.

CHELONICE.

Nay, 'tis all Greece will turn its eyes towards thee,
And, as thou act'st at this important hour,
Will load thy name with honour, or dispraise.
Beware of Weakness then! with Rigour try me!
And, if the crime imputed shall be proved,
Then, Agamemnon like, devote thy child
A victim due to your immortal Fame!
The World demands such lessons; and ne'er fear
Leonidas's child will meanly shrink,
Or e'er disgrace thee in the part assigned her.

LEONIDAS.

Such Firmness should by Innocence be sanctioned!
—Last night, disguised, you passed our centinels
And bent your steps where your rebellious Lord
Plots Lacedemon's fall. Your Motive now,
To this mysterious visit, we demand!

CHELONICE.

Behold it in your undemolish'd walls!
Behold it Sparta in your station'd domes,
Which yet untoppled to the skies aspire;
See it ye Mothers in the tender babes,
Reposing safely in your matron arms;
And you ye Husbands,
(*Addressing all assembled.*)
in whose sheltering homes
Your wives yet breathe inviolate and pure.
—These the high motives of my secret visit!

LEONIDAS.

What! Sparta's welfare, and her Matrons' honour,

Hang on a thread so slight! Our brazen Gates
Escape their fall but at a Woman's bid!

CHELONICE.

Forgive the seeming boast, yet had not I,
Last night with lonely and adventurous steps,
Stole secret to my Husband's camp to win him
To change the purpose of the hour, and wrest
A day for Parley ere the die was cast,
This roof, beneath whose dome I stand accused!
Had now resounded with the shrieks of Death.

LEONIDAS.

If this thy purpose, and if such th' event,
Then Daughter, Lacedemon owes to thee
That she enjoys an added day of Safety,
Short torturous respite from impending Woe!—
(*Draws her aside.*)
Were't in thy power her safety to prolong—
Oh! would'st thou, for an end so sanctified,
Boldly resolve to be a Spartan Daughter,
And tear unworthy Weakness from thy heart?

CHELONICE.

What can exist that I would not resign,
To save my Country, and affirm thy reign!

LEONIDAS.

Oh moment glorious! 'twill be Fame immortal!
The name of Chelonice shall be heard
Wherever female acts of worth and daring
Rescue the sex, and equal them with Man.
—Thy Country's Enemy! ceased he t'exist,
Thrace and Iberia would withdraw their troops
And Sparta rest from deadly Civil War!
In Sparta, every Virtue's made to yield
To that is held the welfare of the State.—
Invite him from the Camp! propose this night

To meet him in the Grove, he shall be met
By those less tender than my Chelonice!

CHELONICE.

Horror!

LEONIDAS.

Dost shrink? Is this thy Patriot boast!

CHELONICE.

It was my Father! 'twas my Father spoke!
I have no Answer!

LEONIDAS.

Rebel! answer's made;
This Test assures that all is false pretence
With which thou'st gloss'd thy visit to the Traitor—
Thyself a traitor leagued with Sparta's foe!

CHELONICE.

Inspire me Heaven, with firmness to submit!

LEONIDAS.

Submission now is all the Duty left thee,
And thou shalt learn to practise it in chains.
Bear her to Prison, as a Rebel guard her,
And with the Mother let the Son be captive.

CHELONICE.

Ah! mercy yet! amidst the Judge's firmness,
The Parent's love steps in to bar despair;
I yield me to my chains!
(*Officers enter and put them on her wrists.*)

AMPHARES.

In Conflict now
Are filial duty and connubial love,
Opposing Principles—and one must yield!
Forgive! if, trembling, filial duty fail,
And give the dubious triumph to a husband.

CHELONICE.

Who told thee that those Principles oppose?
That one must yield? Has Nature then, improvident,
So narrow formed the Heart, that only one
Of all the various Duties she commands,
Can there have rule? Misjudging Reasoner know,
The duties of the Wife and Child may each,
Without opposing, sway the heart.—In mine
They both, co-equally, exist!

NICRATES.

Oh, spare her!

SARPEDON.

Hear us Leonidas!

THE PEOPLE.

Ah! spare thy child!

NICRATES.

Judge, Sir, in Mercy! See, th' astonished People,
With supplicating looks, before thee bend,
Shall they implore in vain? They ask a Sire
To judge in Mercy when he fates his Child,
Oh, hear their Prayers! Their voice is that of Sparta!

CHELONICE.

Plead for a Rebel! Pity were misplaced!
(*Addressing herself around.*)
Should I be spared, the gate to Treason's open;
For, could the Prince dare punish in another,
The crime his child is convict of and spared?
Lead to my Prison.—Murmur not! be proud
That in your Sovereign you have found a Hero!
Will punish those, most precious to his heart,
When crimes, 'gainst Sparta's weal, his sentence ask!
Lead forth. (*Exit, with Guards.*)

AMPHARES. (*To the People.*)

See! self-arraign'd, the Princess goes,
Acknowledging the justice that condemns!

LEONIDAS.

Were I, a Sovereign, weakly to refuse
A Sacrifice that Patriot Love demands,
Of Crown bereft, myself would merit chains!
List this way Amphares!—Cleombrotus
(*Leads Amphares aside.*)
Would come as General, with a train too costly
For frugal Sparta's charge.—Is there no way,
To gain an interview where watch no Guards!
By heaven the man who should perform such Service,
I'd rank for ever next my Crown and Life.

AMPHARES.

Swift execution instant should attend
The Will of Princes soon as 'tis revealed.
Methinks there might be found a man in Sparta,
Who, bribed thus highly, would despise all risk,
And deem all glorious, that his Country saves!

LEONIDAS.

If such a man there be—thou know'st the rest!
Time presses hard, my friend, and Fate allows
But a few hours for acts, whose fame shall live
Through Ages yet unborn.—I'll leave thee now—
For Sparta's welfare be thy mission sped!
[*Exeunt, all but Amphares.*

AMPHARES.

For Sparta's welfare! Dost think me to cozen?
'Tis mere Ambition that assumes the port.
—The furtive mission to the Camp is well!
Cleombrotus, thy fall my hope subserves,
And, whilst I seem but to obey, I rule! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

THE TENT OF CLEOMBROTUS.

Enter CLEOMBROTUS *followed by* MEZENTIUS.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Mark me! the man who stirs towards the town,
With hostile views, shall find his death, not there
But from my arm. Your mad'ning Thracians seem
Like midnight Wolves that scent the air for prey,
Rather than Soldiers, bravely met to right
An injured King.

MEZENTIUS.

So think them!—Midnight wolves
Will not without their scented prey retire;
Resolve then to dismiss, or lead us on!

CLEOMBROTUS.

I can do neither. I am bound by Oath,
The oath e'en he reveres who rules Olympus,
Not to begin till springs to-morrow's sun.

MEZENTIUS.

Who forced thee to the oath?

CLEOMBROTUS.

Oh thee to tell,
Obdurate Thracian! were to utter words,
Whose stranger-sounds whilst striking on thy ear
Would fail to fix an image in thy mind.
What dost thou know of all th' enchanting sway
That love connubial owns? Why talk to thee
Of the sweet edicts spoke by rosy lip
Of chaste, yet tender, beauty? Ears like thine

Would find no music in the tale, nor own
E'en ruin pleasing, so to be undone!

MEZENTIUS.

Undone indeed, and—

CLEOMBROTUS.

Nay, not so! My word
Binds but few hours; ere heaven's lofty arch
Shall in its present height receive again
Yon radiant Orb, by arms, or peaceful terms,
I shall be Sparta's Sovereign!

MEZENTIUS.

Coward Peace
Was not the prospect thou held'st forth, to draw
Us from our homes!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Then, War and Victory
Seemed the sole road to lead me to my throne.
But, should Leonidas propose those terms
On which I must consent the siege to raise,
Then due reward shall gratify the troops
Without the deadly labour that they crave.

(*Goes to the back of the tent, looking anxiously out.*)

MEZENTIUS. (*Aside.*)

Our troops will not accept a Largess, Prince,
Where they can seize a Right! And on thyself
Rest all the mischief of thy broken faith!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Behold the messenger of Peace approach!
What humbler cause could Amphares bring hither?

MEZENTIUS.

You wish the Conference private. May th' event
Be happier Prince than that of yesterday,
When, by a soother, you were guiled of Victory,

Shame! with the Laurel just within your grasp.
[*Exit.*

CLEOMBROTUS.

Unfurl your Banners, and let breathe the trumpets!
Receive the Spartan Lord with that salute
You give your Generals, and conduct him on.

Enter AMPHARES.

When last, my Amphares, we met 'twas not
A Camp that witnessed our embrace.

AMPHARES.

Oh, no!
We met thou know'st beneath a festive dome;
Where echoes trilled with music's sweetest sounds,
And sparkling beauty lent its powerful spells
To cheer the hour and every joy refine!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Such hours yet wait us, 'neath the reign of Peace.
Leonidas, I trust, hath now resolved,
To spare the slaughter in devoted Sparta,
And drain of blood in dread pursuit of crime.

AMPHARES.

He counsels secret, Prince! nor do I know
Whether the Tyrant doth your sword await,
Or means to yield thy Crown without compulsion.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Art thou not come th' Ambassador of Peace!

AMPHARES.

Oh, no!

CLEOMBROTUS.

I'll founded hope!

AMPHARES.

Had'st thou such hopes?

CLEOMBROTUS.

Or know this hour were, Amphares, not his,
To waste in insolent deliberation.
But, if not Peace, what cause—

AMPHARES.

I know thy Question.
Though on no public errand I approach,
Yet will you think the cause of not less pith
Than were an Empire holden of my breath,
Aye, e'en an Empire's fate! for what were that
Compared with those dear interests of the Heart,
Which, though perchance less splendid, still have
Beyond the interests of haughtier name. [sway

CLEOMBROTUS.

Then thou 'rt Ambassador from Chelonice,
What says my most beloved? what pleasing message
Breathed her sweet lips, for him whose Fate she
rules?

AMPHARES.

No message bear I, Prince! for, unsolicited,
Have I come forth, perchance return unthanked!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Forbid it Courtesy!—What urged the visit?

AMPHARES.

Say rather, what urged thee to sleep last night
Within thy Camp, whilst every Spartan eye
Kept wakeful to salute thee once more King?

CLEOMBROTUS.

What, but the powerful influence thou hast named,
'Twas Chelonice!

AMPHARES.

This contrived she too?
And snatch'd thy Sceptre from thee!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Wherefore, say,
This sudden flashing of thy eye? this scorn?
Her filial tortured heart asked yet a day
For Sparta and her Sire.

AMPHARES.

For Sparta, and—
But I repress the Name! Say, dares your eye
Witness for whom she knelt?

CLEOMBROTUS.

For whom sayst thou!

AMPHARES.

Why should I speak? such tales meet surly welcome.
Hard 'tis t' excite Belief, of what to yield to
Is to endure the keenest Agonies
Fate hath prepared for man!

CLEOMBROTUS.

List Amphares!
I see thou'rt come to raise Suspicion here
Where yet Suspicion never knew to live,
At least to live when pointed at my Wife!

AMPHARES.

This is the wonder-working magic philtre
Bestowed by Hymen in the bridal cup;
Which taken, makes man what his Wife may please,
Credulous, doating, disbelieving, blind!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Were I of that quick temperament that flames
And blazes at a touch, thou'st said enough,
To raise a fire unquenchable, in which,
Thou, its first victim, should'st be sacrificed!
Yet, though my Passions even level seek,
They'll mount, when stirred, as doth the boisterous ocean
That all that dares it in its rage o'erthrows—

Beware!

AMPHARES.

I'm caution'd from Regard, not Fear.

CLEOMBROTUS.

I'm from Suspicion free, as you from Fear!
Since Chelonice at the Altar vowed
The duties of connubial love to me,
Her Heart I've studied, watch'd each turn of Temper,
And ne'er had there Caprice a moment's sway.
Her Virtues, though blent all with female softness,
Are of the lofty, grand, and stubborn cast,
And, in firm league, upon temptation smile.

AMPHARES.

All then is well.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Not so. For though no Doubts,
That might dishonour her, can reach my heart,
To justify her Fame, I must all know
That malice dares suggest.

AMPHARES.

If to the Grove,
Whose shades impervious bound the Palace gardens,
You'll bend your evening steps, you'll there behold—
Whom I forbear to name! These ears imbibed
The whisper'd assignation, as, unseen,
I loitered near. The impulse of the Moment
Bade me convey discovery so dread.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Though, Amphares, Distrust assail me not—
Who was the Villain? tell me that—his Name!
(impetuously.)

AMPHARES.

You'll know.

CLEOMBROTUS.

No trifling! 'Twere more safe t'obstruct

The deadly Tyger's path than thus delay
My course from wild surmises to the Truth!

AMPHARES.

Thou know'st Cephisus, on whose downy cheek
The half-blown blossom spreads its doubtful red,
Whose tuneful voice seems softest note of Love,
And whose light form bespeaks a Sylvan God—
Him wilt thou find.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Now Amphares enough!
Untouched am I by Doubt; but, I will prove,
For Chelonice's sake, I'll prove this night---
Farewell! escort this stranger to the walls!

AMPHARES.

Evening's first shade is the appointed time,
This, and the watch-word CERES, lets you pass.
[*Gives a Jewel, Exit.*

CLEOMBROTUS.

The air's too close.—Now, I can breathe again!
Could this be Jealousy! Suspicion? What
Of Chelonice?—Oh beloved! much sooner
Could I suspect---But he the whisper heard!
Whisper—who whisper'd? not my Chelonice!
I'll, fearless, hie me to the threaten'd Grove,
Whose venerable Dryads' hope were vain
Her graceful steps amidst their haunts to view!
[*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I. THE PALACE.

Enter Amphares *hastily, followed by* Nicrates.

AMPHARES.

Suspicious Brother!

NICRATES.

True, I am suspicious.
Your private visit to Cleombrotus,
Who, you admit, is but your hate and envy,
Th' impatient steps with which you seek the King,
The fiery thoughtfulness within your eye,
Which ever indicates some fostered evil,
Give my suspicions birth.—Thus your eye rolled
Whilst planning ruin for the generous Agis,
And such the brow you wore, this early day,
When, by your arts seduced, the wretched King,
Instead of Blessings, gave his Daughter chains.

AMPHARES.

If thou believ'st that I have power and will
To crush to earth the beings that offend,
Why so licentious in reproof? If Agis,
Throned as he was within his People's hearts
Is from their bosoms dragged; if Chelonice,
Beloved to dotage by her tyrant Sire,
Seeks, at my bidding, patience in a prison,

What Fate threats thee? Why dare the sway that
The fate of Agis, and of Chelonice? [rules

NICRATES.

Thy threat appals me not! thy fatal sway
May reach my Heart, but shall not taint my Virtue!
I've not been tamed to fear to give reproof
For evil deeds, though acted by a Brother!
And shouldst thou dare to screen thy guilty brow,
Within the awful circle of a Crown,
Reproof shall then but glow with added strength,
And what the Brother scorns, shall reach the King!

AMPHARES.

Accept my caution, and beware! In Words
Thou speak'st rude brother, Monarchs speak in
Deeds!

Enter LEONIDAS.

LEONIDAS.

Thy rapid steps were winged to my desires,
So short the time they, Amphares, consumed.
Secrets of state require this hour for privacy!
[*Exit Nicrates.*
When Expectation pants, detail of Question
Is all too cold to suit its ardors. Speak,
Speak Amphares, and ease impatient thought!

AMPHARES.

Should all your Hopes but meet with the success
That crowned my task, Leonidas would rank
Most fortunate of Kings!

LEONIDAS.

The Victim's snared?

AMPHARES.

Not snared; but rushing eager to the toils.

LEONIDAS.

And are they toils from which he may escape!

AMPHARES.

Yes, when the Dove escapes the Eagle's strike
Who cowers above her, watching from the clouds.

LEONIDAS.

What can reward thee? Amphares explain,
Unfold the Guile that triumphed o'er his mind.

AMPHARES.

Thou know'st Cleombrotus, though bold as Soldier,
Bears all the Lover's weakness in his heart,
Doating t' excess on beauteous Chelonice.
Excess of Love—how easy to make jealous!
I talked of Rival, named the fatal Grove,
As guilty spot where lawless Cupids reign.

LEONIDAS. (*eagerly.*)

He will be there?

AMPHARES.

Yes, with night's earliest shades.

LEONIDAS.

And thou wilt meet him there?

AMPHARES.

Is't your command!

LEONIDAS.

'Tis my most fervent wish, my ardent hope!
Are these not strong enough to urge thy arm?
Then think of thy reward—'tis Chelonice!
Her widow'd heart shall know no Lord but thee,
Son of my choice, and partner of my throne!

AMPHARES.

Hear Jove!—th' avenger of each broken vow!
Whilst thus by Sparta's guardian god I swear,

Not to behold thee, till this loyal arm
Hath sent from earth the man whom thou dost dread.

LEONIDAS.

Ah! would the coming torturous hours were passed,
Whose tardy course delays our Sparta's Safety!

AMPHARES.

Not hours, but Minutes interpose their pause;
Eve's shades already mantle all the sky.

LEONIDAS.

A new anxiety each moment brings!
Be firm, succeed—thy boon is Chelonice! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

THE PRISON.

Chelonice enters at a distance,

And advances to her Son, who is asleep on a Pallet.

CHELONICE.

Whilst forth her hidden throne the soothing Night,
Coeval Power to whom all Nature yields
Well pleased obedience, rules the drowsy world,
Still o'er this Infant's brow extend thy veil
Sweet Sleep! 'Neath thy reign blest, nor Prison walls,
Nor chains, nor parent's cruelty, have power
T'inflict a pang. Oh! 'tis reflecting Thought,
And sense full waken'd in the mad'ning soul,
That misery acts on to intense Perception.
The blow how impotent that wounds not Mind!
—Celestial Power! shall future time e'er know,
From senseless Nothing why we're called to Life,
And gifted thus with nerve to agonize?
(*Bends over her Child.*)
Excluded now from deeds that pass without,
I fancy converse with thy future life,

Thy sovereign Passions, each the other urge
And restlessly oppose, in Thought survey.
—What are these chains that bind the shackled arms,
Compared with Passions that enthral the Mind!
Our Sects of Sophists urge—the mind is free!
Yet, mourns it not, rejoices, or despairs,
By Reason free'd not, as our Passions list,
Slaved Reason acting but t'enforce their will?
—Our Passions Masters! Reason aids, not curbs!
Whence the controul, who regulates the Heart,
And gives for masters Passions that will bless?
Whence, for my Child, shall I beseech the boon
The Vices of our hundred Gods deny?
Will coming Time e'er give the Light we want,
And clear from mystery whence the World is ruled!
—My sweet one wakes! How now, my lovely Boy,
Art thou refesh'd? thy slumber hath been long!

CHILD.

Would it were longer! for, I've had such dreams,
Such pretty dreams! that I am grieved to wake.
I thought, dear mother! that this gloomy place
Became a Palace, and these wicked chains,
That make me weep to look at them, dropt off—
Oh let me tear them off—(*Attempts.*)
Were I a Man
How proud I'd be of Strength—to free my Mother!

CHELONICE.

Regard them not, my Love! This chain of Steel
That loads thy mother's arm, a heart doth neighbour
More peaceful far than that within the breast
On which, hereafter, you perchance may see
The golden chains of showy Grandeur ranged.

NICRATES. (*Without.*)

Oppose me not; admittance I must have—
I to the King will answer it.

CHELONICE.

Who's this

That spurns at all restraint, and visit makes
To the sad inmates of a dungeon's gloom?

NICRATES. (*Entering.*)

Oh Princess!

CHELONICE.

Is't Nicrates? Generous youth,
Ah! why risk you offence, to largess Pity
Where Pity's tenderest looks must glance in vain?

NICRATES.

'Twas not with Pity to intrude I came,
Though thus to see you, royal, virtuous, lady,
Will force a sigh that cannot be restrained!
I came for counsel, and, to rend your ear
With things so dreadful, that they will demand
All the high Firmness of your lofty mind
To bear with Fortitude!

CHELONICE.

Awhile abstain!
Delay the shock---oh yet breathe not a sound---
Excuse that Woman, for a moment, fears!
—But, now I'm firm! Speak, freely, harshest truth,
Whilst I for steady fortitude breathe prayer.

NICRATES.

Oh that in gentle terms, and due gradation,
The torturing tale I might unfold! But time
Too closely presses, for, this very hour,
Unless some tutelary God shall speed
And aid thee now with sudden inspiration
To save thy Husband---look not wildly thus!
Your apprehensive mind—

CHELONICE.

Where is he—speak!

NICRATES.

Advancing to the toil my Brother's hand
Hath spread. Lured singly to the Grove.—

CHELONICE. (*Shrieks.*)

The Grove!
I see it all!—Unshackled murderer—
These chains—I'll fly—unrivet me these chains
That I in pride of Reason have contemn'd!
Tis now I feel their power!—they hold me here—
And oh! are Fate to my Cleombrotus!

NICRATES.

Princess, abstain! be firm!

CHELONICE.

I'll pass the guards!
They cannot, dare not—

NICRATES.

The attempt is fruitless.
Their Lives must answer should they let you pass.
Not even this heart-piercing Agony,
Or all the eloquence inspired by Grief,
Will make them dare be faithless to the King.

CHELONICE.

Oh, for some secret pass, through which to force
This wretched frame.—Vain! 'tis in vain! here fixed,
Here madden'd I must stay——Ah! where's my Father? (*Eagerly.*)
My Father did I say! 'tis he destroys him!

NICRATES.

With Amphares—my Brother he's no more—
He now did part. Though ordered to avoid them,
I staid within the sound of all that passed,
Then hastened to your presence, here, perchance,
To learn the effort due.

CHELONICE.

From me away!
Speed onward to the Grove! tend swiftest steps

To where the Murderer crouches for his prey!
Save my Cleombrotus! his danger show—
But- - -still be tender to a Father's name
Whose Heart is victim to a villain's guile!
[*Exit Nicrates.*
—Now come my Son! within our dismal cell
Prone on the earth we'll supplicate the Gods
To scant the measure of encreasing woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

THE GROVE. *Dark.*

Enter CLEOMBROTUS. (*Wearing a Mantle.*)

Why gently undulates the scented air?
Why, fragrant Zephyrs, why so sweetly breathe?
These glades I pass all agonized with dread,
Pursue their mazes with such shuddering horror
As the mad Priestess feels, within whose soul
The Demon whispers forth unknown events.
A grave-sent spectre in the deep of night
Could scarce give horror to a shrinking sinner
More than to me would give the form of Man.
The day yet lingers; but, within these woods,
Where eager night intrudes her earliest shade,
Adulterous vice may, fearless, converse hold—
Yet, 'tis but Slander!—Oh! to be assured,
What were the Crown of Sparta, the Dominion
Of the wide Universe- - -whence came that sound—
Again! be faithful then my ear, and guide me!
[*Exit.*

Enter AMPHARES.

These gloomy shades forestall the night, and Jealousy
Ere this hath brought my prey within my grasp.

Now then, Cleombrotus, I do forgive thee,
Forgive thy glorious fate that gifted thee
With regal power, and chained me down thy Subject,
This hour thy life, thy wife, thy crown, are mine!
—Why linger thus to seize my destined prey?
In which concealed recess hath Fate ordained
The earth imbibe his blood? This way I'm drawn—
By heaven I miss'd him! if my eyes are true,
The base of yonder Statue is his rest—
He lifeless statue soon!
[*Exit, following Cleombrotus*

After a Pause, AMPHARES *re-enters.*

Fate! thou'rt obeyed!
The act's attested by this point that reeks
With blood a moment since in kingly veins!
But hark!—That groan's his last, for sure I am
This crimson steel was in his bosom fixed.
—Now then, Leonidas, dread thou the arm
Thou'st taught to murder! [*Exit.*

NICRATES *staggers in, leaning on his sword.*

Stay! stay, Fratricide!
He's gone, and thinks atchieved his villainy,
I cannot on- - -(*Sinks down*)
by wound so sure unman'd!

CLEOMBROTUS. (*Entering.*)

Whence flow these piercing moans of Death—ah! speak
What wretch art thou?

NICRATES.

Ah! is't Cleombrotus?

CLEOMBROTUS.

'Tis he.

NICRATES.

I've saved thee !—Sent by Chelonice
To warn thee hence from threat'ning Death which now
I've drawn on me. But I—e'en now—rejoice
That—oh—

CLEOMBROTUS.

Too generous youth, speak on ; for yet,
Who 'tis that speaks this failing light denies me.

NICRATES.

I am his Brother, by whose arm I die !
He loves the Princess, and would reach thy Crown—
He here appointed thee- - -to meet his Sword
But—plunged it haply in a meaner breast—
Fly, fly this spot—it is- - -Nicrates bids thee.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Ah, then 'twas Amphares !—hath vice no bounds !
His arm that pierced thee thus !

NICRATES.

'Twas—even his.

CLEOMBROTUS.

From Rage and Horror scarcely can I question—
Yet, breathe one word—say- - -where is Chelonice !

NICRATES.

Chained and imprisoned by- - -oh- - - (*Expires.*)

CLEOMBROTUS.

Chained and imprisoned ! wild distraction ! speak !
Still let thy fleeting Spirit linger, tell- - -
E'en now his spirit fled !—What would I know ?
Do I not know that Amphares is villain ?
Do I not know my Chelonice true

To thrill my Heart with every sweetest Joy!
—This hapless Youth Fate gives not time to mourn;
To Amphares I'll on till Justice find
Its rightful prey!- - -Her prison shall I seek—
Or her traducer's breast?—With mind relieved,
Thus guised, I yield me up to trackless Chance
Lead it to Vengeance, or to Chelonice!

[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I. THE PRISON.

Enter LEONIDAS *and* AMPHARES, *followed by the Officer of the Prison.*

LEONIDAS.

Inform the Princess that her Father comes
To break her chains, restore her to his love!
[*Exit Officer, at a distant part of the prison.*
The rending tumults of her grief I dread,
As, on her widow'd heart, the full woe bursts.

AMPHARES.

Not abruptly should the tale of woe
Be trusted to her ear; her mind first cherish
By tokens of your love—by due degrees
Prepare her for her loss—and last for Vows
My raptured heart pants eagerly to pay.

LEONIDAS.

Farewell those keen distrusts, which have too long
The tender flow of love paternal staid!
Cleombrotus, my Rival, is no more,
And Chelonice now no more shall feel,
The torturous anguish of her father's frown—

Enter CHELONICE, *looking wildly.*

Ah! my loved Child! the bonds, the King com-
Thy Father, thus impatiently takes off! [manded,
(*Advances towards her.*)

CHELONICE.

(*Passes him, and hurries on to Amphares.*)
Where is my Husband!—Murderer!—say where?
Why start'st thou thus!

AMPHARES.

Why question me fair Princess
Of him whose Station is before our walls,
The army leading that may level them?

CHELONICE.

Is it?- - -or is it in the Grove! say—pale one!
That hue! guilt's clearly tinctured in that cheek!
I'll hence and seek him! [*Exit.*

LEONIDAS.

Say, whence this?—Cleombrotus!
The Grove!

AMPHARES.

Betrayed!—impossible!
Some Deity's against us, or th'opinion
Philosophy doth spread about the world
Is true; the Soul survives its humbler part,
And his must have revealed our dreadful secret!

Enter SARPEDON.

SARPEDON.

Pardon, that thus unbid I rush before thee!
(*To Leonidas.*)
Thee Amphares I sought, t' impart a Murder!

AMPHARES. (*Enraged.*)

What murder?—Why, to me, are all the tales
Of Murder pointed! Can't a Spartan bleed,
But strait the public eye is bent on me!

SARPEDON.

You chiefly it concerns.

AMPHARES.

And why! whose death
Would'st speak of then?

SARPEDON.

Abruptly I must tell---
Fallen is Nicrates by Assassin's hand!

AMPHARES.

Say'st thou Nicrates 'twas that fell!

SARPEDON.

Thy Brother.
As true as that our Lacedemon boasts
No higher gifted youth.

LEONIDAS.

Well hast thou said.
But, whose the guilt?

SARPEDON.

Th' assassin fled unknown.

AMPHARES.

Unknown, and fled! the Furies keep him pace
Whatever land his guilty feet may press!
Where fell my Brother?

SARPEDON.

As I search'd the Grove,
My evening duty, I observed the Base
Of great Lycurgus' statue stained with blood!

I traced the sanguine steps, and found full near
The lifeless body whence the blood had flown.

AMPHARES.

You found not him!—fell torturer say no---
Nicrates bled not there!

SARPEDON.

Alas! full well
These eyes each feature knew, as from his neck
This honoured badge I took, by Agis given.

AMPHARES.

Go. Thou'st done well. [*Exit Sarpedon.*

LEONIDAS.

Why breathless, Amphares?

AMPHARES.

Why breathe I now, thou rather should'st demand—
I've slain my Brother!

LEONIDAS.

Was't then him you slew!

AMPHARES.

I am his Murderer! 'twas the fraud of Night.
Lycurgus' Statue was the spot where I
Plunged in his heart the instrument of Death!

LEONIDAS.

The Furies 'gainst his murderer you invoked,
The Prayer was just! and speed it winds to Heaven!
Fool! this the End of all thy Perfidies?
Thou, he to wear a Crown, and wed my Daughter!
Henceforth away, ill-destined man, and bid
Ambition quit a mind whose faculties
Are vassals to the humbler fates, nor dare
To loose thy thoughts again towards a Throne!
The [*Exit*

AMPHARES.

Revenge!—come thou, enlist this humble mind!
Ambition, Hatred, both are crossed; and now
Revenge be thou the Passion of my heart!
Yes, I will cherish thee to mad'ning rage,
And, in the remnant of my hated life,
No thought will nurture not inspired by thee!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A COLONNADE IN THE PALACE.

Enter SARPEDON, *followed by others.*

SARPEDON. (*Speaking as he enters.*)

Pursue not me! haste through each avenue,
Rouse every street, where, lulled in false security,
Our citizens repose.—I'll to the Prison
Where but a moment since I left the King,
The Prison which full soon may be his home!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CLEOMBROTUS.

Of well known haunts I vainly trace the scite,
For Amphares escapes my vengeful eye!
Nor can I find the gloomy mansion holds,
From my fond gaze, the Innocence he slurs.
Ah! sure 'tis she who moves at distance on—
It is—'tis she, that witching form that step
That graceful air proclaim my beauteous Wife!
As eager zephyrs haste them to the Rose,
I to the sweeter presence of my Love!
[*Exit, and re-enters with Chelonice.*

CHELONICE.

Cleombrotus! yet scarcely can I credit
That 'tis thy arm enfolds. My Lord beloved
My trembling faultering steps e'en now were bent
To mar a deed of such extreme of horror
I shudder at the thought!

CLEOMBROTUS.

My Guardian Love!
How thy sweet tenderness o'erpays all risk!
—Who thus approaches?

CHELONICE.

Speed! retire my Lord!
It were not safe he should behold thee here.
[*Exit Cleombrotus.*

Enter SARPEDON.

SARPEDON.

Where, Princess, is the King?

CHELONICE.

Whence is thy haste?

SARPEDON.

A part of th' Army of Cleombrotus
Beset our walls; they have begun th' attack,
And with a fury that bespeaks belief
Our efforts will be crushed. The rest, reserved,
Advance not yet. I anxious seek the King! [*Exit.*

CHELONICE.

Dishonest warrior! Is it thus the man,

Enter CLEOMBROTUS.

Aspiring to be King, observes his oaths?
Is't thus thou break'st thy solemn pledge of Truce,

Stealing like midnight robber to thy prey,
From whom, through fear, the beams of day had kept you!

CLEOMBROTUS.

By heaven the wretch who hath infringed the oaths
That bound the promise you from me extorted,
Shall by my Sword be taught how I detest
So black a perfidy! This ne'er had been
Had not fell Amphares seduced me hither.
This moment, in my Camp, would I, impatient,
Have waited terms of Peace thou bidst me hope.
Mezentius is the man—Revenge awaits him!
(*Going.*)

CHELONICE.

What! risk thyself where each side holds thee foe,
Oh stay!

CLEOMBROTUS.

I dare not! for, in such a Cause,
I must resist thy Prayers, thy Tears, thy Love!
Large is thy sway; but, thou'st a Rival now,
The only Rival thou can'st ever dread,
'Tis Honour! and, what she suggests, my Soul
Ne'er balanced in debate. Her high behests
Are not mere worded Rules, but innate impulse,
The native spirit of Morality,
Which, if we pause to analize, is lost!

CHELONICE.

Go then, obey such impulse, and chastise him.
[*They embrace. Exit Cleombrotus.*

Enter LEONIDAS, *opposite side, speaking.*

Fly swiftly then, and bid Demophilus
Lead his division quickly to the breach;
I'll follow with my own.—Who was it, Daughter,
Abruptly parted hence as I advanced?

CHELONICE.

My Father!

LEONIDAS.

Ah! well may'st thou heitate,
Before confessing 'twas my mortal foe,
Whose troops this instant burst my city's gates!
He, whose skilled sword is levelled at my breast
My faithless Daughter presses to her own!

CHELONICE.

'Tis harsh reproach! he knew not of th' attack,
And left me now, to punish him who leads.

LEONIDAS.

Dost thou believe? Oh, Woman's easy faith!
His troops beset our walls without Command!
—How wilt thou greet him, when he soon shall stain
These Pillars with my blood!

CHELONICE.

As my worst foe;
As him I'm bound to shrink from! Thee I'd join,
Remain till breathless on thy funeral pile.

LEONIDAS.

My child! I press thee, once yet, in my arms!
Hear me acknowledge in this awful moment,
Perhaps the last we e'er shall pass together,
That the vast ruin which this dark hour threats,
The loss of Empire, Liberty, and Life,
Could not afflict my soul with half the anguish
Thy disobedience would bestow. Thy love,
Thy filial tenderness, is cordial sweet
To tortures in my breast. Posterity,
Whilst my demerit will thy fame enhance,
With charge of Cruelty receives my name,
But oh, Parental Love hath ne'er one instant
Lost its sweet influence in this beating heart!

CHELONICE.

Is this our parting moment! If it be,
Bear witness to my oft repeated vow;
This bosom ne'er shall shelter him whose sword
Shall pierce my Father's! oh! thy blessing give,
Horror on either hand assails my mind—
Heaven grant it be not Frenzy!

LEONIDAS.

I do bless thee;
My Soul doth bless thee child. Awhile Retire.
(She goes, he gazes after her.)
I'd fain indulge my eyes a little longer,
Lest they should shortly close on her for ever!
What spell is this, that suddenly unnerves me?
Why loiter here?—All Energy is gone,
Each feeling of a King, or Soldier, flown!
(A violent noise.)
That noise, that speaks the Battering-rams atchieve,
By wrathful efforts that convulse the walls,
Our Sparta's ruin, cannot rouze my blood,
Nor the proud Marbles as to earth they fall,
At one view giving ruin vast and wild!
Corroding Age hath thus unsinewed me
In fatal hour!

Enter SARPEDON, *and Troops.*

SARPEDON.

Joy, great Leonidas!

LEONIDAS.

Joy! and to me?

SARPEDON.

The Enemy's repulsed!
They fly beyond the town.

LEONIDAS.

By whose atchievement?

SARPEDON.

Cleombrotus himself opposed his soldiers,
And forced his conquering troops beyond the breach!

LEONIDAS.

Mere Battle's rumour! he force back his troops!

SARPEDON.

They were but Thracians, by Mezentius brought
Who fell beneath Cleombrotus's arm!
Soon as they saw their Leader fall all fled.

LEONIDAS.

All fled! Oh, had Cleombrotus but staid,
The fortune of the hour had been complete!

SARPEDON.

Still are thy wishes sped! Cleombrotus,
Espying Amphares, had rushed upon him,
And instant was closed in. Then, like the flame
The Lightning darts that cleaves each obstacle,
O'erpowering all he quickly forced his way
And reach'd Asylum at Minerva's Altar.

LEONIDAS.

Gods, ye retaliate! Astrea then
Hath not retreated back to heaven. Mark'st thou?
Ten circling Moons have scarcely o'er our fields
Their silver brightness shed, since I myself,
His faction Victors, hied for Sanctuary,
Flying unarmed before the Slaves I governed,
To that same Temple which now shelters him.

SARPEDON.

Now great Leonidas thou'rt safe!

LEONIDAS.

My blood

Flows warm again within my veins! I thought
Chill cowardice had sprung of cankering age
And seized upon my Heart; 'tis now I find
'Twas but despair that sent its torpid stream
Through every pulse. Bright hope hath chased it hence,
I feel again the animating fires
That have so oft destroyed the foes of Sparta!
Let us away, one foe doth yet remain,
When he's no more, I shall indeed be great!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

THE TEMPLE.

Present Minerva's Priests.

(*A noise without.*)

HIGH PRIEST.

Who is't thus claims the holy Sanctuary
Of our bright Goddess?

A PRIEST. (*Entering*).

'Tis Cleombrotus.
He, who was late our Prince, now asks a refuge
Beneath this sheltering dome!

HIGH PRIEST.

Ne'er fancy wove
Vicissitudes more strange than each hour knows!
Cleombrotus advance, dread no approach;

Enter CLEOMBROTUS.

Minerva's Altar doth ensure protection,
Midst every threatning danger may arise
From all the potent Nothings that embroil
From Age to Age the Sons of mad Ambition!

CLEOMBROTUS.

I bend to thee, great Pallas! and to thee,

The Chief amongst her Priests! You lately saw
My seat a Throne, now, thou beholdest me
In flight o'erpowered by troops full oft I've led!

HIGH PRIEST.

'Tis not to vulgar minds the Gods decree
Such strong Reverses. When they fate a Soul
T' encounter all th' extremes of human change,
They gift with Fortitude. Sustained by virtue,
Be grateful then that thus the Gods have framed thee,
Nor grudge the Ease that meaner minds enjoy.

CLEOMBROTUS.

In this I hail Minerva! and myself
Yield willing prisoner beneath her sway.

HIGH PRIEST.

My Son! is't now you first your freedom lose?
Ambition's Vot'ries ne'er can boast they're free!
Bound to consult the people's wild desires,
To gain the powers of Rulers they are Slaves!

SARPEDON. (*Entering.*)

Prepare your Greetings Priests! the King arrives!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Comes hither then my Foe!

HIGH PRIEST.

Beneath this roof,
Foes lose their power, and enmity its war,
The slightest menace here is sacrilege.

LEONIDAS. (*Entering.*)

Have I then found thee!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Meet I thee but here?
Would 'twere another place!

LEONIDAS.

The place is fit,
The rights of Kings are sacred and uncurbed.
Vicegerents from the Gods, their power we wield,
Their temples our's.—Yet, I will not imbue
The sacred pavement with thy rebel blood;
Bear him away! and instant to the block
His forfeit head convey.

HIGH PRIEST.

The Sanctuary's claimed!

LEONIDAS.

Bold Priest, retire!—away with all thy tribe!
Soldiers! your duty—why advance ye not?

Enter SARPEDON *and numerous Soldiers.*
The Priests withdraw.

SARPEDON.

The Altar grants him its Asylum.

LEONIDAS.

Fools!
The fortune of the day shall I resign,
Because you're scruple-bound!—Cleombrotus,
The favouring Fates will me to be the priest
To render thee a sacrifice to them.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Nay then—forgive me Goddess! as from hence
(*Hurries to the Altar.*)
I seize thy sacred glave, with that secure
Th' asylum which thy altar doth accord!

Enter CHELONICE *and Attendants, with the Child.*

CHELONICE.

Armed 'gainst my Father!
(*Unarms him.*)

LEONIDAS.

Unexampled love!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Oh, was this well!

LEONIDAS.

Now, bear him to his Death!

CHELONICE.

Death to my husband! Oh, remember now,
How on the very spot on which we stand,
Successive days and nights, at thy feet sunk,
I wept, and watch'd, and pour'd my soul in prayer,
When hither thou, by the 'Ephori, wert driven
Who made my husband King!—I left his Throne,
Thy mind perturbed to soothe with tender tears,
And bind the Cypress round the riven Crown.
I scorned his splendid Diadem, and here
For ever I had staid, had not thy fate
Again restored thee to thy Royal seat.
Now!—spare my husband's life!

LEONIDAS. (*After agitation.*)

Impossible!

CHELONICE (*Approaching the Altar.*)

Then now receive me, Goddess, at thy Altar,
For here from henceforth I'll remain, nor quit,
So aid me Pallas, till—

LEONIDAS.

Thy rash vow cease!
Without thee what were Royalty? Thus far
I will reward thy long tried filial love—
Accept thy husband's Life! But, be he banished
To the most distant region of our realm,
There guarded close.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Dost think me sunk t' accept
Mercy from thee!

LEONIDAS.

Bring here the Diadem!
(They bring it on a Cushion. He places it on Chelonice's head.)
Your Queen salute! Henceforward Sovereign
She reigns with me. Ye, who would bounties ask,
Or mercies gain, 'tis through your Queen alone
You can know either.—Queen of Sparta, hail!
(Flourish of Trumpets.)

ATTENDANTS.

Hail Queen of Sparta!

CHELONICE.

Sweet joy swells my heart!
I see thee safe, thy enemies are fled.
Thou art secure upon thy Throne! And I,
I too am Queen, crowned and hail'd Sovereign!
—And what's he yonder?—But an exiled man!
Who's banished hence without a Comforter,
From Sparta banished.——Off, unvalued toy!
(Placing the Crown on the Altar.)
My homeless, friendless, banished Love, I'm thine!
Be it in desart lands, or sun-scorched climes,
My arm shall pillow thee, my bosom rest
Thy aching head.

CHILD. *(Hanging upon her.)*

And will you not be Queen!

CHELONICE.

Boy, we must hence. Come, lead us for the Port
From whence we bid farewell to Lacedemon!

CLEOMBROTUS.

Thou matchless woman!

LEONIDAS.

Most ungrateful Daughter!

Would'st leave me then to solitary age?
Abandon him who lived to cherish thee!

CHELONICE.

Not for whole worlds—wert thou not King again!
But, how could I give joy to thee, myself
A wretch? With heart unmated cold and joyless,
A wanderer within my father's palace!
This is my home, my resting place, and here
Will I for ever dwell.

(Leading the child, and resting on her husband's arm.)

LEONIDAS.

Ingrate! may he,
For whom thou sacrific'st so much, reward thee
With scorn neglect and hatred, wring thy heart,
And thus retaliate my bitter pangs
On thee who giv'st them! [*Exit.*

CHELONICE.

Oh, Cleombrotus!
Could'st thou do this? Oh no! thy Soul I read
In the pure honest beaming of thine eye
That speaks unchanging love.

CLEOMBROTUS.

And will so speak,
E'en when unnerving time shall dim its beam,
Or quench the brighter flames that live in thine.
And when, in some ambitious hour, my Soul
For Sceptres sickens, and revolves on crowns,
Th' alluring Phantoms I will bid avaunt,
Prefer the dearer empire of thy Heart!
There I will reign, with undivided sway,
And rule with all the tyranny—of Love!

CHELONICE.

My Father, hear'st thou what a banishment

Thou hast decreed! We, instant, will begin
That life of Joy the marble colonnades
Of regal domes were ne'er known to secure.
—My sweet Boy come! in Exile thou'lt not learn
The graceful arts of Courts; but, thou shalt learn
The higher art, the art to emulate
Each deed of dignity, the art to scorn
A vicious act, though ermined robes may shield it.

CHELONICE, *supported by* CLEOMBROTUS, *leads the Child. As they are going off, followed by the Guards, a Noise is heard without.—They turn.*

CLEOMBROTUS.

Whence these deep moans? that groan was surely Death's!

CHELONICE.

Oh! Nature aid me in this torturous view!
From Amphares my parent bleeding flies—
Now, now Cleombrotus be true to Virtue,
Preserve my Father!

LEONIDAS *enters reeling, sinks and drops his Sword.* CHELONICE *seizes and gives it to* CLEOMBROTUS, *who meets* AMPHARES. *She assists her Father, as he sinks.*

CLEOMBROTUS.

Stay! behold a form
More meet than his t' arrest thy murderous sword!
An arm more fit to give due chastisement
To vices deep as thine!

AMPHARES.

Within his breast,
My sword already hath atchieved revenge;
And when from thine its satiate point hath drawn
The life-blood stream, the Crown of Lacedemon
Shall decorate the brow of him thus scorned!

(They fight. Amphares falls.)

CLEOMBROTUS.

Thy brow doth find its Diadem in dust!
Leonidas's sword, by my arm urged,
Hath worked a double vengeance! this alone
Could expiate thy slanders 'gainst my Wife!

AMPHARES.

Oh, had my erring sword - - - but - - - 'tis too late
Thy fortune triumphs!—if my breath would hold
To speak the maledictions that I - - - [*Expires.*]

CHELONICE.

Look up my Father! see the Traitor lie
Fallen at thy feet.—Cleombrotus—my Husband!
With grateful Pride I will repeat the sound,
My Husband hath preserved thee from thy foe!
Oh then be cheer'd, and thro' long years to come—

LEONIDAS.

Nor added years, nor instants, now remain!
Yet, yet, support me! Thee to bless I came
With dying breath. Yes, to my closing eye,
Be thou the last dear object, thou - - - these pangs!
For whom my soul was ever full of Love!
Ascend my Throne—thy husband hath revenged—
The crown of Lacedemon, and thy Heart,
His rich rewards!—and—may ye ever - - - [*Expires.*]

CHELONICE.

Th' unfinished Blessing, check'd by death-closed lips,
T' Elysium wafts his Soul.—But, where am I!—
Left here, with heart replete with filial love,
Of every pleasing filial care bereft!

[*Continues kneeling behind the body, and bending over it.*]

CLEOMBROTUS.

The voice of Consolation now were gross,

Thy tears I'll cherish and thy sorrows aid.
But, SPARTANS bear ye witness to my Life!
Your Glory, and my Chelonice's bliss,
No other objects shall be hence my aim.
The bleeding body to the Palace bear,
And screen it from the insults of the crowd,
Who now will triumph with indecent joy
O'er him whose nod a moment since was fate.
But, ere we hence, we'll lowly bend to Heaven,
In adoration of the hidden will,
Which, when the eager glance of Hope's obscured,
Doth thus, through darkness, work our brightest Days!

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

Think you our Author copied from the Life,
In drawing such a Daughter, such a Wife?
Judging from what we know, I'm half afraid
The piece is Fancy! yet, I ask your aid
To fix my Judgment. Fairly try the Cause,
Try it by that sublimest of all laws
An English Jury!—I recall the word!
Ha! ha! was ever Mortal so absurd,
Soon comes the Verdict with the sternest fury,
Should Brother Scribblers be amongst the Jury!
Oh, let the Court—"take any other Form
And my firm Soul abides the pitiless storm!"
Resolve yourselves Committee of the House
And prosecute—yet ah! no panting mouse
At stern Grimalkin could conceive more fears,
What! try a Poet by her scribbling Peers!
No Wit could save her, and no Hope could cheer,
The crime would be so plain, the case so clear,
Mercy, thrice blest! her power would vainly try,
And Guilty! Guilty!—DEATH! would be the cry.
—All others I make Judges as you sit,
Ye dear Celestials! Gallery! Boxes! Pit!

EPILOGUE.

I'm now a Pleader; mark me pray, the same,
COUNSELLOR SIDDONS—do you know the Name?
I have no Brief 'tis true—
(Sighing, and looking at her hands.)
But there, my case
By many a Learned Brother's kept in face.
Many with clear white band, and powdered tye,
That with the blossoms of the hawthorn vie,
Parade the Hall, and nod, and smile, in vain, (*nodding.*)
Attornies smile again, but—dont retain!
Whilst the Leviathans of Law's vast ocean
Their jaws distend, and gobble every Motion.
I'm only talking!—I've forgot to plead!
If your kind eyes speak Truth, I've now no need.
With heighten'd hopes, in their bright beams we bask,
You seem prepared to grant all I can ask;
Your HANDS I ask! Such thunders never fright!
Repeat the peal once more! and now—Good Night!



A DAY IN TURKEY.

OR

THE RUSSIAN SLAVES.

A COMEDY.

INTERSPERSED WITH SONGS.

This play was brought out at Covent Garden in the year 1792. *The Author's object was to place in a state of comparison the Manners of Europe and Asia, by bringing them in contact in Turkey—where Asia intrudes its Manners on Europe. Much of the florid language of the East is introduced.—The omission of Orloff's song and of Ibrahim's permitted those Characters to be allotted to Performers who were never Singers.*

A La Greque *is the only portrait on the stage of the giddy frenchman of the French Revolution, when the term* Aristrocat *was the common word of disapprobation for every thing that displeased, and the national* naiveté *still maintained itself—amidst the dread events of the day!*

PROLOGUE.

BUT five bright moons have chased night's shades from earth
Since the War ceased that gave our Drama birth.
'Twas whilst the Russians in ignoble chains
Were from their Country dragged to hostile plains,
In vision rapt, our Bard sweet females saw
In dread of Mahomet's enslaving law,
And beauty's flurried cheek in terror fade
As midst war's horrors it was captive made.
The griefs of Russia thus themselves presented,
Our author drew them, and no fear prevented!
For scenes of grief tear not the POET's soul,
Who feels that all is quite within controul!
And, but to taste the sweet delight to save,
In danger places beauty and the brave,
With light scenes chequering those fraught with woe,
This pleasing anxious life's true sketch to show.
Thus was her bold imagination fired,
Ere War had yet her deadly train retired.
She hopes the story that was then combined
Need not to drear Oblivion be consigned!
No, let it now your generous passions raise,
And to have touched them oft has been her praise!
Now once again she trusts to witness here,
Your smile of pleasure, and your pity's tear,
For though the Time is passed, the Feelings true
She drew from Nature to convey to you.

CHARACTERS.

RUSSIANS.

ORLOFF.	*Officer in the Russian Army.*	*Mr. Farren.*
A LA GREQUE.	*His French Servant.*	*Fawcett.*
PETROWITZ.	— — —	*Thompson*
PETER.	*His Son.* — — —	*Cross.*
PAULINA.	*His Daughter.* —	*Mrs. Esten.*
ALEXINA.	*Orloff's Wife.* —	*Mrs. Pope.*

TURKS.

IBRAHIM.	*The Bassa.* — —	*Mr. Holman.*
SELIM.	— — — —	*Incledon.*
MUSTAPHA.	— — —	*Munden.*
AZIM	— — — —	*Cubit.*
ISMAEL.	— — — —	*Farley.*
ZILIA.	— — — —	*Mrs. Mattocks.*

A DAY IN TURKEY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. A FOREST IN RUSSIA, NEAR THE FRONTIERS OF TURKEY.

IN THE BACK GROUND A TURKISH CAMP.

Turkish Soldiers pass and repass, searching the Wood. They retire through it.

Enter PAULINA *hastily at a distance.*

Pau. WHITHER—whither shall we fly?—Brother! Father! come!—Driven from our little Estate, we must forth into the wide World!

Enter PETROWITZ *and* PETER.

Peter. Come Father, lean on me, that you may get on better, or we shall be picked up by some of the turban'd freebooters. They are out on their Hunt, and always consider us Russians but as animals of Chase! Let us run.

Petrowitz. Alas! with the load of Seventy years

upon me, how hard a task! we shall never escape them Child!

Pau. (*Tenderly*) Dear Father—come!—come! chear up! and let us hurry on to the next village—come—courage Father!—Peter take care of that bag, you must bear the load of it, it contains all we have in the world!

Peter. Why, if it had not been for some of our own provident Soldiers, I had had a greater weight to carry! They were so *considerate* as to look into our Cabin yesterday, and left no burthen—beyond my strength!

Pau. They took away my best fur dress, alas! And he who took it, forsooth, said it was a laudable act, to prevent its being worn by an Enemy's wife.—So, now I must into the chilly world without it!

Peter. Yes, it was a peculiarly friendly action, and performed in the regular stile of Gentlemen Soldiers! Their very Looks were Oaths.—The black eye-brows of one of them expressed fiercer threats than I ever heard pass between fifty Siberian boar-hunters. (*Clashing of Swords without.*) There—there! d'ye hear!—our enemies are at hand—and our Friends are coming down upon us!—Come, let us run!—from Friends and Enemies, holy Michael, defend us! [*Exeunt.*

Clashing of swords, A LA GREQUE *runs in at top.*

A La Gr. There it goes—there it goes! Nothing can save thee my gallant master! This comes of reconnoitering idly. Had you not better have been in your tent, prudently breaking fast, than here rashly breaking heads! So—there—he's disarmed! Well—you acted without Orders—'tis all your own fault. Now, how sentimental he looks! with his arms folded, and his sword in the hands of that beetle brow'd Turk!——But *allons!* on recollection I shall now be not a less man than my Master!

Enter ORLOFF, *with* SELIM *and other Turks.*

Sel. Courageous Russian thou art our's! Could Valour save thee against Numbers, captivity would ne'er be thy lot. Your Empress, we trust, has not many such Soldiers in the neighbouring Camp. Come, droop not Sir! this is the fortune of War!

Orloff. A Soldier can endure not only death, but even Slavery, when a sense of Duty gives Dignity to his chains! but, mine are those of Folly, for, I reconnoiter'd but idly, and without Orders; and, attended only by this fellow, have lost my Liberty without Glory!

A La Gr. Then I have lost mine too without Glory, for I attended without command, and for punishment —ah! *quelle horreur!* I am now *Valet de chambre* to a Slave!

Turk. Nay, let not that affect thee! The fate of War, which has lowered your Master's pride, may elate your's. You are now his equal—for you are Slaves alike!

A La Gr. Are we so? Oh, then I shall feel myself quite at home!—And has he, by your rules, no further right to command or threaten? Kind Sir, tell me but that—tell me but that!

Turk. None! none!

A La Gr. H-r-r-mph! (*Puts his hat on, takes out his snuff box, takes snuff, goes to his master, and offers his box.*) Take a pinch Sir, take a pinch!—pray make yourself free to that extent!

Orloff. Scoundrel! (*Throws up the box with his arm*).

A La Gr. Nay, no hard names—let us be obliging, as brother-slaves ought to be. And, now I think of it, hark ye *Messieurs!* I suppose Slaves with you take Rank according to their Usefulness.

Turk. Certainly.

A La Gr. Well then, my *ci devant* Master there

can do no earthly thing but fight; whilst I on the contrary am expert at all points!

Sel. Your qualifications?

A La Gr. They are innumerable! I sing an Italian Canzonetta, or a French Air—*Hélas!* I fear you'll permit no air but Turkish now! No man in Paris Sir—for I have the honour to be a frenchman—no man in Paris Sir understands better than myself, the Science of the delicate lodgement of the true *Marechalle* in the hair. I can friz you in a Taste beyond—— Oh! what you're all *Craps* I see—fore-fronts, and back fronts—my Genius will be lost amongst you! Why you look as though you had all been scalped, and had covered your heads with your pillows!

Turk. Frenchman! our Turbans are too elevated a subject for your sport!

A La Gr. Dear Sir, let the subject of our dispute (*pointing to the turban and the ground*) drop—it will be a proof of national taste!

Sel. Thy speech is licentious and empty; but in a *Frank* we can pardon it—that too is national taste! However if your boasted qualifications end here, it is probable you will be a slave as low in rank as your Master.

A La Gr. Pardonnez moi! I can do things he never thought of!—You are great Story-tellers I hear in Turkey! You have heard of the basket maker amongst Savages. I do not despair of seeing my master my Servant yet—*chacun son tour!—Courage Monsieur Le Comte!* I'll treat you with great condescension depend on it—and it shall be my endeavour to make you forget in all things the distance between us!

Sel. He seems too deeply absorbed in melancholy to be roused by thy impertinence!

A La Gr. Melancholy?—poor young man he is thinking of his Wife!

Orloff. Hasten, hasten, to your chains and to your

dungeons! The mental bitterness of this moment cannot be encreased by corporeal suffering!

A La Gr. Chains and Dungeons! why surely there has not been a resurrection of our dead *Bastille* here, eh *Messieurs?* Have you lantern posts and hanging Marquisses too in this country?

Orloff. Peace!

A La Gr. Peace! that's a bold demand. Your Empress can't command it at the head of a hundred thousand men, and the most sublime Grand Seignior is obliged to put on his night cap without it, though he has half a million of these pretty Gentlemen to assist him.

Orloff. Come Sir, let us not loiter here—I would have my fate determined—my misery at its worst!

Sel. I shall conduct you but to the palace of the Bassa Ibrahim, not many leagues within the Frontiers beyond yonder camp, which he commands. What your fate may afterwards be his Humour determines.

A La Gr. Then I hope we shall catch him in a good one, and then, what care I whether a Turk or a Russian has the honour to be my master?—What a misfortune to be born a *Comte!* Had he lost no more than I have, he'd be as careless as I am.—Come—brother slave—no ceremony, no ceremony now!

[*Exeunt. A la Greque struts out before his Master.*

SCENE II.

ROCKS.

Paulina *runs across shrieking, followed by Peter.*

Turks pursue and bring them back.

Turk. Stay, stay, young ones! it is but mannerly to wait for your Father. You see he is hobbling up, with as much celerity as suits him.

Pau. Aye, very true!—Oh, Peter, what made us run! If Nature dont speak within us to take care of our Father, what would she prompt us to take care of!

Peter. Number one, I believe, all the world over!—verily I am afraid it is so! But, having recovered our Hearts now—I'll soon fetch him up I warrant you. [*Exit. Re-enter with Petrowitz guarded.*

Petrowitz. O my children! The wounds these flints have made in my feet, are nothing to those inflicted on my heart for you.

Pau. Oh the miseries of war! I wonder it is ever the pleasure of the great ones to set their hearts upon it! What could be the reason why the King of the Turks and our old Empress entered into an agreement to go to war?

Turk. To give brave soldiers an opportunity of running away with such pretty girls as you, to be sure.

Pau. Oh, if they were now to see my Father, and brother Peter, and I, in this condition, they wouldn't be happy until they had put an end to it!

Peter. Dont thee show thy ignorance! Excuse her Gentlemen! Dost think the great Grandees feel and reason in the same simple natural way that we do!

Turk. (*To the Father.*) Come honesty chear up! at the next village there is a waggon, into which you and your family shall be put; you'll very soon be at the end of your short journey.

Petrowitz. Ah, Paulina! thou little know'st how my heart will tremble for thee, when we shall have quitted dear Russia for the Turks domains!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

THE GARDENS OF THE BASSA'S PALACE.

Decorated with Palms, Fountains, &c.

In the Eastern Stile.

Enter MUSTAPHA.

Mus. Where is she?—where is Alexina? I dont see her here. She is generally leaning near that Fountain, looking like the Nymph of the stream hallowing it with her tears.

Azim. (*Without.*) But I say no!—do you mark me, I say no! [*Enters with Slaves.*

Mus. Why, what a bawling you make. Wherefore come ye hither—eh?

Azim. To look for that insolent female Slave ALEXINA, that I may curb her a little!

Mus. Your ill humour towards her is never to be curbed. Your malice always keeps pace with your power! Thy turbulent disposition has made thee hateful!—Dont I know how to keep an obstinate female obedient to Authority as well as you?

Azim. Ha! ha! ha!—Thee!—The greatest commanders in the world have been foiled at it. But, let me find her, and an experiment shall be made by one more experienced than they.

[*Exit at the bottom of the Garden, looking for her.*

Mus. Observe the orders I gave ye. When our Master arrives let no one be over busy to speak of Alexina the Russian. If possible I would have him forget that she is in his Palace.

Slave. We will be careful! [*Exeunt Slaves.*

Enter ALEXINA *from the bottom of the Garden, followed by* AZIM.

Alex. Pursue me not imperious Slave! You invade

my retirement, you hunt me from the solitude which can alone mitigate my sorrows!

Azim. Stuff!—Solitude and retirement! they were made for the birds of Night. *They* may delight in them, Women should seek day-light.

Alex. Day-light gives me no joy. Through added weeks have I dragged on a torpid existence (*Going to a tree*)—here is my sad register! On the tender rind have I marked the return of each ungreeted day.—The wounds, now but discernible, will deepen as the tree advances to maturity, and speak, in another Age, the miseries of Alexina!

SONG. ALEXINA.

Ye joyful hours now fled away,
  How hasty was your blithesome course!
How short and fleeting was the day,
  Of pure and lively joy the source!

In feathery lightsome pace ye pass'd,
  And sweetly chearful hastened by,
Ah! happiness hath fled full fast!
  Hath fled and left me but to sigh!

I, a poor Captive, pine each day
  That slowly creeps with lagging pace,
The sun of Freedom sheds no ray,
  Its bright beams here we never trace!

The clouds that swim in air's soft ocean,
  Appear to scorn my prison towers!
Ah! Zephyr's light unfetter'd motion
  But heavier slower makes my hours.

Oh! now that wild on some high mountain,
  I could inhale the wandering winds,
Or playful near some desart fountain,
  Could emulate the bounding hinds!

Azim. Such a wailing about Freedom! Come, come, be gay and happy like the rest of the Slaves. You are ordered to be so!—our Master is returning from the Camp.

Alex. Mustapha, let not that unfeeling Slave address me—thou hast humanity!

Mus. Would I could administer to the disease of his mind—it is a terrible one! The love of talking is in him an absolute frenzy! the love of ill-humoured talk too. To silence him is impossible—but, as he is subject to my Orders, I can oblige him to retire—Away!

Azim. What! shall an insolent Russian?—she shall repent this deeply! [*Exit.*

Alex. Doth your master indeed return to-day?

Mus. Yes, and all here are in astonishment at your tears!

Alex. Oh Mustapha! I sink to be thy suppliant! She is of no vulgar rank who thus sues to you for shelter.

Mus. For shelter!—I am myself a Slave!

Alex. But thou hast power with thy master. Oh! invent some excuse—contrive some means to save me from the interview.

Mus. I will consider. I—(*Music at a distance.*) If it must be so, conceal yourself at once—for I hear the Music that announces his approach!

Alex. Mustapha! my very Life depends on thy success.—Preserve me!

Sings, WITHOUT MUSIC.

Thus, though a Slave, thy soul's high state
Shall prove its origin divine,
Soar far above thy wretched fate,
And o'er thy chains sublimely shine.

[*Exit.*

Enter ZILIA (*hastily.*)

Zilia. Ah! Mustapha, the Bassa is arrived all triumph, and, from what he has heard of her, full of anxiety to behold Alexina. He comes in full State—where is she?

Mus. She just now ran off on that side, and I shall run off on this. For I have not settled what to say about her, and Bassas and Tygers are the two animals least to be trifled with!

[*Exit.*

A MARCH HEARD AT A DISTANCE.

STANDARD BEARERS ADVANCE.

FEMALE SLAVES DANCE DOWN THE STAGE.

CHORUS SINGERS, AND FEMALE SLAVES, FOLLOW, STREWING FLOWERS.

The BASSA *then enters with* SELIM *and* AZIM, *and his Principal Officers.*

SONG. SELIM, ZILIA, *and* CHORUS.

Hark! sound the Trumpet, breathe the Flute,
And touch the soft melodious Lute,
Return of Peace we gratefully applaud!
Ne'er more may know dispute,
Our Conqueror and our Lord.

Victorious Hero! blooming Sage!
The scourge and glory of the Age!
May blithesome mirth around thy footsteps shine,
Thy every hour engage,
And bless thy valiant Line.

In vain breathe Trumpets and the Flute,
And lost the soft melodious Lute,
When thy praise, IBRAHIM, they would display!
Lost in the Theme they're mute,
As twilight sinks in Day!

Ibr. Enough of praise for our Triumph! a sweeter awaits me. Where is the lovely Russian, who, though my Captive more than two moons, I have not yet beholden.

Azim. We joy in our Lord's return, that her Pride may be humbled! Intolerable is the haughtiness of her demeanor, insolent her melancholy and reserve.

Ibr. Thou hast seen her Selim, does she justify Azim's description?

Sel. She is reserved Sir, reserved and melancholy —but too gentle to be insolent.

Azim. Selim knows her not. After indulging her melancholy more than two moons—I have ordered her to be chearful and lively in vain! Canst thou believe it, mighty Bassa, the idea of how glorious is the fate of her—whose image lives in the heart of Ibrahim worthy to live in the hearts of all! (*bows with his hands to his forehead*) has not once abated her sorrow!

Ibr. Indeed! (*angrily.*) Bid her to my presence, to answer for this insult!

Zilia. Insult!—ha! ha! Did any one ever hear such Language! Remember, Sir, she is no Asiatic slave, but an European, born beyond the boundaries of Turkey and the region of our manners!

Ibr. Well, Zilia, and what then?

Zilia. She has not permitted my advances towards intimacy with her. But, the chances of a varied life have gifted me with some knowledge of the Manners of the rest of Europe.—And let me impart a Secret to you! if she should find you in love with her, and should ever condescend to listen to a sentence from

you, she will deem herself intitled to treat you as she pleases, and, instead of being *herself* a Slave, will assume unbounded authority over *you!*

Ibr. Nay she will not venture to forget that I am—

Zilia. A Bassa! and what then? You are thinking now of your own power, when you should be sensible only of her's! You are powerful, and she is pretty, your empire is less absolute than her's—beware of substituting Reproach for supplications!

Ibr. Let her be summoned instantly! No—hold! If management is necessary, I will receive her in my Hall of Audience—dazzle her with my greatness—and astonish her into love!

Zilia. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!

Ibr. Why that laugh Zilia?

Zilia. Ha! ha! ha! at your new invention—of astonishing people into Love! If you can contrive to do that, you will be the most surprising Bassa in all Turkey!

Ibr. How then?

Zilia. Ha! ha! you Mussulmen are a most extraordinary people!—Grandeur and Dignity inspire Love! They may inspire your Captive with Veneration and Respect, but veneration and respect grow in an atmosphere so chilly that Love starves in it.

Ibr. Why, this adventure promises to be interesting! I am not however sure that I yet comprehend the Cupid we exiled hence, when our arms expelled his Subjects from these realms. What are the Means by which I may contrive to gain favour in this Foreigner's heart?

Zilia. By humility Sir—not Grandeur!—Dominion and Love are very different things.—(*Apart to the Female Slaves.*—Hark ye! if I can tinge his mind with such feelings, real Love will take possession of it—he will determine on Marriage, and we shall escape from Slavery!)

Ibr. Must I then become contemptible, before I can be beloved!

Zilia. No, but you must forget that you are a Governor. In tender matters you had better be a Shepherd!

Ibr. Does Love then know no distinctions?

Zilia. At least it does not admit of any. The Peasant he makes equal to the highest Monarch, or sinks the Monarch to a level with the Peasant.

Ibr. Why, under such a System, the Men must be the Slaves, and the empire of Love be transferred to the Women!—Away with every thing so exotic! I'll waste no time in mean conquest over female Caprice—victory over the Enemy is alone worthy my Ambition!

Zilia. Ha! ha!—there, now you are Turkish again! —Sagacious Sir! if you would really be heroic as a Conqueror—you must begin by being romantic in Love!

SONG. ZILIA.

To Beauty's empire Heroes yield,
  What Triumph half so sweet?
What are the Laurels of the Field
  Till laid at Beauty's feet!
      If they approve,
      And bless with love,
  The toil obtains its crown.
      Should they disdain,
      The labour's vain,
  E'en Fame herself will frown!

Ibr. Well, my skilful Monitress, this is extraordinary—but it is charming! Through conquest then will I gain higher Glory, and thus shall I *ensure* her love.

Zilia. You are still mistaken! Mere Loftiness, I tell you, never attracts it. It holds in Contempt all power but its own. You must be but a humble Suppliant before you can become a Victor there, and participate in the mutual love of such marriage as is the source of felicity abroad.

Azim. Mutual! Sir, she is your Slave—command her affection! Such baseness may befit other countries, a Mussulman is too sensible of his Dignity!

Zilia. Aye, there are plenty of men, in the rest of Europe, sensible enough of their Dignity, and as much inclined to command and tyrannize as the Sublime Sultan himself;—but, they are soon brought under Rule!

Azim. Aye, throughout Europe, except with us, Women have too much sway and liberty. We shall have infidelities introduced.

Zilia. All a Mistake Mr. Glum-face! A tender Husband has no where any thing to fear.

Ibr. Well, the labours of war are for a time suspended! and, during the interval, I will yield me, in all humility, to the laws of this new love—it cannot then withhold its promised blessings.

Zilia. Why, I shall be going too far if I promise that! It allows of no formal demands. To the claims even of Merit the tender creature will sometimes be a perfect Hyæna! To deserve seems too frequently alas! every where the reason why the Lover does not succeed.

Ibr. No matter! I feel strangely inclined to take my chance of participating in the chasten'd feelings and refined love of the rest of Europe, and to forget the toils of the Field—in the pleasing difficulties of this new adventure!

[*Exit, with part of his Train.*

Selim. He is in delightful spirits. But how strange it is that the Russian Slave should not have presented herself to welcome her Master!

Zilia. Stranger if she had, when nothing could excite fiercer dread in her mind than the idea of inspiring him with a Passion. I am interested for her, and for that reason, as well as from a hope of obtaining escape for myself and all who are here, I shall endeavour to make Ibrahim pursue a conduct, not usual from a mighty Mussulman to his Slave!

[*Exit.*

Sel. Hark ye Azim! what makes your lovely countenance look so grim—where all is so gay? Your dark face suits the day as little—as a black cloud amidst surrounding sun-beams. Change it man, change it! you will lose nothing—for you must look carefully for a worse!

Azim. Pshaw! I change not with every shifting wind.

Sel. Since I saw thee last, I have trod the paths of Glory, slumbered amidst the frosts of the night, and toil'd amidst the beams of burning day—but I return and find thee the same! With me all things are changed—thou art unalter'd. Thy temper, like the deep shade of the forest, is chequer'd but by the dart of the angry lightning, the serene chearfulness of Morn dwells not with thee.

SONG. SELIM.

Thy breast perturbed let Mercy cheer,
 And harmonize thy rugged mind,
Thy lids let reach soft Pity's tear
 The gem of sentiment refined.
Could'st thou the tender bliss once feel
 The sympathising bosom knows,
As through it gentle sorrows steal,
 And heave the heart with tender throes,
Thy frowning brows would not thus pry,
 Thy glance no more so sternly dart,
Sweet mercy's beams would deck your eye,
 And peace spring calmly in your Heart!

Azim. If you like me not, thwart me not! There's room enough in Turkey for thee and for me. Let the Raven and the Vulture rest on the same tree;—but, as far as are the streams of the Ilyssus from the waters of the Bosphorus, may you and I be for ever apart!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. AN APARTMENT IN THE BASSA'S PALACE.

IBRAHIM *seated under a Canopy.*

ZILIA *and Officers attending.*

Ibr. You allow then Zilia that some of the Customs of the rest of Europe are not less ridiculous than our own!

Zilia. Oh, I can assure you they have their full share of the Absurd!—Priests they have, who are but Beaus! Senators, who are but Pages of the Court! and Soldiers, who study Finery more than the art of War! Amongst their Women—they have Grand-mothers who bedeck themselves like their Grand-daughters, and Wives, who consume half their lives at their Toilettes, and yet are shocked—if accused of placing an ornament with a view to charm.

Ibr. Mahomet be praised, from these follies we are exempt.

Zilia. Why perhaps yes—but then, your's lean terribly the other way! Your Men, in aping Dignity, fix their features in a maukish Gravity, and seem but Statues made to walk by mechanism! Ceremonious and uncommunicative, their want of Ideas they conceal in awful Silence. Never having known the ad-

vantages of elegant society, of Women they speak but as Slave-merchants.—Their ideas of the World they catch but from the Mariners who lie at anchor in their Ports, and have no Criterion for the abilities of a man—but the number of dupes he has made!

Ibr. Nay, nay, Mercy to poor Man! or, at least, let the loveliness of our Women find some favour with you.

Zilia. The women's faces are pretty, but, they are without Expression. Their Forms are regular, but their Action conveys no Sentiment, and, ungifted with Taste, they study Dress only to bedizen themselves. Whilst, excluded from rational society with men, and unrespected by them, their Minds are uninformed, and their Manners ungraceful. In short, in the follies abroad there is a play of Mind that renders them interesting; your follies here—create but listlessness and Disgust! [*Exit.*

Enter SELIM.

Sel. Prisoners, Sir, await your leisure.

Ibr. Why are they intruded on me? are they of Rank?

Sel. One of them seems to be so. The other is his Servant.

Ibr. Bring them before me.

[*Exit* SELIM, *and re-enters with* ORLOFF *and* A LA GREQUE.

Ibr. Who are you?

Orloff. A Russian.

Ibr. The insatiate enemy then of every Turk.

Orloff. The enemy of those who oppose the interests of my Sovereign. To chastize them, I this morning bore a sword which your servants won not from me without much effort—the noblest acquisition of the day!

Ibr. This air of intrepidity might have suited thy condition amidst the Russian camp. Thou art now but a Captive, display then the humility that becomes thy state.

Orloff. I demand my Liberty! a truce has been proclaimed and—

Ibr. In the hour you err—not till after thou wert captured;—thou art therefore by the laws of arms fairly our prisoner.—Who art thou?

A La Gr. Not a Russian, dear Sir, 'pon my honour, nor the insatiate enemy of the Gentlemen of Turkey.—I never saw a prettier dressed, prettier behaved people in my life. They all show me as much politeness and good breeding as though they were my own Countrymen!

Ibr. Of what country art thou!

A La Gr. Oh, Paris Sir, Paris—a Frenchman! I just travelled into Russia out of kindness, to polish the Brutes a little, and to give them french Ideas. But, finding I could not re-model their heads, I took to their heels, and would have taught them dancing; they were as incapable however of improving below as above, so I betook myself to conducting the affairs of this Gentleman. The result has been that I have been led by him to dance in your chains, in which if I can but caper myself into your favour, I shall deem my last step the best I ever took!

Ibr. The freedom of thy speech does not displease me

A La Gr. Obliging Sir! I am the most humble of your Slaves! ready to bow my head to your sandals, and to lick the dust from your imperial feet!

Ibr. Ha! ha! ha!

A La Gr. ——*Ah!—ça ira! ça ira!—ça ira!*

(Springing)

Ibr. Go, take thy Master into thy protection, and see if thou canst inspire him with thy own good humour, it will render his chains the lighter.

A La Gr. Chains! they wont weigh a rush with me!—*ils sont toujours a la mode à Paris!* I shall foot it to their clink, and feel myself at home again!

[*Exit* ORLOFF, A LA GREQUE, SELIM, *&c.*

Ibr. Well Azim, where is the lovely Russian?

Enter AZIM.

Azim. Mighty Lord, thy Servant dares scarcely pronounce her message! I delivered your commands, and ordered her on pain of death to appear instantly before you, she however refuses to come!—talks of her sacred honour—and I know not what!

Ibr. Cold, unimpassion'd, not to be awed—and a sacred regard for her Honour! How swiftly she gains an interest in my Heart—unfelt there before!

Azim. What means my Lord!

Ibr. Accustomed but to Eastern Slaves, you are incapable of discerning the SOUL that animates Alexina.

Azim. Thanks to our Prophet, for denying Women the privilege of Souls. This is the first I have met with that makes any pretensions to one, and it seems given her only to plague every one about her!

Ibr. I am disgusted with the abject submission of our Eastern Captives, and rejoice that I have at length found a being who will excite in me the sensations of Hope and Despair.

Azim. Supreme Lord! (*Bows, his hands to his head.*) How is it possible that thou, for whom the glorious Sun enlivens the Universe, and who should'st give laws even to prostrate Kings—can'st think of suffering thy repose to be disturbed by a woman!

Ibr. If I am distinguished amongst men, that which best distinguishes man—refined love—ought in my breast to be more tender, more powerful, than in the breast of others.

Azim. Mighty Bassa, she will reject your Love; some threatened Penalty must—

Ibr. Go, go, thou talk'st of hearts, as though they were as much under discipline as Janizaries! Beware how thou endeavourest to weaken her haughty Spirit. I will abate nothing of her inflexibility, will be enamoured of her scorn, her cruelty shall be my Triumph!

Azim. My Lord! let thy Servant submit his fears! —The laws of this mighty empire will pass away, if Soul and Mind be granted thus to Woman!

Ibr. Am I to be opposed—retire Slave!

Enter Zilia.

Zilia. Why dont you go? have you not leave to depart? Come, try the fresh air, Goodman Whiskers!—(*Pulling him out by the sleeve.*)

[*Exit Azim.*

My Lord if you would follow my advice—

Ibr. I'll follow none! My Heart spurns at instruction as needless, requires no more your lessons than his! [*Exit.*

Zilia. Upon my word, he's advanced a great way in a short time! I thought to have managed him like a puppet; but presto! he leaves his instructor groveling behind! I must contrive something more than he exactly intends though!—Yes, I think that may do—Mustapha and the others—Yes, yes, with these I'll weave a web which, whilst it fills these gloomy regions with merriment, shall preserve Alexina—and gain Liberty for us all!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

THE GARDEN. *Enter* MUSTAPHA.

Mus. So, my Lord Bassa, that hasty step, and that eager look proclaim thy errand!

Enter IBRAHIM. (*hastily.*)

Ibr. Where is the Russian Slave? 'tis said she spends her hours in my garden, though I cannot see her here. Yet I fancy her presence in the fragrant breath of the Rose-trees! and her melodious voice, in the strains that the beauteous songsters pour forth from amidst the shrubs! Where is she Mustapha?

Mus. I saw her awhile ago on the Right there somewhere, but, may be, she's on the left by this time —there's no guessing!

Ibr. Azim persists still that she is all Insolence!

Mus. (*Aside.* I'll follow the lead, and destroy every wish he may have to behold her!)—Yes, yes, as to insolence, match me her fellow if you can. I believe it would be as easy to march an army to St. Petersburgh, as to subdue her petulance.

Ibr. Every word thou utterest gives new ardor to my hopes—I already adore her in idea!

Mus. (*Aside.* Hey-dey! what's all this?)

Ibr. Oh Mustapha, my imagination paints her till my heart sinks—a slave to this new love. I see the beauteous Scorner dart living lightnings from her eye, her cheek glow with chaste disdain, I weep in anguish at her feet, and implore her compassion; melted by my prayers, yet still rigid and reserved, I behold the bewitching Conflict in her soul—triumph

in the discovery—yet conceal my delight—still implore, still complain—

Mus. What then—what then, my Lord, you are not displeased at her haughtiness?

Ibr. Displeased! (*Smiling.*)

Mus. (*Aside.*) So, so, so! I have been driving on, when I should have been pulling back, spurring instead of using the check rein! If my description of her Mind frighten not—I'll try to deter him by a description of her Person!

Ibr. Nay proceed to paint her; pencil her in all her fascinating Pride, and heighten the flames within my heart—as you deck her in the coldness that reigns in the chilly regions whence she came.

Mus. To be sure, as to that, she's as cold as all their snow balls—she perfectly makes one's teeth chatter at her. But then—if truth must be spoken, there is, after all, considering her attractions, a Peculiarity about her.—Why now, my Lord, look at me!

Ibr. What means this?

Mus. Why, they have a joke here, that there is a considerable resemblance between this said beautiful creature and me!

Ibr. Ridiculous!

Mus. Particularly about the Nose!—nay, there are handsome likenesses, my Lord!

Ibr. Thou must be mad!

Mus. Not that I ever saw any myself—except in the shape indeed; but there the advantage is with me, for her right shoulder and her right ear are rather too near neighbours—they are always together! Then her hair, it may suit some eyes, but, according to my fancy, the colour is execrable!

Ibr. Wert thou not a Turk, I should believe thee intoxicated with wine.—I'll this instant seek the charmer, and judge myself how far— (*Going off.*)

Enter SELIM, *on the other side.*

Sel. My Lord! a Messenger from the Divan—

Ibr. (*Turns and stamps.*) What say'st thou!

Sel. With weighty dispatches!

Ibr. I wish they had been too heavy for his speed! —Let him wait! (*Still going.*)

Sel. He is ordered to return without delay to the Sublime Porte.

Ibr. Impossible!—Would the Sublime Porte were sunk beneath its own Lumber! [*Exit.*

Sel. What is all this? what does the wind carry now!

Mus. Whims and oddities of all sorts! The humours of Bassas it is as impossible to guess at as the weight of moonshine!

Sel. See! Alexina is weeping in that Arbour.

Mus. Bless her! and her cheeks through the tears look like the Carnations of the Garden—tinged with the dew of the Morn!—For a moment retire.

[*Exit Selim.*

Enter ALEXINA, *from an Alcove.*

Alex. Mustapha, trembling and grateful I have witnessed thy kindness! But, what will it avail? The dark prospect terrifies me! the rays of Hope have departed from my mind.

Mus. Nay, consider Hope, Lady, as a favorite Lover—never to be lost sight of.

Alex. Thou art light!

Mus. Even so is Hope!—as light as one of your own country Rein-deer. Never let her be detached from your sledge, and she will skim with you o'er all the frosty scenes of life!

Alex. Oh, that I could seize her! but, how is it possible within these walls—the abode of a Tyrant

and his Slaves? Say Mustapha—canst thou—canst thou not effect my escape!

Mus. There indeed Hope will give you the slip! for I could as easily spring into the air and pluck a feather from the flying Eagle, as help you in that. And, to tell you the truth, my Master cannot much longer be defrauded of seeing you—he seeks you now!

Alex. Dreadful words! thou can'st little guess at the horror with which they o'erpower me!—I do swear to thee—thee to whom my Vows were made, never to forget that I am thine! I have a Poniard that is thy surety—to be used but when pure angels shall nerve my arm to the blow, and sanctify an act —where abstinence would be the truest self destruction! [*Exit.*

Mus. By my Turban, I hardly know where I stand. If our women *have* souls, those of women of other countries must be of a different species I believe! This is the first time this sort was ever in *our* region!—Come hither, Selim, will you?—

Enter SELIM.

Be so good as to call on the Janissary Heli, he has sent me notice, that he has captured some slaves and other merchandize. Tell him that I shall be there directly, to look at his Women and his Velvets, I want to purchase some lively companion to cheer this mourner.

Sel. So then, Fate willing to plague us, we shall have another female! Of all the merchandize our traders deal in, Women give their purchasers the most trouble.—And our wise and puissant Bassa is as much out of his track in Courtship too as he would be in the moon;—why, he is as melancholy as the most moping lover on the wrong side of his Charmer's prison house!

DUET. SELIM *and* MUSTAPHA.

Nonsense! whining,
Pouting, pining,
  What Joke's in all this pother!
If one's a Prude,
And wont be woo'd,
  I'd suit me with another.

If blue eyes frown,
I'd turn to brown,
  Nor lose an hour in sighing.
Should half the sex
Combine to vex,
  They'd ne'er see me a dying.

SCENE III.

A WIDE COURT, WITH SEVERAL UNFINISHED BUILDINGS.

Slaves at work at a distance.

Some of them drive barrows across the Stage, and go off.

Enter A LA GREQUE, *in a Slave's habit, Wheeling a Barrow.*

A La Gr. Aye, wheel away Comrades—wheel away!—hang me if *I* do though!—I'll wheel no more of their rubbish! let the Bassa dig dirt himself. (*Oversetting his Barrow.*)—Why the Sun here in Turkey seems to keep himself warm! (*Seating himself on the ground.*) The former inhabitants of these parts, I have heard,* thought him a Coachman—but hang me if I dont believe he's a Baker, with a moveable oven always hot!—I wish he'd make acquaint-

ance with a Russian wind now for half an hour, or a good strong South-easter!—Whu! how I do long for a wind! if I was in Lapland, I'd buy all the witches have bottled up for ten years to come. (*Sings.*)

Blow, blow, blow, a gentle little breeze.
Bustle bustle bustle all amongst the trees—

Enter AZIM.

Azim. How now, you lazy monkey! What seated, tuning your pipes, in the middle of the day? To work —to work, Sirrah!

A La Gr. Why really I prefer tuning my pipes to work, good Mr Mussulman, I do indeed!

Azim. Then you shall smart, good Mr Frenchman, you shall indeed! (*Shaking his Whip.*)

A La Gr. Why, would you take the trouble to beat me such a day as this? the fatigue would kill you—I am not so entirely without Feeling as to suffer it! (*Azim gives him a cut.*) Ah! (*rising*) 'tis very hard that I am to be cut up in this way!—Pray, good Sir, can you tell me what are become of my own cloaths? I dont like these! They may be the last Paris cut for aught I know—I have not been there exactly lately—but, of the two, I'd rather have the old habits back again!

Azim. Want your cloaths back again!—they are a *Perquisite of Office*, Sirrah!

A La Gr. Why you wont take them from me will you?

Azim. Aye (*fiercely*)—or your head, were it a perquisite of Office!

A La Gr. (*Bows.*) Oh truly—I have all due dread and respect for Office! Pray, Sir, what may your's in this place be?

Azim. To keep you, and your fellow Slaves, to your duty!

A La Gr. And pray who keeps you to *your* duty?

Azim. Who? why myself, to be sure!

A La Gr. Then I think yourself is a great self-tyrant—to oblige you to perform a duty so distressing to your Politeness!

Azim. You are an odd fish!

A La Gr. No, I am one of a pair;—I have a twin brother, just like me.

Azim. The man who was taken with you?

A La Gr. No, he has not such good fortune! He's —ha! ha! a Russian Count and was my Master!—*Parbleu!* I could make you laugh about him!

Azim. Well!

A La Gr. About two months ago, Mr Slave-driver, he married.

Azim. Well!

A La Gr. A pretty girl troth, and daughter of one of the great Russian Boyards—a Boyard is a sort of Lord over the Peasants—I love to elucidate!

Azim. Well!

A La Gr. So, gentle Sir, a few hours after the ceremony, before the sun was gone down, and before the moon had thought about getting up for the evening—Whisp! his pretty Bride was gone!

Azim. Whither?

A La Gr. That's the very thing he would fain get at! Ma'am and he were walking, gentle as two Doves, admiring the glories of the setting sun in the Boyard's garden, which garden was bordered by trees, which trees were bordered by a river—out sprang from the Wood forty Turks, with forty Sabres, and forty pair of great whiskers, which so frightened the Bride, that, instead of running away, she fainted away, and staid there!

Azim. Ha! ha! ha! then my countrymen had a Prize! (*Grins.*)

A La Gr. Six of them hurried off with her to a Felucca, which lay in the river at the edge of the Wood, whilst all the rest employed my Master. I

suppose they would have had him too, but the Boyard with a large party of friends appearing suddenly, they thought fit to make off with what they had. Well, my Master staid all that night on the banks raving!

Azim. Ha! ha! ha! thy Story is well—and the Nightingales, I warrant, sung responses to his complaints, and the melancholy wood-dove coo'd in sympathetic sorrow!—It must have been very pleasant!

A La Gr. Oh, as pleasant as could be! But, it cost him a fortnight's lying in bed. (*Resting his arm familiarly on Azim's Shoulder.*) For a hissing hot fever laid hold of him, and the Doctors, with all their rank and file of phials and bolusses kept it safe enough in his veins—

Azim. Why, you impudent french liberty-taker—to your work! (*Twirling him round, with indignation.*)

A La Gr. Oh, I've not finished yet! I want to tell you how he joined the army, to have an opportunity of learning whether she had come this way, and how, in all the skirmishes we have had, he has drawn more Turkish blood than—I; and how he was caught at last reconnoitering—

Azim. Go! you are an idle rascal, and would rather talk an hour than work a minute. Go, or I will draw some of your french blood, to balance accounts with your Master!

A La Gr. Sir, you are exceedingly attentive; the most gentleman-like, civil, courtly, well-behaved slave-driver that a man could well encounter—(*Takes up the Barrow*)—my service to you, Sir!

(*Azim lashes him off.*)

Azim. The time he mentions, about two months, is about the period when our Felucca landed Alexina, and his account tallies exactly with the account of the captors.—Aye, it must be so!—Now, will it add to her misery, or diminish it, to know that her Husband is so near?—I must consider, and she shall

either know it or not, according to the effect which I think it will produce on her.—I know she deeply hates me, let her look to it!

Enter ORLOFF, *in a Slave's habit.*

Azim. Come, Sir, be so good as to take this spade into your hand. Dig you must and shall; I have had the honour to bring down as lofty spirits as your's before now.

Orloff. Torture I may not be able to escape—but I cannot submit to labour!

Azim. And why not? Has Nature made any Distinction between you and the rest of the Slaves? Look at yourself Sir! Your Form, your Limbs, your Habit! are they in aught different from the rest?

Orloff. Birth and Fortune have made distinctions.

Azim. But, Fortune has deserted you, and pray recommend the recollection of your Birth to follow her, that you may attend to business.—Here, take the spade!

Orloff. (*Snatches it, and throws it from him.*) Dare again insult me, I'll cast thee there, and tread on thee!

Azim (*Aside.*—Now, if the Bassa had not commanded me to abstain, I would have lashed him till his broken spirit brought him to my feet for Mercy! But, if I cant bend—I'll torture it!)—So, you think you can master me, do ye?

Orloff. I think not of thee.

Azim. No, I suppose—ha! ha!—your pretty Wife is in your thoughts!

Orloff. My Wife!—Ah! art thou apprized that I had a wife? (*Azim smiles contemptuously.*) Speak to me! tell me if thou know'st where she is!—Nay, turn not from me! every expression of thy countenance becomes important!—if thou wilt not speak to

me, let me but gaze on that, and there learn my Fate.

Azim. Well, gaze and gaze!—Read'st thou there her Story? Dost thou know whether she breathes, and where?

Orloff. Villain!—by every star in Heaven, if she lives, she's chaste! (*Pauses*) Had I gold and jewels, I would lavish the treasure at thy feet, but now—in Mercy—speak! tell me if Alexina lives!

Azim. Ha! ha! ha!—if Alexina lives!

(*Laughs again, walking slowly off.*)

Orloff. Nay thou shalt not avoid me! I will pursue thee, kneel at thy feet, perform each menial office, so thou wilt tell me of my Alexina!

Azim. (*Turning.*) Now!—where are the Distinctions of thy Birth! do they prevent your feeling yourself—the common son of Nature!

Orloff. They would prevent me from acting as thou dost!—Yet, thou shalt chide long, if thou wilt at length allay my Anguish—hear me, hear me!

(*Follows him out.*)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. THE GARDEN.

Enter MUSTAPHA.

Mus. Come along I say! What do you stand there for?—This is a stubborn one, I warrant her. Though she saw me pay down the money for her, she has not the least notion that she is sold! Nay, if you wont come Madam, I'll fetch you!

[*Goes out, and re-enters with Paulina new dressed.*

Pau. Law! how you haul one! I tell you I dont like to walk here—let me alone!

(*Trying to disengage her hand.*)

Mus. Come, come, Madam, none of your airs. You must here be obedient and civil.—Come along! The Janissary of whom I bought you told me you was a good natured creature.

Pau. Yes, but he was not so boisterous as you are —and he gave me these fine cloaths. See, all spotted with Silver! look at this beautiful Turban. He gave me all.

Mus. Why, that was only to set off your beauty, and raise your price on sale. But, I bought you for your good humour, that you might amuse here a sweet woman, who pines until she has become, like one of these myrtle blossoms, all paleness and fragrance.

Pau. What's all that to me. I shall be pale too, if I am to be snubbed by you.

Mus. Who wants to snub you? Behave yourself prettily, and you may live as merrily here as a Sparrow on a May-bush. The gentle creature, for whom I bought ye, comes from the same country as yourself I suspect, and I guessed you might divert her with your prattle.

Pau. Ah, did you so? Why you guessed as though you was a Conjurer;—for I am the most merry creature in our whole village, and, if I could but see my Father and Brother Peter—

Mus. Well, if you behave yourself pleasantly, and merit it, I'll buy your Father and Brother Peter too.

Pau. Buy! buy!—Why you talk of buying us, as though we were eggs at so much per dozen.

Mus. It is the mode here. We buy up Liberty, as a Rarity!

Pau. I wish you had not bought those frightful fellows that I see at work yonder.

Mus. Oh, they are now and then convenient. We want them to take off a female head that is troublesome, or to fit her neck with a Bow-string, when the whim happens to seize a great man, of amusing himself with such a pastime.

Pau. What wicked wretches you must be then! Get from my sight do! you frighten me so I cant bear ye!

Mus. Ah! you have a Spirit I see. Hark ye Hussy! (*Seizes her arm.*)

Pau. Oh dear heart, dont look so ferocious! I suspect you are a Tyger.

Mus. Dread my claws then!—See, here is the gentle creature for whom I bought ye. Had she had thy impertinence, she might have pined in sorrow, for me.

Enter ALEXINA.

Alex. Nay, it is impossible!—And yet it is fact; —art thou not Paulina, the daughter of my Father's Vassal Petrowitz?—Alas! thou art.—Unhappy Girl!

Pau. Goodness! goodness! if it is not Lady Alexina!

Alex. Thou canst not be ignorant that I was torn from my Husband, and dragged to Slavery!

Pau. I did not know that you was in this part of the World. But, I am monstrous glad to see you in it—I have always been in luck!

Mus. Yes, that Compliment was a Proof of it! However I find I have been in tolerable luck in my purchase. Try if you can amuse her child, I shall enlarge your party immediately! [*Exit.*

Pau. Though he is so pert, yet for all him I will say, that I would not but have seen you here for the best gown I have. Not even for this—so fine!

Alex. Ah Paulina! I fear it will lead to dishonour —that thou wilt sink to misery!

Pau. It is misery enough, to be brought into such an odd out of the way country as this! I have been here but an hour—and it seems an hundred! In one place a parcel of copper-coloured creatures without tongues pop out, glaring with their saucer eyes; and, if you want to talk, and be a little sociable—I believe they learnt their alphabet from the sheep—*ba! ba! ba!* is all you can get! Then in another corner—

Alex. Discontinue this strain. Speak to me of Orloff, and of my Parents! Did they bear up in the hour in which I was dragged from them?

Pau. Truly as bad as you could wish! At last, it was said that my Lord the Count went into the army. And there he played about him valiantly! I warrant he has paid the Turks for robbing him of you—in coin they wont like!

Enter Mustapha *and* Zilia.

Mus. Here, I have brought ye Zilia. She is a girl of Enterprize, and has hatched a fancy, which her powers of contrivance will bring to perfection.

Alex. Alas! in what can she serve me? Can she restore me to my Country, to my Husband!

Mus. Doubt her not, she has as many Plots as Dimples, so I leave you together. (*Pushes Paulina.*) Stand on the other side!

Pau. I hope you and I shall be always on contrary sides Mr. Cross-patch!

Mus. So hope I, Miss Nimble-tongue, or I should soon be beside myself! [*Exit.*

Alex. Are there then means, Zilia, of contriving my escape! Oh, hasten to gratify the hope he has raised.

Zilia. Ah! you know not the dangers you would incur.—Escape! a hundred lurking spies continually surround these walls, they have received their Orders —and here they only know to listen and to obey.

Alex. Can I tremble at Danger—when Honour is threatened!—'twere impious to doubt of Safety.

Zilia. Safety I hope to procure for you—but not through the medium of Danger! I was ignorant, Lady, of your marriage, until you, this instant, mentioned your Husband. This must cause some variation in my scheme.—Let me see!—I must give Ibrahim another object for the Passion (most extraordinary in these regions) with which I mean to inspire him. Hark ye, my dear, (*To Paulina.*) I must learn whether you know how to rule a Lover. Was you ever taught at home?

Pau. I never had but one. He was a Soldier; but as I neither liked to follow the Camp, nor to live a Widow bewitched, I made him beat his march!

Zilia. A regiment on its march, and your heart

not shiver to pieces amidst a thousand Alexanders and Cæsars!—However I shall teach you so to manage your next Lover, that he shall quit his standards and follow you!—(*To Alexina.*) Has the Bassa seen you yet?

Alex. He sent Azim to command me to his presence.—I will first rush into the regions of Death.

Zilia. Ha! ha!—Such a resolution in this country!—the notion is exotic—it is an ice-plant of the North!

Alex. (*With Scorn.*) Are you the Friend who was to soothe my Sorrows!—But, what could I expect from the contented inhabitant of such a place as this?

Zilia. Not so contented as you imagine, Lady. For, though I have taken a deep Interest in your welfare, I am prompted also to my Scheme by a hope—that it may procure escape also for myself and all my fellow captives.

Alex. Ah! hast thou a Heart capable of cherishing such a Hope? Recollecting thy Birth, I should have been less severe.

Zilia. Be grateful, Lady, that your's was under a better System! and remember, in mercy, that it is difficult not to be the mere creature of the institutions of our Country. Mine was Georgia, and sold as a Slave from thence, I am at least less guilty here than a contented inhabitant from the rest of Europe would be.

Alex. All allowance made for the force of Custom, in those who are ignorant of better, still *you* have elsewhere witnessed a happier System.

Zilia. True I have, where the qualities of a Woman's MIND render her the object of Affection, where she is beloved as the participator in all the Interests of her husband's life, and is respected whilst she is beloved.

Alex. Connubial love, Zilia, is the affection of a heart—all Virtue. Its foundation is nobleness of mind; and, opening to a woman a more extended

field for exercising all the charities of her nature, instead of degrading her in her society with man, it gifts her with loftiest Dignity, and throws a Grace around all her actions in life.

Zilia. Hence my determination to change all here.—I ought to have known what you would feel at my Levity; in gratitude for your reproof, I will but the more sedulously contrive escape for us all—to my joy no less than your's!

SONG. ZILIA.

To spring from sleep with jocund day,
  To hasten o'er the dewy plain,
To lead the dance, to mix in play,
  Or list, betrothed, my suitor swain,
To watch at noon my fleecy lambs
  Within a shady grove's recess,
To deck with Flowers their sportive dams,
  Or my white crook with garlands dress,
This was my envied chearful lot,
  For which I would all else resign;
Fate grant again my rural cot!
  Be peace and merry freedom mine!

Alex. Zilia! relieve my Suspense! impart the means of my escape.

Zilia. If my scheme succeed by the aid of this young creature, the Bassa shall never see you, or at least not until he has become attached elsewhere, with a fidelity that will exclude every other object. But, Madam, we must at present confer in private. I intreat you to retire with me.——Ah! (*To Paulina who is following.*) not so quick! Stay here until I return.—Stir not I charge you! [*Exit with Alexina.*

Pau. Stay here, indeed! There is pretty good care taken that one shan't run away! The walls are as high as their Mosques, and such piercing eyes

prowling about, that a mouse could not run from one shrub to another without observation.—How they all stare at me! So! here's another of them, he looks rather better than the rest, but I wont speak to him.

Enter IBRAHIM, *followed by Slaves.*

He turns and speaks to them with impatience.

Ibr. No more, no more of Business! Let not a thought of Duty here intrude itself—I have already sacrificed too much to it! (*They retire.*)—And now for converse with Alexina!—She must be here—I have found her—I have found her!

Pau. Heigho! what shall I do with myself? I'll gather Flowers for Lady Alexina. (*Gathers.*)

Ibr. My heart is already enslaved—she has a thousand charms! How dared Mustapha impute deformity to a figure—Symmetry itself! The hair he decried should form the Bow-strings of the God of Love they describe to me.

Pau. I guessed as much! another of the Bow-stringers!—Hang this sharp thorn, it has made my finger bleed!

Ibr. (*Advancing.*) Hail bright daughter of the Northern World!—Thou art born to make Hearts bleed! Thy beauty sprang where the sun gives but chilly beams, but thy charms are more glowing than those where he darts his fiercest rays!

Pau. (*Looks at him, then tosses her head scornfully away.*)—Nonsense!

Ibr. How exact were they in their description of her scorn!—Will you not speak to me?

Pau. I wonder at some people!

Ibr. What dost thou say? That mouth is too lovely to be closed so soon!

Pau. (*Talking to her flowers.*) You are very pretty, and you are very sweet, but you are not complete

yet——Good Mr What-d'ye-call reach me that flower that grows so high.

Ibr. How new! and how bewitching is this! (*Presents the flower.*)—Shall I arrange them for you?—Distinguished amongst Women, let me crown thee with the Myrtle of Love!

Pau. Get along do!

Ibr. Teach me not to displease you.

Pau. Get out of my way then!

Ibr. How she talks!—Do you know me?

Pau. Not I!—I wish I was out of this Prison, I know that.

Ibr. You are unacquainted with my Rank! Your haughtiness I was prepared to bow to, but I know not how to meet your Contempt.

Pau. Dont begin to redden at me! I mind you no more than I do this sallow leaf. There see! I blow it, and away it flies! Go after it with your fine speeches about this and that, there lies your Way!

SONG. PAULINA.

You think to talk of this and that,
And keep me here in silly chat,
But I know, I know better.
There clearly lies, kind Sir, your way!
Pursue it then I humbly pray,
And me you'll make your debtor.

Why, bless my stars, 'tis very odd
That here upon this verdant sod
I cannot stay alone.
But, now you know so clear my mind,
Mayhap you'll leave me here behind,
I prithee, Sir, begone!

[*Goes to a distance.*

Ibr. Charming Songstress! you bid me go, whilst

I am rivetted by eyes, wild and full of fire as those of the Antelope—when first in the Morn he darts his glance across the plain!

Pau. If my eyes keep you here, I'll shut them. There—how do you like me now?

Ibr. In vain you close them, unless you could likewise hide that rosy mouth, those teeth, those features—that Form!—I could love you though you were blind.

Pau. What! a hard-hearted Turk, who cuts heads off, love!

Ibr. Pshaw! I love you to distraction! could exist for ever around you, as the humming-bird lives on the vapour of the Rose!

Pau. (*Aside.* Now what can he mean by all this? I believe a Boyard could not talk finer!)—Aye, all of ye talk in a very flaming way in this part of the world—but I dont understand you! All I know is, that I dont love you, and I wont marry you. Do you understand that!

SONG. IBRAHIM.

Charming Nymph! Oh, learn your Duty,
Vain is Wit, and vain is Beauty,
If, insensible to Love,
Sighs nor tears your heart can move!

Behold the Bird on yonder spray,
Sweet sonnets chaunting through the day,
Her mate sports round on playful wings,
Whilst she with joy more sweetly sings.

When blithe Beauty's flown away,
Auburn tresses changed to grey,
Then in cold neglect you'll mourn,
Vainly sigh for Youth's return!

Pau. I dont like your advice at all! There is more wisdom in an old song in my country, Russia.

SONG. PAULINA.

Let Girl of Wit and Charms possess'd,
By all admired, by all caress'd,
Who needs, with fascinating eyes,
But mark her victim, and he dies!
Dominion keep while 'tis her own,
Her hand bestowed, the Suitor's flown,
The inchantment's broke! the Lamb will
A surly Bear she'll find her spouse! [rouze,
[*Withdraws to the back of the Stage.*

Ibr. The Enchantress! how well she knows the power of Love—I dare not pursue her! Oh no, she shall have a million of unreasonable wishes, that I may have the pleasure of humouring them! [*Exit.*

Pau. (*Coming down.*) So! he's gone!—

Enter ALEXINA, MUSTAPHA, *and* ZILIA.

ah! see what sweet Flowers I have gathered for you! Why did you stay so long!

Alex. Oh, my sweet girl, I owe every thing to you!

Pau. What, all this for the Flowers!

Alex. No, for Hope—for sweet returning Hope! —Paulina, the powerful Bassa is thy Slave—he truly loves you! I have witnessed your interview, and greet that fortune which has done for me in an instant, what, by a train of contrivances, we meant to have procured.

Mus. Ah! but you little rogues, 'tis I that have done it, 'tis I that have brought about all this. Though in this, as in some other great actions, more is owing to chance than skill.

Pau. Why what makes *you* so full of your brags?

Zilia. Why are you not sensible of your happiness in subduing the Heart of one of the greatest personages in the Empire?

Pau. What—he is not then one of those cruel men who bow-string us?—How could I treat the Gentleman so? I'll run after him, and make it up!

[*Running off.*

Alex. (*Following, and holding her.*) Stay! or you undo me! my fate is in your hands!

Mus. Hark ye, my pretty maid! our Bassa happens to have an odd fancy—he doesn't like too much honey.

Zilia. Do you wish to retain his Heart? hearken to me—plague it! you'll lose him, you fool, if you are tender! remember this for ever.

Pau. Why, that's just the way in my country too; as our Ladies grow fond, their Lovers grow careless; for all the world like the little wooden man and woman in the weather box—when one pops into the house, *pop* the other walks out.

Mus. Keep the lesson you have heard in your mind, and you may be a very great Lady. Take care not to begin your pops too soon!

Zilia. Come, my good girl, you shall go with me, and I will give you the prettiest lesson you ever learnt. In half an hour, you shall be able to play on a husband's mind, as though it were a musical instrument—every note shall be obedient to your wish.

Alex. Be attentive to her lessons, my dear Paulina; my Felicity depends on your Success. Preserve your own innocence, and be the guardian of mine.

Pau. Preserve my own innocence! Aye, to be sure I will! for my Father has read to me, out of a good book, that a woman who has lost her innocence, has lost her Charms, and, like a faded rose that has fallen, the foot of every passenger will tread on

her!—My dear Lady, why, your eyes look as bright again as they did!

Alex. Hope hath awaken'd his Lustre in them! My Heart is full—the brightest visions glide before me!

Zilia. Come hither away, Paulina, to School!

[*Exeunt, all but Mustapha.*

Enter SELIM.

Sel. Why, Mustapha, the Russian Slave passed me with a look all pleasure! whence can it spring?

Mus. From a hope of getting rid of a Lover, because the Bassa has fallen in love with Contempt! My Turban to a Jew's tobacco box, we shall have strange revolutions here!

Sel. What a Whim!—grow fond of Mind! and of mind in an ill-humour too! Who ever heard of it here as an object of Love at all!

Mus. Well, every country hath its fancy!—the doctrine however is certainly not orthodox amongst Mussulmen!

DUET. MUSTAPHA. SELIM.

Give us a female soft and kind
  Whose joy 'twould be to love us,
The beauties of her precious Mind,
  Attract not, they're above us!

But dimpled cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
  Are here deemed Wit and sound sense,
And better worth a Lover's sighs
  Than stores of mental nonsense!

Here but a beauteous rose-leaf lip
  Speaks Reason and bright Science,
Mind Soul and Love in Fellowship!
  Impossible Alliance!

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I. A QUADRANGLE.

On one side a lofty Garden Wall.

A LA GREQUE *trying to peep through.*

From behind are heard bursts of Laughter.

A La Gr. I hope the workmen are bowstringed that built this Wall! Not a chink or cranny can I find, through which to catch the thousandth part of a Sun-beam. (*Laugh within.*) There again! (*Enter a Turk who crosses.*) Hark ye, Mr. Gravity! is there no getting a peep into these pretty gardens?

Turk. No!

A La Gr. What, are they never to be seen?

Turk. No!

A La Gr. If a body was to venture its neck over the wall to look at them—do you think it would be safe?

Turk. No!

A La Gr. Do you believe the Bassa would forgive such an innocent piece of Curiosity?

Turk. No!

A La Gr. Why, Master Mahomet, you manage your stock of words discreetly! Are you afraid they

wont last till winter if you let them fly off in couples?

Turk. No!

A La Gr. Well done, Steady! (*Aside.* I'll see if I cant coax him though!)—Come, friend, I'll give you a Song on the word you are so fond of.

SONG. A LA GREQUE.

A sapient Gemman once I saw,
The neighbours said he studied law.
When, full of grief,
In hand a Brief,
A *poor* man came,
Kind Sir, he cried,
Plead on my side!
The Lawyer careless answered—No!

One of the preachers would you ask,
To do a *charitable* task
For Tom and Sue,
A Couple true
Who'd fain be tied,
With eye elate,
And strut of State,
The surly preacher answers—No!

Should labouring honest low-fed Dick,
Through constant starving very sick,
To Doctor send,
By some kind friend,
To *beg* Advice,
He strait will see
No hope of Fee,
And, two to one, he answers—No!

To a young beauty should you kneel,
And talk of all the pangs you feel,
With eye askance,
She'll steal a glance,
And blushing sigh;
But Marriage press,
And urge to bless,
She'll whisper forth a trembling—No!

A Politician ask to vote,
Who lists of Places knows by rote.
Though the State's good
He understood
You had in view,
Yet should he find
No Place designed,
His bow polite, you know, means—No!

Turk. I like your Song.
A La Gr. And I like your praise!
Turk. To reward you I'll show you a place where, by the help of good climbing, I sometimes get a squint over the wall—though if it were known, my next squint would be in t'other world.
A La Gr. Come along then! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

THE GARDEN.

Enter Zilia and Female Slaves, calling to their companions
Who enter from opposite sides all the way up the Garden.

During the Song others enter, dancing to the Music.

CHORUS.

Come away! come away!
Companions so gay!
Come away! Come away!
Let no idler stay!

SONG.

This is Freedom's precious hour,
Welcome airy sportive Mirth!
We'll enjoy thee whilst we've power,
Give to all thy whimsies birth!

Let our Masters burst with spite,
We'll ne'er heed their shrugs or frowns,
Vary every blithe delight,
Whilst brisk joy our freedom crowns.

This is Freedom's precious hour,
Welcome airy sportive Mirth!
We'll enjoy thee whilst we've power,
Give to all thy whimsies birth!

CHORUS.

Come away! come away!
Companions so gay!
Come away! come away!
Let no idler stay!

First Slave. Thank our stars, we have again escaped from restraint, and, for one hour, our actions and our minds are free. [*All going off.*

A La Gr. (*Appearing over the wall.*) Ha! ha! ha! You little merry rogues, you're there are you? Give ye mirth and phantasy, whu! you're in an extacy!

(*The Women all run off shrieking, except* ZILIA.)

Zilia. Presuming Slave! do you know the consequence of your temerity in mounting so loftily?

A La Gr. Yes, that you deem it the higher compliment!

Zilia. Pshaw! your Vanity has raised you quite as much as the wall—escape! escape! [*Exit.*

A La Gr. You little saucy jade, come back under the wall and blow me a kiss—You wont! Why get along then, you ill-humoured Baggage—ah! what you look back do you? you'd better turn!—This is a fine place for the Gypsies hang me if it is not.—Ah! here comes another—

Enter PAULINA.

hark ye pretty maid—come this way.

Pau. Gracious! where can that voice come from? I see nobody! (*Running about.*)

A La Gr. I say, you little rogue, if—why can this be? If my eyes are my own eyes, and if her eyes are her's, it is Paulina, the daughter of old Petrowitz!

Pau. (*Clapping her hands.*) Why that impudent

head was once on the shoulders of *A La Greque!* who ever thought to see it on the top of a Turkish wall?—What, have they bought you too?

A La Gr. Oh no, I was taken fighting, after disarming a dozen Turks, and killing one of their Bassas. The cowardly rogues have shut me up here, for fear I should do them further mischief. I believe they thought I had a design on the Crown!

Pau. Pshaw! nonsense.

A La Gr. What, did you not hear that the Grand Turk offered a reward for my Head?

Pau. Your head!—why what could he do with it?

A La Gr. As I had no inclination to learn, I took to my heels to carry it off.

Pau. Why then—how came it there! (*Pointing.*)

A La Gr. Oh, that was because a whole army set upon me and my Master, Count Orloff, and at last took us.

Pau. Mercy! is your Master Count Orloff here?

A La Gr. Is he? aye, lock'd up within these Gates.

Pau. If ever I heard the like! Why his Lady Alexina, who was stolen from him, is lock'd up here too!

A La Gr. She here too! Why this place is like the sick Lion's den, where all the beasts of the Forest assembled together!

Voices. (*Without.*) Help! help! here's somebody talking to one of the female slaves!

A La Gr. I'll prove you Liar in your teeth!

(*Goes down.*)

Enter several Slaves.

First Slave. Where is the stranger to whom you were talking? I heard his voice.—Let us drag her before the Bassa!—Go you and search the Gardens.

Second Slave. (*Apart.*) We must take care what we do here! This is the new Slave whom we were

commanded to respect.—As long as she is in favour, her word will go further than our's.

First. I understand you!—(*Turning.*) I thought I heard a voice, but sounds deceive, or it might be a Bullfinch perhaps. We beg pardon for the mistake Lady! [*Exeunt Slaves.*

Pau. Ha! ha! ha!—But, how oddly things turn out. Little does Lady Alexina think her Husband is so near.—Hist! *A la Greque! A la Greque!* Pshaw! he's gone down now. Well I'll run to bless her with the News, and to take another lesson for my behaviour to the Bassa. I shall be able then to behave as proud, as though my Father were a Noble of the Land!—Let me see, how was it I was to be a fine Lady?—First, I must disguise all the feelings of my Heart. But, how can I do so, without telling Fibs? Well but, as a fine lady, I find I mustn't mind that! Secondly; when he kneels, I must turn from him, or hum a tune thus—(*hums.*)—Did you speak to me Sir? and if he attempts a salute, I must complain of his insolence, and walk away thus!

(*Walks off scornfully.*)

SCENE III.

THE BUILDINGS.

Enter AZIM. *with* ISMAEL *and Slaves.*

Azim. We must stand by each other Brothers! As the case stands, Alexina is wonderfully in favour; it seems as though the Bassa's passion encreases in proportion as he hears of her perverseness! She will, no doubt, be revenged on us all, for the severities she endured previous to our Lord's arrival. The Bassa has just now threatened vengeance to all who displeased her!

Ismael. Will not Imprisonment displease her then?

Azim. 'Tis likely it may, but there is no danger in that to us; for we can, if necessary, connive at her escape. And, if we allow her to leave the Palace, she, whose mind is so discordant with all that passes here, will readily pardon the Prison!

Ism. Well, well, let her be locked up, as you say, and then we may persuade him that she has escaped. We can dig down part of an old wall, and drop a Ladder, and who can doubt that that's proof of it?

Azim. Yes, and that old tower will be a proper place to confine her in; for (*drily*) I dont entirely approve of poisoning her, and then, if need be, she can hereafter be produced.

Ism. Why, aye we need not destroy her at present. It may you know be done, if it should happen to seem necessary, hereafter. Where shall we seize her?

Azim. She is generally in the Garden, and alone. —We must watch for a moment when Mustapha is absent.

Slave. Somebody comes!

Azim. Disperse several ways! Those who have a Plot in hand should never be seen together—a flight of crows proclaims prey! [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter ORLOFF *and* A LA GREQUE.

Orloff. Pursue me not, contemptible wretch! My sorrows are too sacred to be interrupted by resentment at thy folly.—Most torturous fate! to know that my Alexina lives, and not to know where.—My chains grow heavy indeed!

A La Gr. I rather think, Sir, I can make them jingle lighter!

Orloff. Begone, I say!

A La Gr. Aye, people often drive good fortune

from them! I shall only say, as I was saying before, that this place has a Garden, and that that garden has a Wall!

Orloff. My beloved Bride! could I but cheer thee by my voice, could I but lessen thy anguish by speaking to thee of my own!

A La Gr. Well—a wall!—What is a Wall to me?

Orloff. Could I each morning, as I greet its rays, but behold thee, I could bear to live even in this wretched state, and should creep each night to my straw pallet with less despondency, having first received from thy sweet eyes farewell!

A La Gr. To be sure the Wall is a high wall, and a strong wall; but, it is *but* a Wall!

Orloff. If thou darest mention the wall again—

A La Gr. Well, I won't then; but, was I to tell you what that Wall contains, I really believe you would forgive all my sauciness for ten years to come!

Orloff. Ah! there lurks some meaning—What wouldst thou say?

A La Gr. Aye, such a meaning!

Orloff. Oh, trifle not!

A La Gr. Why then, in two words, I have climbed the Garden Wall, and who do you think I saw in the Garden—Who do you think?

Orloff. Speak! (*grasping his hand*) Speak!—life depends upon thy words!

A La Gr. Then, my Lord, there, as sure as you lost your Bride on the day of Marriage, there I saw the fair——Paulina daughter of old Petrowitz!

Orloff. Torture!

A La Gr.—(*Aside. C'est bien drole!* too much for him? how would he then have borne it had I seen his Wife!)—(*Goes to him*) My Lord! my Lord! Why he's as pale as Death—I dare not tell him now that Alexina is within a hundred yards of him—the extasy of that would compleat the business!

Orloff. Bitter, bitter disappointment! it has rived

my Heart!—Wretch! to raise my hopes with artful cruelty, and then—but why do I talk to thee!

[*Exit.*

A La Gr. Why, if he would but have had Patience, and let me talk a little longer, I was just going to tell him that his Wife— but hang Patience! it is a humble Virtue, and not fit, it seems, for a Gentleman. Before I next see him, I'll scale the wall again—for news for him about his Wife!

SCENE IV.

A PRISON.

Voices are heard without, ALEXINA *shrieks.*

Azim. (*Entering.*) Stop her mouth, and drag her in!

ALEXINA *dragged in, her hair dishevelled.*

Alex. Monsters—desist!—Drag me not from day, and from my husband!

Azim. This is your habitation, Madam, make the best of it.

Alex. At whose command is it my habitation? What is my Crime?—You act without the knowledge of your Lord, and, if you do, doubt not his Vengeance! he cannot authorize such Cruelty!

Azim. Come, come, Madam, a few weeks spent here will quiet you a little. Your sorrows wont be half so violent a fortnight hence—let that comfort you!

Alex. A Fortnight! Oh, it is an Eternity! Death is nothing to this!—Dragged, at such a moment, from Light and Health and Hope!—(*Running about wildly.*) My husband is in the Palace!

[illegible] him get you out, if he can!

[illegible] *kneeling*) Tell him only that his

Alexina is here, that I may but hear his steps as he walks around my prison !

Azim. Aye, you're mighty *humble* now; you know what insolence I have borne from you.

Alex. Oh, forgive me! Here, take this ring. (*Rising.*) It is rich, but not half so rich as shall be thy reward, if thou wilt be my friend—if thou wilt pity me !

Azim. Well! I am so far softened that I permit thee to use the apartment next this! It has more air and light—I'll unlock it—its last Inhabitant had it fourteen years. There! you shall each added day have your allowance of food. Whether you are ever released or not depends on yourself. Be patient! that only can serve you.

Alex. Patient! Oh, it shall be my Prayer! though still—I fear my brain will be disturbed!

Azim. Well, you'll find no other disturbance here! Come Madam (*Forces her in, and shuts the door.*) There, she's safe, and that makes us safe!—Now, let us go and fix the rope-ladder, to be able to swear, if necessary, that she has escaped!——Comrades! they talk of countries where what we have done might be punished by the Sufferer!—but, we fear no punishment from any quarter but our Masters—and them we deceive!

[*Exeunt, laughing.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I. A SPACIOUS APARTMENT.

Enter PAULINA, *running from the top.*

Pau. (*Looking back.*) He follows me still.—Ah! Zilia little thinks of the difficulty I have, to behave to him as though I hated him. How hard it is when one sees a great gentleman, who I am sure will marry me, ready to die at one's feet—and to be forced to be snappish!—He is coming here! which way shall I run next? (*Looking about.*)

Enter IBRAHIM.

Ibr. Oh fly me not—yet fly! Even the distance you throw me at, heightens your charms, and, whilst it tortures, bewitches me!

Pau. (*Aside.*) I do like to hear him talk!

Ibr. You smile! Ah, know you the value of such smiles? each merits a Throne.

Pau. I suppose you hope, by all this, to make me forget I am a Captive!

Ibr. It is I who am *your* Captive!

Pau. I tell you once again, I can never be happy here. All is dismal, not a window to the Street! Nothing to look at but trees, and fountains, and [illegible] black slaves.

[illegible] have the transport to interest

your Heart—this hated place would seem transformed to an Enchanted Palace!

Pau. But, I tell you I never will suffer my Heart to be interested! (*Aside.* It is very hard that I must belie my Conscience so—it makes my Heart jump every time!)

Ibr. Who knows what persevering constant Love may do? You may at length—rapture! confess an enchanting Pity for me.

Pau. (*Aside.*—I could confess it now perhaps, if I might speak out!)

Ibr. Charming creature—say only that I am not hateful to you!

Pau. (*Aside.*—It would be the truest word I ever spoke!)—But I will say that you *are* hateful to me—never speak to me about Love again!—In that room yonder they are singing and playing; but, dont you come I charge you—I will not let you come—or if you do, not a word—(*Looking back.*) No, not one word about Love! [*Exit.*

Ibr. If there be Language in Looks, her words are false; 'tis but by her lip, not her eye, that love is forbidden!—Charming sex! who can make refusal bliss, and give delight even in denying! (*Going.*—*Noise behind.*) Ah! what Noise is that?

(*Puts his hand to his Scymetar.*)

Orloff. (*Without.*) Base Slaves, in vain you oppose me! were your master surrounded by all his ministers of Vengeance, I would force my way.

ORLOFF *bursts in.*

ISMAEL *and* SLAVES *endeavouring to withhold him.*

After them SELIM *enters.*

Ibr. Your way! Did not I pay some regard to your fame as a Soldier, by Mahomet your life's swift stream should pay me for this insult!

Orloff. Talk not of Life! Restore to me my Bride! restore—but canst thou? can'st thou restore to me the spotless angel, whom Heaven's most sacred ordinance made mine?

Ibr. Wretches! allow a Madman to assail me thus!

Orloff. Thy Life, base Turk! shall be assailed. No Madman, but an injured Husband stands before thee!—Restore her! give her back to me, pure as the light of that morn on which I led her from the Altar.

Ibr. Slaves speak! declare who it is he means—or dread my vengeance! (*Aside.*—Fear thrills my blood—it must be her!)

Sel. Sir! it is the lovely Russian that he claims!

Ibr. Ah! and doth he dare to this extent!—away with him to the torturous death he merits!

[*Slaves seize him.*

Pau. (*Rushing in, and catching hold of Orloff.*) Astonishment! Horror! stop base wretches!—Ibrahim! I cannot speak—have you a Heart!

Ibr. (*Aside.*—Ah! she *is* then his Wife!) Speak Russian! art thou the Husband of the beauteous Slave I love?

Orloff. Love!—may I yet avenge me that thou hast given utterance to the word!

Ibr. And art thou—but my Heart feels 'tis true!—Let both be forced from my presence!—(*They lead out Paulina.*) I distrust my power of self restraint! Tear him away, lest I stain my honour with the blood of her husband whom I adore.

Orloff. Stir I will not—give full sway to your vengeance—it would be Mercy now!

Ibr. Amidst the agonies in which I see thee, thou art still my Envy!—She is thy wife—she surely loves thee! By what tortures would I not purchase your felicity! Bear him off I command—hurt him not—

[illegible]nce!

[illegible]! me Slaves! (*They drag him off.*)

O Ibrahim, what remains for thee

--within whose eager reach the utmost happiness, a moment since, seemed placed!

Ism. Mighty Lord! is not the beauteous slave within your power?

Ibr. No! removed from it for ever—for her Heart is unattainable.

Sel. Is it your pleasure Sir that we remove her altogether, and discard her with her Husband?

Ibr. Never!—Virtue, in exacting that, thy commands are too rigorous!—I will go this instant, and at her feet——I dare not—if I see her I am lost! If I see her, with a dread of losing her, barriers human and divine would fall before me! [*Hastens off.*

Ism. Run from the woman he loves!

Sel. His generous spirit refrains from the exercise of tyrannic power.

SONG. SELIM.

Love, disdaining to controul,
Nobly great, and pure as flame,
Captive holds th'obedient soul,
Shudders at assumptive claim!

Modest Beauty care beguiles,
What delight can Power impart?
Comes joy of extorted smiles?
Void of Friendship in the Heart!

Ism. Aye, these are all strange foreign feelings, that will pass away, or the Bassa must change his nature!

Sel. Oh! though his passions are headstrong as the winds of the north that stir the Forest, yet will Reflection, in its holy ministry, their boisterous sway allay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ZILIA *and Female Slaves.*

Zilia. Ah! this room is luckily empty! Bring in the Bassa's Seat. We'll set it up here, to see how it looks before it goes to the pavilion. Come, make haste! (*They bring in a long narrow seat.*) Set it just here. Now on with its beautiful covering.

[*They put it on, it reaches to the Ground.*

Now bring the Canopy.

[*They bring in a decorated Canopy, fixed on a small Pilaster, and place it behind the Seat.*

Fix it just here. There, that will do. (*Walks round it.*) Mercy! what's that noise?—Why, here comes that impudent Slave that was hanging over the wall!

Female Slaves run in, followed by A LA GREQUE.

A La Gr. Fie! fie! pretty creatures, never spoil sweet features, with such spiteful angry looks! Grant me one salute, to save my life, for I am famished.

Zilia. It would cost thee thy life, should it be known.

A La Gr. Known!—(*Going to a distance.*) Madam! Do you think I am a man to betray Secrets? I am only come here to learn one.

Zilia. Why, you are quite at your ease!

A La Gr. Why yes. And in order that I may be thoroughly so, I'll sit down and be comfortable on this pretty seat.

Zilia. You must not sit there! it is a little Throne made on purpose for the Bassa.

(*They endeavour to prevent him.*)

A La Gr. (*Haughtily.*) Oh then, it is just the Seat for a Frenchman to seize! Besides, I am here upon an important enquiry, and the Seat of State becomes it! Pray, have you one Alexina here, in her way [illegible] I came to enquire for a Friend of mine. [illegible] ttle rogue (*Laying hold of Zilia's hand*)

come here and sit down by me, you shall be my Bassa-ess, and tell me all about her.

Zilia. Stranger! this is no place for Jesting! Fly swifter than light—unless you like Death!

A La Gr. Like him! Not I.—Death is an Aristocrat! and I am bound as a frenchman to hate him.

Azim. (*Without.*) Search every where! He must be hereabout—I saw him descend. Come on this way!

Zilia. There! Now, carelessness or discretion will be equally ineffectual—you are on the threshold of destruction!

Slaves. We too are lost!

A La Gr. Not unless I am found!—A dozen women without a scheme to save one man! (*Throws himself upon his knees, turning to one, then to another.*) Save me! save me!

Zilia. What use is there in kneeling?—yet there is use!—Lower! lower still! rest on your hands.—Reach the seat—quick! quick!

(*They put the Seat, and its covering, upon him, and place the Canopy behind him.*)

Azim. (*Without*) Come this way I say!—here he must have passed. (*Enters with others.*) Fly all of ye—hide yourselves. The new french Slave is somewhere here. Frenchmen there is no being guarded against—at other's cost they make *themselves* free every where. You, Ismael and Hafez, go and search the inner apartments, I'll wait here with the rest, to intercept him should he escape you.

[*Exeunt Ismael and Hafez.*

Zilia. Oh, we'll take care he shall remain snug where he is!—You had better follow the rest.

(*Pushing him.*)

Azim. I chuse to watch here.—This hurry and exertion is somewhat too much for a Turk! so I'll sit down.

Zilia. Pardon me, we have made this seat for the

Bassa alone! It is not your turn to be throned yet Master Azim. (*Places herself before the Seat.*)

Azim. I say I'll sit there Madam—so away! I have been walking since sun-rise.

Zilia. Then walk till it sets. Motion is healthful!

Azim. Away from the seat! I say I will have a sit down.

Zilia. And you shall have one, if I can procure it for you, some day or other, and such a one as you shall never forget!—but, this seat none shall have but the Bassa.

Azim. Patience is worn out!—I'll convince you in a moment—(*Goes to Zilia, and seizes her hand to pull her away.*)

Ism. (*Without.*) We have found him!—we have found him!—A door is fastened on the inside—he must be there!

Azim. Follow! follow!—Now, we'll show a Frenchman what Liberty is in Turkey!

[*Exeunt all but the female slaves.*

A La Gr. (*Getting up with the Seat upon him.*) That fellow is certainly Cerberus turned Turk!

(*They disengage him.—Voices without.*)

Zilia. They return! Waste not an instant—Begone!

A La Gr. Well, farewell to all of ye! and may all some day or other, have the luck to escape from hence like me! [*Exit.*

Zilia. Let us run and appease Azim. You hear he is loud! his vengeance, losing another object, may fall on us—Haste! haste! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

THE GARDEN. MOONLIGHT.

Enter IBRAHIM, *at a distance, thoughtfully.*

Followed by Selim.

Sel. My Lord, dare I offer consolation!

Ibr. I can receive none!—I have resolved she shall never know an Insult. I may—hereafter—perhaps restore her to her Husband.

Sel. That will be a moment of Triumph to yourself! Affliction is a Blessing, when it produces Magnanimity.

Ibr. When I can do that, Virtue thou may'st boast a Victory indeed! When I can resolve no more to view the sweet radiance of her eyes, to behold no more the unartificial Graces that adorn her, when I shall search these groves in vain for that dear Form, and listen and hear her voice no more—then Virtue thou may'st indeed boast a Triumph! (*A Pause.*) Leave me! night and Solitude best harmonize with my mind. [*Exeunt, different sides.*

ORLOFF *appears at the top of the Wall And calls to* A LA GREQUE *behind.*

Orloff. Quick, prithee! mount and give me the Rope. Thou art as slow, as if this moment were not the most precious of my life!

A La Gr. (*Appearing*) Consider, I have but just had one escape, my Lord, and another escape may escape *me.* Here's the Rope for you, however, if you will be so venturesome. You'll find it long enough—I wish you may never be at the end of it.

Orloff. (*Takes the Rope, and is let down.*) Environ'd with Dangers as I am! this moment is the first that, for succeeding months, has given me one gleam of comfort.

A La Gr. Well, my Lord, I leave you to enjoy it all, I'm off!! The very Moon over my head seems to say—Sweet *Monsieur A La Greque*, your Master is under my influence, so take care of yourself!

(*Withdraws.*)

Orloff. Ye walks, which the feet of my Alexina have so often passed, ye trees whose pendent boughs have given to her beauties your softening shade, ye Fountains, whose murmurs may have lulled her sorrows to repose, my full Soul greets ye!

(*Soft vocal and instrumental music, at a distance.*)

Ah! surely her voice floated on the passing breeze! —It cannot be. No; though charged with many a sweet note, it bore not her's! Thou pale Moon, dart more seducive rays, and tempt my Angel from her retirement!—Ah! again the Music! near that spot then may she be found—whose Soul is Harmony. (*Music still heard for a short time.*) Perchance, whilst music floats the air each way around, my voice, unnoted by any ear but that of Love, may draw her thence.

SONG. ORLOFF.

Cupid spread thy rapid wings!
Haste from Cytherean groves,
Where the beauteous Psyche sings,
Guarded by a band of Loves.

Throw around a spicey cloud,
Shade me from Suspicion's eyes!
Lead me through the watchful crowd,
thy guiltless Votary dies!

[*Exit up the Garden.*

Enter PAULINA, *opposite side.*
Music continues a few bars.

Pau. Where, where can the Bassa conceal himself? I am tired of seeking him. Can he be offended that he flies me thus! Alas! I feel that I could not bear to pain him!—

Enter MUSTAPHA.

Ah! Mustapha! hast thou seen the Bassa?

Mus. Not I. I have been taken up in watching the motions of Azim, who, I am sure, has some contrivance in hand, though I cannot divine what.—Where is the gentle Alexina?

Pau. I dont know—I have not seen her for a very long time!

Mus. Nor I—I'll seek her out.—Should the Bassa have seen her, I would not give an old Turban for our scheme for you!—But, what's the matter? You look as dismal as a Widow at the funeral of her second husband!

Pau. I cant find the Bassa—I have been looking for him till my eyes are dizzy. He actually flies me now, he does indeed!

Mus. Aye, aye, you would be smirking, though I put ye on your Guard! You have learnt now, child, that fondness is cloying. Dash sweet sauce with acid, or it palls on the palate.

Pau. So I did then. I was as cross as I could be. —To be sure I must say, that at leaving him, I told him—I told him he might follow; if he did not talk about Love though!

Mus. Aye, now 'tis out! You gave leave to follow—and, of course, he runs away! (*Angrily.*)—

This is the way you should treat him—"Keep your distance Sir—how can you be so confident!—I hate you—I do indeed!"—This you see would be graceful and captivating!

Pau. That captivating?—ha! ha!

Mus. I tell ye, Women are all Fools! If the sweet rogues knew what they lose when they cease to blush, and resign timidity for a confident air, we should soon see all their affectations resigned for one—better affected than not seen at all—an air of modesty. [*Exit.*

Pau. For all he thinks he knows so much, the next time I'll follow my own way, I am determined!

Mus. (*Appearing at the side*) Remember the hint I gave you. If our Master should see your Country-woman, all your hopes will be wisked off in a hurricane! You may as well attempt to catch a husband with bird-lime, as to catch him after that; so—prevent it!—prevent it! [*Exit.*

Pau. How can I prevent it? Alack-a-day! what he fears has happened. As sure as harvest is yellow Lady Alexina must certainly have seen the Bassa—and he'll now be her Adorer as he calls it. May be he's at her feet sighing as he was to day at mine—I cannot bear it! the sight would break my heart!—Mercy, he is here! he is here!

Enter IBRAHIM *musing; seeing* PAULINA *starts.*

Ib. Oh Paulina, hide thee! hide thee! At sight of thee every resolution fails,—the pure flame of Virtue scarcely can exist! (*Gazing on her.*) Cruel Stranger—why did'st thou not at first tell me thou wert, in right and heart, another's! Why suffer mine [illegible]urous love, in ignorance that thine for another!

Pau. What other?——(*Sings. Without Music.*)

Oh! ne'er till now this breast Love knew,
'Tis you alone e'er stole my heart,
It now can beat alone for you!
'Tis only now it feels Love's dart.

Ibr. Oh thou Enchantress!—Thou Wife of envied Orloff—thou hast my Soul in thraldom!

Pau. Wife of Orloff!—wherefore call me thus!—Oh, spare me if I speak too plain—make me but *your* wife, my heart—my whole heart—will be your's! You have awakened its first tender thought, will retain it to the last!

Ibr. Art thou not his Wife!—whence then the anxiety which this day made thee save him?

Pau. I heard thee but pronounce his dreadful Fate! And, let me tell you—that thou didst forget the Turk in thee and spare him (though you used me roughly) has ever since, in my eyes, given your features a more interesting air—bestowed on *your* eyes a more becoming expression!

Ibr. Nay then, farewell to every dread!—Love! reign through every faculty and thought—for now for ever I am thine! (*Clasps her.*)

Orloff. (*Rushing in.*) Adulterous Villain!

(*Presents a Dagger to Ibrahim's breast. Paulina shrieks and runs off.*)

Ibr. Ah! (*wrests the Dagger*) my life attacked!—Slaves! (*They hurry in on all sides.*) twice to day! Seize him! Death now must expiate thy double crime!—(*Aside.*—Whence this?—he claims her still!)

Orloff. Dost think to degrade me to a state of terror? Death I welcome—welcome it midst tortures!

Ibr. Russian! thou know'st me not! whilst left to myself, I could command myself! my ardent passions I could curb—and suppress the love that honour could not sanction!—But thou shalt know,

when thus opposed, I own no law but Will—Drag him away! [*Exit.*

Orloff. Tyrant! I know my Fate! But, the bitterness of Death is past. To live after having seen my wife thus in thy arms is Madness—Death is refuge to me now! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

THE PRISON. *Dark.*

Enter ALEXINA *from a distance.*

Alex. This must be the darkest hour of Night. The dim light my solitary window afforded has long passed away, and gloom and silence every where prevail. Footstep nor sound, nor voice of Love or Friendship, reach me! Can I be her whose gloomy prospect, not a short hour since, felicity and freedom began to cheer!—the reverse is dreadful!

Voices without.—This way! make safe the outer Gate!

Alex. Slaves with lights! They come perhaps to end this wretched being! Ah!—that Nature shrinks from! and though each prospect of my Life causes but dread, I fly from Death—by impulse irresistible! (*Goes off in the distance.*)

ORLOFF *guarded in by Slaves.*

1*st Slave.* There Sir, here you must stay, till our Master pronounces the sort of Death you are to endure. We have great Variety here! The Bow-string

is the easiest you can hope for.—(*Apart to his Comrade.*)—Wasn't she who withdrew, the Russian Slave Alexina, concerning whom Mustapha has been so anxious in his enquiries?—how is this!

2d Slave. 'Tis strange she should be here, without his knowledge!—we'll to him!

1st Slave. We'll leave you a lamp, Sir, to show the Apartment, and enliven your last hour!

[*Exeunt Slaves.*

Orloff. May that hour of bitterness be short! Here on the flinty earth I'll pass it, and resign to Despair the fleeting moments that remain!

(*Throws himself on the ground.*)

Enter Alexina, *fearfully.*

Alex. What new Wretch hath Tyranny sent hither!

(*Advancing, and viewing him.*)

By every hope and dread it is my Husband!—
—Orloff! (*seizing his hand*) my Orloff!—

(*He starts up, throws her off, and hurries to the other side.*)

Dost thou distrust thy Senses! It is Alexina, thy wretched —thy happy Alexina!

Orloff. Abandoned Woman! Dost thou e'en follow to insult my last moments?—Or art thou even the messenger to administer the draught of Death!

Alex. My Orloff! what mean you!

(*Advancing towards him.*)

Orloff. Nay, rather than be enfolded in thy adulterous embrace I'll—(*Draws a Dagger*)—my thoughts are desperate! Avoid me if thou wouldst live!

Alex. Ah!—affliction hath confused his mind!—

(*He throws away the Dagger.*)

To threaten Death is needless! Be witness for me Celestial Spirits! that I'll not an instant survive a

Husband's hate!—All other miseries I have borne—this subdues me! (*Snatches up the dagger.*) Thou accusest me of crimes I shudder at!—Orloff!—an Adultress would not dare this blow!

(*He springs forward, and seizes her arm.*)

Orloff. Die!—yes it should be so!—but, let Fate first reach me.—It lingers not, its Ministers are at hand!—Oh! had I not seen thee in his arms, ne'er had belief—

Alex. My Orloff!—a beam of radiance once more breaks in upon me! The Bassa I have never seen! Nay, look not thus incredulous—this Dungeon proves it! I am here a Prisoner no less than you!

Orloff. Fate! spare me yet a moment!—Scarcely dare I give way to the o'erpowering thought!—It must be thus!—it was not thee whom I beheld! it was another—Alexina is pure!

Alex. As pure as at that sacred hour, when at the Altar you received my vows!

Orloff. (*Clasping her.*) Then, thou art dearer in these Prison walls, dearer in this thy faded beauty, than when, in full blaze of charms, you overpower'd my Senses beneath the haughty dome where first I woo'd thee.

Alex. Boundless is the power of virtuous Love! Thus seeing thee—thus once again pressed to thy bosom—I am prepared for Death.

Orloff. Its ministers now enter! they must mean that we should die together.—The arm that guided thee to the Altar, must support thee to this aweful scene! After a few painful moments we shall be united in eternal bands!

Mustapha. (*Without.*) Make fast the outer gate, and bring him along!

Enter Mustapha *and Slaves, with* Azim *in chains, Followed by* Zilia, *and Attendants bearing Torches.*

Mus. I thought we should nick you at last! the net you fraudently spread for another, has now caught thee!

Zilia. I promised you a set down, Azim, and now you have it!—Joy, joy to Alexina!

Mus. To Alexina—and her Lord!

Orloff. Ah! what means this!—to a hope of Bliss I dare not yield me yet!

Zilia. Fear not to greet it! our master hath heard from Paulina your touching story, and sends us to conduct you to his presence.

Mus. You must make haste, Mâdam, for we want room for Azim your persecutor!

Alex. Farewell—farewell—ye dreary walls! We fly to light, to liberty—

Orloff. ——And love!

[*Exit, leading Alexina, followed by part of the Slaves.*

Mus. (*To Azim.*) You look a little strange—pray make free Sir; you are, you know, in a place of your own choice!

Zilia. Hold up your head, man! and look round your new apartments! Examine the furniture—it is in your own taste! View the spacious windows—are you not charmed with your Prospect?—Monster! to this dreary abode thou didst consign Innocence and Virtue!

Azim. Oh, that these galling chains were off! I to be thus imprisoned!

Mus. Come, come—" A few weeks spent here will quiet you a little!"—I have heard every thing from your accomplices.—" Your sorrows wont be

half so violent a fortnight hence as they are now! —let that comfort ye!"

Azim. I shall find none, but in nursing my hate for thee!

Mus. For this ring (*Snatches Alexina's ring from Azim's finger*) "I am so softened that I will permit thee to use the apartment next this—I'll unlock it" —its new tenant stands a chance to have it Fourteen years!—Nay, it is in vain to struggle, force him in! [*Exit.*

(*Slaves force* AZIM *in, the door is locked.*)

Zilia. Compleatly trapp'd at last! (*Runs up to the door.*) Good night, pretty Azim! (*He rattles his chains.*) Good night! I'll give ye such a friendly call as this once a month or so during your Term. In the mean time, dream of Ease and Liberty!

[*Exeunt. Azim rattling his chains.*

SCENE IV.

AN APARTMENT.

Enter Ibrahim at top, leading Paulina.

Ibr. Beauteous Paulina! what wonderful events are these! It is no crime to love thee! I was struggling against a passion which it was determined should be a blessing to me!

Alex. (*Without*) Hasten, my Orloff, let us hasten to his presence—

Enter ORLOFF, ALEXINA, *and* A LA GREQUE.

Generous Ibrahim, I no longer tremble to appear before thee. In the presence of my Husband, I dare ask thy mercy!

Ibr. Is it Mercy you ask?—how poor the word! I give you instant Liberty—and, in that, grant your

every Hope—for ye love! Valiant Russian, I embrace thee! The poniard you aim'd at my breast might have pierced a Heart, which, amidst the turbulence of war, and the blandishments of Peace, has yet preserved its own Respect—and offers you its Friendship!

Orloff. Which I accept with the frankness and fervour that becomes a Soldier and a Husband.

Ibr. (*To Alexina.*) To such Charms I could not have been insensible, had I view'd them before Paulina had engrossed my Heart, and exalted me into the purer Lover of the realms around.—To-morrow you shall be escorted to your Camp. My Paulina's Family too shall be discovered, and restored to their country with the means of future happiness. Whilst, to give that Dignity to love, without which it sinks into a degrading passion, I will restore the female captives to Liberty, and by solemn rites make this charmer mine.

Orloff. Such a moment, Sir, is the Seal of Heaven on the purified Heart! Love has taught you to revere Marriage, and marriage will secure to you, in a unison of sentiment and mind, the pure felicity of which you have so long felt a want!

A La Gr. What ups and downs there are in this world! My Lord, (*to Orloff*) I am once again your most duteous Servant! Fellow Slaves we shall be no more—so here ends the Tyranny of Equality!

Ibr. Pronounce, Madam, the Fate of the profligate slave whose villainy had nearly brought about events so disastrous.—Shall he cease to exist?

Alex. In this hour of felicity—let nothing cease to exist but Misfortune! Be the benevolent Mustapha rewarded, and Azim's office and means of oppression being at an end, let Mercy be extended even to him.

Ibr. Charming Magnanimity! which, flowing from the benevolent doctrines you are taught, shall make their unselfish principles my Study, whilst I, having

gratefully learnt that to reign in the heart of one virtuous woman is alone the felicity of love, enjoy every happiness with my Paulina.

Pau. It is most grateful to my heart to see you thus happy! It shall be the study of my life to cause you continually to rejoice in the noble sentiments of this hour!

Ibr. Orloff and Alexina! in your happiness too I participate—from the delightful sense of having been its cause! May the dangers risked but heighten the pleasure felt at escape, and none regret the time devoted to—A Day in Turkey.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ALEXINA.

ESCAPED from Turkey, and from Prison free,
Yet still a Slave you shall behold in me,
A free-born english slave to mental pleasure,
Your plaudits seeking as her richest treasure!
Whilst you thus feast with cheering praise my ear
Still for the Author I endure some fear!
Perhaps you'll say—" Two Marriages for Love!
Thus foolish female pens for ever rove;
But give us, Madam, give us *English* life,
For who, in foreign realms, would seek a wife!"
Critic! a short time since I would allow
Your comment just, but not, Sir Surly, now!
For now we know a PRINCE can cross the Seas
A Wife t'obtain a Nation's heart to please.
Tell the rapt Orator, whose magic pen,
So lately scrutinized " The Rights of Men,"
Who fear'd that Honour, Courage, Love, were lost,
And Europe's glories in a whirlwind tost,
" The Age of Chivalry" again returns!
And Love, in all its ancient splendor burns.
" Heroic Enterprize" doth still survive,
And " Loyalty to Sex" remain alive;
" The unbought Grace of Life" again we find,
And " Proud Submission" fill the public mind,
To her now borne to Britain's happy coast,
'Tis fondly hoped to be a Nation's boast!

"Just lighted on this orb"* the Vision shines,
"Scarce seems to touch" and all around refines,
May she hereafter through this chosen Isle
Be greeted ever with applauding smile.
When "Like the Morning Star" at wondrous height
She soars at length beyond this world and night,
Still may your blessings to her name be given
Whilst gently fading to her native Heaven!

---

* *The Duchess of York had then but just reached the english shores. It will be recognized that Burke's celebrated description of The Queen of France is quoted to compliment the arriving Stranger.*

THE TOWN

BEFORE YOU.

A COMEDY.

One hundred miles betwixt me and my Dear,
At least her shrill Alarum can't reach here!
At length came back the smirking simpering Kate,
And placed—one Egg upon his lonely plate!
Our startled Traveller the Landlord called,
Host! Host! in angry accents fiercely bawled,
Where are your Carp exclaimed, your Chicken, Hare?
Why there you see them—in the Bill of Fare!
The cheated Guest, enraged, the Inn forsook,
And the road, grumbling, to another took.
There, without Promise, all was neat and clean,
Food, not quite tasteless, and the House not mean.
We, not to raise high hopes, we may not meet,
But say—this night's plain fare is fresh and sweet,
And, should you like the dressing, we invite ye,
To come as often as the fare delights ye!

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

SIR SIMON ASGILL.	—	*Mr. Powell.*
ASGILL. His Nephew.	—	*Pope.*
CONWAY. In love with Georgina.		*Holman.*
SIR ROBERT FLOYER.	—	*Quick.*
FANCOURT.	— —	*Munden.*
BRISK.	— — —	*Lewis.*
PERKINS.	— —	*Hull.*
HUMPHREY.	— —	*Fawcett.*
SLOPSELLER.	— —	*Thompson*
HOLDFAST.	— —	*Cross.*

WOMEN.

LADY HORATIA HORTON.		*Mrs. Pope.*
GEORGINA. Sir Robert's Daughter.		*Miss Wallis.*
MRS. FANCOURT.	— —	*Mrs. Mattocks.*
LADY NELVILLE.	— —	*Miss Chapman.*
JENNY.	— — —	*Mrs. Martyr.*

THE TOWN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. A PLAIN APARTMENT, WITH A FEW BOOKS.

FANCOURT *sits reading.* *Mrs.* FANCOURT *at Work.*

Fancourt. How well those fellows wrote, those Ancients! How finely they satirize the Rich, and what Respect they have for virtue in Rags! My Dear, I translate the passage—off hand now, d'ye hear, off hand! [*Reads*]

Poliarchus the rich Athenian, wantoning in Gluttony, looks with Contempt on the poor Cassander! Cassander, reposing on his bed of Straw, thanks the Gods that he hath Health and Virtue! and prays that he may be preserved from the Misfortune of being rich like Poliarchus, whose floors are stained with the wine of Drunkenness, and whose luxurious couch is constantly crowded by Physicians!

Mrs. F. Are you sure that is a just translation, Mr Fancourt?

Fancourt. What, Mrs Fancourt, do you doubt my knowledge of Greek!—There are, who can hardly, at Sight, read English, I can at Sight translate—thanks to the skill I gained at Oxford; where, by the bye, they had rather too much respect for Riches and the Rich!

Mrs. F. That is better perhaps than having too little! I am much inclined to suspect the Philosophers whose sarcasms are confined to the Rich.

Fancourt. I do maintain, Madam, that the Rich are the most—

Mrs. F. Come, come, Mr Fancourt, now that your extravagance has rendered you poor, you are always uttering Philippics against people of Fortune, as though vice and folly were confined to the mansions of the Great, and Virtue could only live in a Garret! The Wants of the Poverty that has grown of Idleness lead us at least as much into a state of Temptation as the attractions of Luxury.

Fancourt. Hey-dey! Madam!

Mrs. F. There is at least as much goodness, where Prudence has preserved fortune, as amongst those who through Extravagance are poor. I never could perceive why living elegantly, in well educated society, should debase the Heart, or weaken the Understanding.

Fancourt. (*In great anger.*) *You* do not perceive! Why you are the greatest, the most abominable—upon my soul you are the most provoking fool that ever—

Mrs. F. My dear Sir, you have repeated these opinions so often, that their solidity has certainly made its due impression on me. But really now, between ourselves (*rising and laying down her work*) as Opinion is nothing without example, I will take the liberty to quote Yourself in support of mine!

Fancourt. Me!—quote me!

Mrs. F. Even your great and mighty self!—Mr

Fancourt, when I married you, you were in better circumstances, at least, than you are now! and, I think, at that time you had no particular Vices. But, as Dissipation has brought on Poverty, I have observed that, by little and little, your good-will has distended itself into a mere *Theory* of Benevolence to mankind at large, without being practically displayed to a single individual, not, you know, even to your Sister! and as is the case with your friend Mr Brisk, who, with grief I hear it, is just returned to London) your shallow virtues have nearly disappeared until—

Fancourt. —Until what!

Mrs. F. Until you are, both of you, capable of almost any action that will not endanger your Lives.

Fancourt. Gently, good Madam! my friend Brisk and I are only two of the Characters about this Town, who enliven it by raising their Means by their Wits! And as to your polite hint that our contrivances may seem to blend into something like swindling—dont conclude rashly! The mark is not very distinctly defined, my Dear, in the present day, where the manners of a man called a dashing fellow about Town end, and what you are pleased to hint is an approach towards being a Sharper begins! Shades of Character are numerous and minute now, and quite beyond your ken.—At your peril hint at this again!

Mrs. F. Nay, I no longer fear your threatening looks. I am so convinced of what I have said, that my heart is incapable of any sensation but that of horror!

Fancourt. I'll make it, mark me Woman! on some day when thus provoked, I will make it feel something else—feel shame!

Mrs. F. You cannot. All such power over my heart is over. You can afflict it no more.

Fancourt. Very well, woman! very well.—Still the odious noise of that Child there! (*Going to the Door.*)

Mrs. F. It is not easy, Mr Fancourt, to still the clamours of Want. Though it is the child of the first Mrs Fancourt, it pierces my heart to hear it! Gain bread for it—by substituting active Industry for idle Theory!

Fancourt. What would you have me do? I was not bred to stand behind a Counter, nor to cry—"Chairs to mend!" in the streets. You knew that, why did you marry me?

Mrs. F. Alas! because I loved you! The sweetness of your Manners concealed the state of your Heart; and I, disregarding the dissent of my Family, in silly romance thought, that poverty could never be an Evil, where two hearts fondly shared its difficulties.—Permit me in return to ask why you married me?

Fancourt. Because you had a modicum of a Fortune—a score of Hundreds, and I had not so many Shillings.

Mrs. F. That little modicum might have been a bank, if properly managed, and industry had secured your morals—by barring off the Temptations of Indigence!

Fancourt. Pshaw! Stuff! I hate such Cant.—What do *you* want? (*To a Female Servant who enters.*)

Serv. A person left this parcel Sir, and said there was no answer. [*Exit.*

Fancourt. Such abominable Cant! (*Untying the Parcel.*) I am as tired of it as I used to be of my Grandmother's spelling out, through her spectacled nose, Hannah Glass's Art of Cookery; and I believe in my Conscience—the D—l!—here is Gold!

Mrs. F. Gold!

Fancourt. Off!—you are too good, too pure, to want such trash! Gold by Jupiter—ha! ha!

(*Shaking the Purse.*)

Mrs. F. A Letter has dropped.

(*Takes it up and reads.*)

"Accept this Loan Sir, from one who is sorry to see merit, for a season, in straitened circumstances, and who was charmed with your manner of revealing it."

Fancourt. Who is it signed by?
Mrs. F. Robert Floyer.
Fancourt. Ah! Sir Robert Floyer! A fine old Welchman who, to become a Knight, first became a Sheriff. I have made the old block believe me deeply versed in Welch Antiquities—that *Snowden* was once a burning Mountain, and that the *Ap Morgans* and the *Ap Shoneses* were lineally descended from King Priam. You see I can turn *Wits* to account, and make money though I cant make shoes!

Mrs. F. You can see only what coincides with your Theory, or you would immediately have been struck, Mr Fancourt, with this proof—that those can feel for others who want nothing in return, and that there is fellow feeling where there is not Poverty. But for the beneficence of a *rich* man, your family to day might perhaps even have wanted a Dinner!

Fancourt. Pshaw!—What Merit is there in the Generosity of a rich man! a fellow who takes Guineas from his store as you would dip a bucket into a Well? Give me the virtue of the *poor* man, who divides his last Shilling, his last Twopence, with his friend, who takes his pint of Porter from his thirsty lips—to share it with his poorer neighbour!

Mrs. F. Ah! here then is your poor Sister! I will go and receive her—you can now assist her—

Fancourt. None of your documents!—Let her study my Philosopher here, and she will not consider herself in Distress—until she has pawned her Superfluities!—(*Going out.*) Sharing one's twopences, and sharing one's Gold, are different Ideas quite!

[*Exit, tying up the Purse.*

Mrs. F. What a fate is that woman's, who, deaf to the judgment of her Family, consults but her own inclination (created by the sedulous arts of her Lover) in her selection of her partner for Life!—Who shall describe her horror when she finds —too late—that others were right! that she must associate with depravity for life, and, her little fortune gone, draw sustenance perhaps but from the temporary gains of her husband's iniquity! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

AN APARTMENT AT SIR ROBERT FLOYER'S.

Enter HUMPHREY.

Humph. (*Searching his pockets.*) Rot et, here be three Caerds or noates, or what the dickens they be called, left now I be come back! Dang et, I have delivered thirty seven, all the way from Manchester Square to Petty France! And then fagged from there to Bishop's Gate street, after sweet-meats for 'em, and then, after stopping to see Gog and Magog, to the fiddling man's shop about the penny forty—and then to Blumsburry to Mr Fancourt's.—Hang me if I doant make dead men of these! (*tearing the Cards.*) the dead do tell no tales!—If I be found out, I can say that the Sarvants were not *at hoam* any more than their Masters!—Ha! ha! ha! that was a moast the first thing I larn'd when I comed to Lunnun —"Not at hoam Sir!"—Dad! the Gentry here have the cheapest way of keeping one another company! it do cost nothing more than a dozen or two of Lies a day to keep acquaintance with the great Quality!

Sir Robert. (*Without.*) Humphrey! Humphrey!

Enter Sir ROBERT FLOYER.

Humph. (*Putting the torn cards into his pocket.*) Here I be Sir!

Sir R. Oh! did you find Mr Fancourt's house?

Humph. Yes Sir, in one of the private streats like near Blumsburry.

Sir R. Well, I am glad I lent him a few Guineas. He seems to be a chap of merit; and, when he opened his distresses to me, he did it in such a delicate, modest way! He is an excellent Companion, and, like me, he has quite the modern taste for Antiquities.

Humph. Aye Sir, he'd like to zee, I do suppose, the old worm-eaten furniture that you had in at hoam, that year you was High Sheriff, and which was made no use of, except to show to Strangers!—All from the old Castles belonging to your forefeathers, Sir, I teak it?

Sir R. Aye, it all came from my Predecessor's Castles.—(*Aside.* H-r-r-m—my Grandfather was the first of my *Forefathers* who ever went to bed or got up his own Master!)

Humph. Two or three rooms of precious rotten furniture Sir, do prove to people that you be of a sound Family to be sure!

Sir R. (*Aside.* I believe the dog has found me out!) Where have you been, you loitering, west-country booby these three hours?

Humph. Three hours! Why Sir, 'tis my belief you would have loitered six, if you had seen what I've a seen, and heard what I've a heard!

Sir R. Why, what hast thou seen and heard?

Humph. Why, Sir, if you will have me tell it—(*laughing*) you must know that, in my way from Bishop's Gate Street, I saw folks go into a new-made old-fashion'd place where Gog and Magog do stand

up, they do say, to guard the Mince-pies whilst the Lord Mayor do dine!

Sir R. Aye, Gildhall you mean.

Humph. Yes, gilt hall sure enough! it was bedizened with Gold and what not—like our Gingerbread on Fair-day at hoam in my country! So I followed a Gemman into a fine place, where I zeed Angels comed down through the clouds on purpose for nothing else but to hold up the glass candlesticks whilst the people be speaking like—thus—(*Standing on one leg, and putting himself in the position.*)

Sir R. What a useful employ! London is a very extraordinary place for Taste, Humphrey!

Humph. They told me 'twas a Debate!—O my Ears! They called one another Mr Dupty; and one of them, with a fine red double chin, got up and said—(*Speaking gruffly.*) I am sorry to differ from Mr Dupty; but I contend that these innovations bode no good to the Constitution—h-r-r-r-r—the hour for dining since my time was Two; it has been since three, four, and even six, and I suspect it may shortly be Eight! I—h-r-r-r—I move therefore that a Petition be presented to the Lord Mayor—Hurumph!—On which a little squinting one got up, and said—(*Shrill quick voice.*) I support the worthy Dupty who spoke last. These late hours are ruinous to the Corporation! On Lord Mayor's Day we dined so late, that when I went to Fishmonger's Hall to Supper, not only the Company's Turbots were gone, but the second course was demolished, the sweet-meats were pocketed, and nothing remained but cheese-parings and pickles!

Sir R. Away, away, with your Jabber! a great Lady is coming!— [*Exit Humphrey.*

Enter Lady Nelville, *followed by a Servant.*

What, is your Ladyship going? has not my Daughter had the honour to see you, Lady Nelville?

Lady N. Yes I have seen her, but I have given way to a person of much greater consequence—she is in deep consultation with her Milliner. And a Milliner, Sir Robert, to a Girl of Eighteen not long from her School, is as important as an *Aid-dú-camp* to a General. I knew my distance when she came, and immediately took leave. Pray Sir call my people. [*Exit Servant.*

Sir R. Forgive me, my Lady, if, before you go, I just put one plump question. What is your opinion of Mr Conway?

Lady N. Ha! ha! my opinion of Mr Conway?—why that he has all the *agrements* of Fashion without its vices. Some Vanity he certainly has, but more good sense. His Friends are well chosen, he admires, he loves, Goodness, and there is a young Lady—(*archly.*) Adieu, Sir Robert! Your anxiety about Mr Conway I perfectly understand, and I hope you are satisfied! [*Exit.*

Sir R. (*Bowing repeatedly.*) How ennobling, to have a Lady of Quality so confidential with one about one's Daughter!—Aye, Georgina is to be sure a sweet Girl, but my heart has had a thousand aches about her, I am ready sometimes to exclaim with the old song—

I wonder any man alive would ever have a Daughter!

Enter GEORGINA *hastily, followed by* JENNY.

Well what now, Georgina? what now?

Georgina. Oh Papa! look at this Hat, did you ever see any thing so bewitching?

Sir R. Pho! you little Fool!

Georgina. Look at this scarlet feather! Here, Jenny, put it away with great care!

Jenny. (*Aside.*) Care indeed!—'tis pity my talents have no objects of care but feathers and band boxes! [*Exit.*

Georgina. Good bye! I am going to Lady Horatia Horton's. I do love to go there.—And oh! what do you think I long to be now? I long to be a Sculptor!

Sir R. A what!

Georgina. Lady Horatia looks so charming whilst at her sculpturing! Her sweet white hands appear like Alabaster gliding over the marble she is at work upon.

Sir R. What's that?—not so fast! she at work—upon marble?

Georgina. Bless me! why yes, I find she is a Sculptor! I wish she would teach me her art! I am going there immediately, to stand as a Model for Andromache—a Lady who died some thousand years ago!—But pray Papa, when am I to be presented! I am not in Town till I am presented!

Sir R. Not in Town!

Georgina. Nay indeed 'tis true! Lady Nelville, just now, told me so. I cant go any where in Public, nor be spoken to by a single creature, till I have been presented!—I am not come out till then.

Sir R. *Not come out!* Bless me, *Saint James's* has its slang then I find, as well as *Saint Giles's!*

Georgina. To be sure! And we must make haste and catch the slang, or they will find us out to be mere bumpkins.—When shall I be presented?

Sir R. Have patience! The truth is I am come to Town about a little business of that sort myself! We may be presented together by and by.

Georgina. How—ha! ha! ha! presented together! Was ever such a thing heard of? Miss and her Papa presented together! What then have you never come out till now Papa!

Sir R. Pshaw! mine is quite a different business.

If I am put into a great Office, I must be presented of course.

Georgina. Office ! Why what are you going to be !

Sir R. Why, that I cannot tell yet !

Georgina. If they give you your choice, pray be a Duke !—Oh, how I should doat on your being a Duke !

Sir R. Why ?

Georgina. Then I should be a Lady !—Lady Georgina, delightful ! Lady Georgina's name would fly about Town as though it had wings.

Sir R. Nonsense !—A pretty figure you'd make as a Duke's Daughter !

Georgina. Figure !—where's the difficulty ? I can do it exactly—you shall see now !—When I was last at Lady Horatia Horton's a Countess came in from the Opera thus—(*striding across and sitting down abruptly*)—Bless me Lady Horatia, how could you stay at home to night ? I gallopped sixty miles to day, have killed one coach-horse, and spoiled another, merely to hear the *Banti*—oh ! the *Banti!*—Oh, her upper tones ! and oh, her under tones !—Whilst she was flying from B to F, hanging upon G, running in Cantabile from E, and sinking down, by just gradations, to D, the whole House was magnetized. I saw a General faint, a Minister of State take out his smelling bottle, and a Prince of the Blood apply his handkerchief to—his Nose !

Sir R. Very harmoniously no doubt !—My dear Georgina, the warmth of thy Imagination would disturb my peace, did not thy extreme giddiness prevent its fastening on any one object for more than one minute together. Still, beware of all the dangers of Dissipation ! that constant destroyer of the peace of the Wife, the repose of the Husband, and the welfare of whole Families, in this great Town ! Take care, my Girl ! thou constantly tread'st near fatal

nets. Thy paths 'tis true are covered with flowers—but they may conceal Thorns perhaps!

Georgina. Thorns! why, Papa, nobody seems to feel them! I dare say I shall dance over them as safely as my neighbours! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

ASGILL'S LODGINGS.

Enter CONWAY, *preceded by* ASGILL'S *Servant.*

Con. Why, this Apartment is as solitary as an Old Maid's morning room, or the Antichamber of a discarded Minister!

Serv. Mr Asgill is out Sir, but I am sure he will be here in an instant, the time for his return is expired. [*Exit.*

Con. Perhaps I am mistaken in the hour (*Looking at his Watch*)—no later! A restless Lover has a rare faculty of drawing out minutes into Hours! With Health and Youth I ought to be all freedom and hilarity, and yet here am I—a Slave! and feel my happiness as dependent on the Smiles of a capricious woman, as my existence on the air I breathe. What a ridiculous History is Man's! first Childhood, then Folly, quickly enough followed by the last stage—Apathy!—Would I were there at once! If I were a Pythagorean, and believed that I must visit earth again in some other Form, I would rather vegetate as a quiescent Mushroom at once, than spring up either a Hero or a Lover!

FANCOURT *runs in.*

Fancourt. Oh Mr Conway this is fortunate! I called a minute since at your Lodgings to have the honour of renewing former acquaintance. Your man told me you was come hither. Knowing that you were quite at home here—I have ventured to look in upon you.

Con. (*Cooly.*) Upon my word, I had some difficulty in recollecting you, Mr Fancourt!

Fancourt. Aye, you have still the Pride of Youth about you. I am a little age-worn since we met last, eh? The rubs of the World wear the Features! Vexation hath graven a Line or two extra in mine within this half hour.

Con. Some young Beauty Sir, perchance, has been inexorable to your Vows!

Fancourt. Why I have not been perhaps turning my thoughts much to my Vows of late. But, you are thus far right, that a WOMAN, as usual, was the soul of the mischief! But, as for Youth and Beauty —Time o'er her cheek hath registered his reign, and her Steps the Graces refuse any longer to assist.

Con. Ha! ha! Can such a Lady as this cause you pain Sir!

Fancourt. Yes! for she is my dear and ever honoured Wife!

Con. Married!—You may be congratulated then, Sir, on the turn you have taken to domestic life.

Fancourt. Why, I have just this instant taken a turn, from it and its Lectures, to see what I can of life elsewhere.—*A propos!* I want to be introduced also to Mr Asgill, and dropped in for the double purpose.

Con. Perhaps Sir, Mr Asgill may not cnance to have displayed any particular wish to receive you.

Fancourt. Why, I dont know that he has. But, he

keeps good company, and is Nephew to some rich old Sir Simon in the City, who between loans and lumber makes money faster than he tells lies! There are, however, an odd sort of three corner'd mortals one can never close with. They present a point at every turn. You may as easily come in contact with a Porcupine. But, as I flatter myself I know every body except himself, I looked in on purpose to ask you to make us intimate.

Con. That may not perhaps, under circumstances, be very possible.—Pray Fancourt, how is it that you get acquainted with every body, for—let me say it in a Whisper—(*not whispering*)—report hath reached me that your reputation of late is not of the very first water!

Fancourt. Pho! Pray, is the number of men great —who are *Diamonds* in reputation!—French paste does as well, and then one is not so afraid of damaging it! If I were such a fellow as you, with a Character of the true Water, I should be in eternal Anxiety, should never dare to deviate an inch to Right or Left—for fear of a speck here, or a flaw there. As it is, I brush on through the World. My french paste is showy, and if I lose it—I lose a thing of no very great value!

Con. Amazing!

Fancourt. Hang me if I would be troubled with a first-rate Character, any more than with a first-rate Beauty, it would create but envy and malice.

Con. Oh!—that talents should be thus enlisted in the service of Vice!

Fancourt. That I swear you learnt from our old one-eyed Proctor of Brazen Nose. I remember the very words. I have heard them fifty times, whilst I stood on his blind side!—That a man should thus live on the scraps of others all his life, and never dare coin a Principle for himself!—So, you wont

introduce me to Asgill? (*Conway shakes his head.*) Very well, very well, I'll introduce myself to an Archbishop before I am a week older, and get a Prebend in revenge! (*Conway bows him out.*)

Enter Asgill, *on the opposite side.*

Con. Asgill, I am come to disengage myself from your hunting jaunt, I cannot leave Town.

Asg. Very well. I shall not enquire your reasons; nor shall I pretend to guess that you will be in the train of a little Welch Diana, though not in the hunt. You have not caught a glimpse of her I dare swear.

Con. Be not so daring—I *have* seen her, but I have only seen her. She is as wild as one of the Kids on her Father's mountains!

Asg. With whom did you see her?

Con. Lady Horatia Horton, she is so volatile that it would be as easy to catch quick-silver.

Asg. Lady Horatia!—I cannot say that she struck me so. 'Tis true she does not want Life—but 'tis the sweet Pensiveness of her Character that charmed me.—A thousand graces hang about pensiveness which mere animal spirits destroy.

Con. Why then I have not seen her in this humour.

Asg. And then her Fine Taste!

Con. Her Taste is as fine as other people's I dare swear; but I must admit that her intrinsic brilliance will yet bear a little additional polish.

Asg. Polish! ha! ha! ha! Where will you find such a Mind, such an Understanding?

Con. I doubt not its native excellence, and hope to have the pleasure of drawing forth all its perfections.

Asg. You!—How's this! what mean you Sir? Of whom are you speaking?

Con. Of whom do you speak?

Asg. Of Lady Horatia Horton!—Did you not name her?

Con. Ha! ha! ha! Confidence by chance! Dear Asgill, I have blundered on your Secret very undesignedly—I continued to speak of the daughter of Sir Robert Floyer!

Asg. You named Lady Horatia! and when her idea presents itself to me, every other is absorbed in it. Oh! Conway, to think of her is bliss, the sound of her voice is rapture!

Con. Hey-dey!

Asg. You have the Secret by Chance! I am prepared for all your jests on my passion for a woman who is devoted to Sculpture!

Con. Really I perceive no room for them. It must be charming to see a fine woman bring from a mass of marble—a form as graceful as her own; every feature glowing with animation beneath her eye, and every touch of the mallet awakening the cold mass into Mind and Expression!

Asg. (*Catching his hand.*) I thank you! But your eulogy is not complete; the delicacy of my Horatia rules the art she loves, she seeks for models only in the Graces of her own sex, the matrons of Greece, and the daughters of Britain.

Con. Well—but you are a Son of Britain. Does then Lady Horatia disregard—

Asg. (*Eagerly.*) Yes, no, I cannot tell.—She treats me with rigour, yet I think her Heart is not insensible. Though this appears, like the Sun in chill November, unwillingly and by starts.

Con. Why do you not lead then to an Explanation?

Asg. I cannot; for she is rich, and I am, as you know, but dependent on the will of an Uncle.

Con. He has the reputation of being a Crœsus!

Asg. True. But a fortune, whose basis is Commerce, may be doubled or dissolved in a month.

Con. Well. Pray for me, my dear Asgill, that I may catch my little Welch Fawn!—I have no prayers to make for *you;* for I perceive your's is one of those sober passions that, end as it may, your mind will keep its equilibrium. How delightful it must be to love with so much good sense!

[*Exit laughing.*

Asg. How he mistakes! The gay and the volatile can scarcely sustain a passion like mine. It is when Love has reached a serious and reflective mind, that he rages with all his fury!—

Enter Perkins.

Perkins, how now? your looks alarm me! What news from the City?

Per. Alas Sir!

Asg. My good friend, speak. Something goes wrong!

Per. Would I were permitted to say your fears are unfounded.—Your Uncle—

Asg. Speak at once! I can bear any thing rather than Suspense!

Per. Summon all your Fortitude! Your Uncle, the good Sir Simon, has sent me to say to you that he is—undone!

Asg. Ah! (*Pressing his forehead with his hand.*) Undone!

Per. The ruin that has shaken the trade of Europe he could not be insured against. He, whose rank on Change was as a two hundred thousand pound man, may possibly at some future day, when his Creditors are satisfied, not be able to command a single thousand.

Asg. (*After a pause.*) Your news o'ercomes me. Leave me Sir, I would ruminate alone. [*Exit Perkins.*

(*Throws himself into a chair.*)

My worthy, my unhappy Uncle! the tide of affliction must roll heavily o'er him! (*Rises.*) It is determined! I see Lady Horatia no more.—Never shall her delicacy be insulted by seeing a beggar presume to hope for her. (*Walks backward and forward.*) But, what can I do? Bred to no Profession but the Navy, from Junior rank in which, in reliance on my Uncle, I retired; ignorant of every art by which independence may be obtained, I am thrown out a Vagabond into the wilderness of the world.—Each Prospect is clouded —I yield me to Despair!

(*Goes off in agitation.*)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. SAINT JAMES'S STREET.

THE PALACE, FRUIT SHOP, &C.

FANCOURT *in the Fruit Shop, talking to the Mistress and eating Fruit.*

Fancourt. (*Looking out from the door.*) The Sun always brings out Butterflies—a fine show of Women to-day!—

Enter BRISK, *walking across.*

Brisk! Brisk!—hey!

Brisk. Who is so familiar with my Name? (*Looking round.*) Ah—Fancourt! I have not seen you this year or more? (*Fancourt comes from the Shop.*) Well, my Boy, how goes the world?

Fancourt. Round I suppose—for its Inhabitants seem all giddy! Where have you been since we parted at Bath?

Brisk. Bath? Oh I have been in half a hundred places since that time. The last was Italy!

Fancourt. Italy! how got you thither? Was you Bear-leader, holding the strings of some young Cub dancing The Tour

Brisk. How I chanced to be there you may hear hereafter. But whilst there, man, I have acquired the regular slang of the *Connoiseur*, and talk, with equal ease, of Statues and *Intaglios*, of Pictures Busts and Medallions! Wherever I go, I find fault now—my Judgment is asked—my Satire is feared, and, in regular form, I am courted and hated. 'Tis to become of great importance, let me tell you, to become a Critic in any thing!

Fancourt. Why you dont pretend to me, a Friend, that you are become a real *Connoiseur*—and know any thing of the matter!

Brisk. Why, I dont know what to say to that! but I know how to judge by Rule! and to pretend to any thing, now my affairs are got a little out of Order, that will get me into a Dining Parlour or a Wine cellar. My fame for Judgment I acquired by a resolution to be inexorable, to repress, and not to cherish, to look for faults instead of beauties, to throw aside the Corn, and select the Chaff. I alike pronounce upon Paintings, Statuary, and Old-Hock; —know exactly the grapes from which the one was pressed, and the age in which the other was chisell'd, or the taste in which it is executed.—Pshaw! man, 'tis easily got by Rote! I bought a book at Florence, for a groat, that taught me all the Terms, and the mode of applying them—two readings would make you prattle and judge, as well as any *Connoiseur* of twenty years standing.

Fancourt. Well, but how do you live?—Plainly, how, in general, do you contrive to get any thing to eat now?

Brisk. Why, let me tell you, my Taste turns sometimes to good Account! Some of my Rules procure me that cheap, which other of my Rules enable me to sell dear. Besides all this, lately I have eked out a livelihood by the strong likeness I bear to Lord Beechgrove.

Fancourt. The Resemblance is certainly astonishing! His has always been your nick-name—they call you his Polygraph! But how have you raised any thing by this resemblance—has he patronized you, out of respect for the Likeness!

Brisk. He has provided for me, without intending it; for instance I went to a Rout Room in Portland Place last night, dashed into the Hall—complaining of the croud of carriages that prevented my Chariot from coming up! The Porter thought he knew me, and announced Lord Beechgrove, but, in the multiplicity of Titles that resounded up the stairs, it was lost. The Lady of the house received me, of course without being very inquisitive as to whether she knew me. I gained introduction at a Card Table, and brought off Two Hundred!

Fancourt. I advise you to get his Lordship taken up as the Impostor! and to enjoy his Estate!

Brisk. I have taken a fancy to an Estate in another County—a better Scheme my Boy! (*Slapping him upon the shoulder.*) A plan that forced me, the other morning, into a strange Disguise! like Hercules, to exchange my Cane for a Distaff, and—but mum!

Fancourt. Come, come, tell me—No, no, defer! here comes a lovely Welch Girl, whose Father I sometimes do the honour to look in upon.

Enter GEORGINA, *from* PALL-MALL.

Followed by HUMPHREY.

Georgina. O dear Mr Fancourt! how do you do? Nay, do not stop me. I hate to stand in the street—they stare so!

Fancourt. For that reason you do not hate to stand in the street. What is Beauty—if it is not looked at?

Brisk. (*Aside.*)—Oh, oh! I see where we are! I

know more of this young Lady and her Father, though she knows me not, than you guess at *mon ami!*

Humphrey. While these Gentlemen be a talking to Miss, I'll just step in here for a hap'eth of Apples!

(*Goes into the Fruit Shop.*)

Fancourt. How came you here without your Carriage!

Georgina. It is so charming a morning, that I directed it should follow from Pall Mall, where I have been shopping. Nay, I beg you let me pass! Why —where is my Servant? (*Looking round.*) I am going to Lady Horatia Horton's, on the most particular business in the world!

(*Humphrey bursts out of the shop.*)

Humphrey. Oh! such extortioning! such cheatery!—I never heard the like!—I wonder they are not afraid to stand in their shoes!

Georgina. What is the matter Humphrey?

Humphrey. Miss! as I hope to be—— I did but just pop into my mouth a little bit of a Peach—'twere no bigger than a walnut—it went down at a gulp like a pill—and they have made me pay a Shilling for it!

Georgina. Why, how could you think of going into such a Shop?

Humphrey. Such a Shop! why not? A shop's a shop, if honest people did but keep it, and as free for one as another!

Georgina. Follow me Sir! I am ashamed of your Noise.—He is quite a Character Mr Fancourt—we have him for his Whim! [*Exit.*

Humphrey. A Shilling! Upon my say-so, if—aye —I'll mark you, never fear!

[*Exit, holding up his fist.*

Brisk. She is a lovely Girl! An Heiress you say? —(*Aside.*—I'll pretend Ignorance for the present!)

Fancourt. She is. We'll speak of that hereafter. —Her Father is coming towards us from the Park, and we may as well first turn our thoughts upon him for a Loan or so. He is a rich old fool, and we are two Wits. Folly has been the natural food of Wit, since the sun first threw his stimulating glance on man.

Brisk. I understand you! Ways and Means are to be raised upon him. But, no assistance—unless we halve the Loan! Remember that—fair half or nothing.

Fancourt. Why to be sure.

Brisk. Are you upon Honour!

Fancourt. To the last breath. The old Fool, in ten words, for here he comes, was of use in the late Election, and the Parliament-man advised him to come up to Town—to receive acknowledgments from the Minister! He was afraid to leave his Daughter behind, so *wisely* brought her up too——

Enter SIR ROBERT FLOYER.

(*Running towards him.*) My dear Sir, how I rejoice to see you! I called at your house to return thanks for the——

Sir R. Oh!—not a Word, not a Word, Mr Fancourt!—Silence will oblige me!

Fancourt. It shall soon be repaid Sir.—Permit me, Sir Robert, to make you known to my Lord Beechgrove!

Sir R. Lord Beechgrove!—(*Whispering.*)—Is he not related to the Duke of ——

Fancourt. First Cousin, and his most particular Adviser!

Sir R. My Lord, I am your Lordship's very obedient and humble servant!

Brisk. Sir Robert I am rejoiced to see you!—we have long looked for you in Town! I have heard you

much spoken of at a certain table. We know our Friends, Sir Robert!—Pray, Mr Fancourt, bring Sir Robert to dine with me! I am sorry to leave you, but it is a Cabinet morning—and the concerns of the Country ought to be attended to, you know! [*Exit.*

Fancourt. Oh! your Lordship never neglects Business!—They are not all like this peerless Peer, Sir Robert!

Sir R. Aye, there he goes into the Palace I see! Mr. Fancourt, I am prodigiously obliged to you for making me known to his Lordship.—Of large Fortune of course!

Fancourt. Oh yes!—but, slack in the ready at present, that's in fashion sometimes with the Peerage you know—every walk of life has its Customs! It is amazing what vast sums he has expended for the Public!—He was just asking me if I knew any honest man who could lend him a thousand. His mere name would procure ten times as much from the Jews, but, he has never any Jew dealings—no habits of that sort!

Sir R. Perfectly right and proper!

Fancourt. He only wants it for a Month—just till the Quarter's rents come in.—Sir Robert! this is an Opportunity! you arrive in Town with a Good Omen! He has indescribable Interest! A single sentence, whilst they are drinking their Burgundy, would effect your Business!

Sir R. Indeed! what—dispose of places of trust over their Bottle!

Fancourt. I'll show you now. This is my Glass (*holding up his Glove formed like a Glass.*)—You shall be the Great Man; we'll suppose his name to be Snapper, and I am Lord Beechgrove.——Come Snapper! "here's to the Girl we love" (*Sips*)—"I say, Snapper, we must do something for that Welch Knight you know, he who was Sheriff there t'other day—

Sir R. (*Interrupting*) HIGH Sheriff for the County!

Fancourt. Pardon me!—HIGH Sheriff for the County! (*Sips.*)—"He is the saddest old rascal.—(*Sir Robert stares.*) He is the greatest (*Sips*) the greatest Enemy we have in the Principality."

Sir R. (*In a Passion.*) Why Sir, what do you mean? They never had such a Friend! I spent more money to favour the cause than I care to own. I was for ever on horseback; there was not a Cottager who could influence the sixteenth cousin of a Voter whom I did not canvass and entertain; and the fact is, it was solely owing to me—

Fancourt. What! Do you take Lord Beechgrove for such a ninny as to plead your *Services!*—You are a mere Chicken in politics! Listen.—"I say, Snapper, he is a powerful Opponent, we must have him in future on our side! (*Sips*) The old scoundrel killed his set of Coach greys, and fifteen welch ponies, in riding about the country to oppose us. (*Sips*) He has been a dreadful enemy, but, he is related to all the *Ap Morgans* and the *Ap Shoneses* in three Counties. In short! we must have him! So—here goes—The Girl we love!"—Thus the one swallows the Girl, the other the Hint, and the business is done!——Will you lend the Thousand?

Sir R. I will!—What, I suppose, that is what you call—sliding a man up the back stairs!

Fancourt.——Only for a Month!

Sir R. Nay, if it is for six weeks—I shall not stand upon a Fortnight.

Fancourt. Thus it is to deal with a man of a liberal and enlightened Spirit!

Sir R. Call upon me after Dinner, I am hurried just now. Our Member lives in the next street, and I am going to him. But *Mum* about this, for I expect *him* to do something too! I'll write a Draft on my Banker for the Thousand in readiness for your call.—I think it right to oblige a Lord! [*Exit.*

Fancourt. To him who is rich in Expedients—what mischief is it to be pennyless?—Let Plodders boast their digging and their labouring—it is our's to gather the fruit! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LADY HORATIA'S DRAWING ROOM.

Enter HUMPHREY, *with a white robe on his arm.* A Servant *meets him.*

Humph. Here! I have a brought this odd Garment for Miss away from the Carriage.—What is she going to do with it?

Maid. Why she is going to be made one of my Lady's Images—all over White!

Humph. Could a body zee that fine place they do talk about, where Madam do cut folks out of Marble!

Maid. Perhaps you may get a Peep presently, by carrying in the Dress. It is called The School.

Humph. Zooks! I be glad to hear Great Folks do go to a School! for then they do want to larn better some of them mayhap as well as I!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A SPACIOUS APARTMENT.

With a few Pictures, several Female Statues Urns Vases &c.

Lady NELVILLE *walks down from the top. Viewing them.*

Lady N. This is indeed a School! Here are Models of all that is valuable in the art she loves. Ah!—the lovely Artist herself!

Enter Lady HORATIA.

Lady Hor. Dear Nelville I rejoice to see you! They did not tell me you were here.

Lady N. Oh I have been delighting myself with your charming works. But, what excessive Labour your amusement must require!

Lady Hor. I do not find it so!

Lady N. How delightful is the ease of fashionable life compared to it.

Lady Hor. Oh, you mistake quite—the labour of a fashionable life would kill me! I should sink under it. Chipping Marble is playing with feathers compared to it.

Lady N. How so?

Lady Hor. The discipline of a life of Fashion is by no means of the mildest sort! Consider the necessary vigilance and abstinence of the Gamestress.—She works hard, and lives sparingly; for, if she does not keep her Spirits perfectly cool,

instead of cheating her friend, her friend may cheat her! My labours are lighter and more innocent than her's.

Lady N. I perceive you will be able to defend yourself!

Lady Hor. Reflect on the Toils of a *determined* Beauty!—Whether she wakes or sleeps, whatever she does, wherever she goes, it is all with relation to the one great object that engrosses her meditations. After hours of labour in the *hard* work of the Toilette, away she must spring!—Her wheels thunder through the streets—she darts from Concert to Ball, from Ball to Rout.—Does the Music of the Concert fascinate her?—No. Does polished Conversation interest her?—No.—Some other Beauty has been the *Belle* of the Evening—her Heart has been torn with Envy!—She returns home, drags off her ornaments in Disgust, and throws herself in anguish on a couch which no soothing sleep visits!—Are my labours more severe, more painful than her's?

Lady N. You are too strong for me in argument; so I drop your Statues to talk of Yourself. Something I see is wrong! What is it?—(*Tenderly*) Come be explicit!—You will not speak! In plain language, when did you see Mr Asgill!

Lady Hor. Not this week, not for the whole week!—I will conceal nothing from you. I find now that my Tenderness more than equals his, I have no joy left, the Chisel drops from my hand, the Marble is no more moulded into flesh, my taste has no more employment, my Heart is breaking!

Lady N. How do you account for his Absence?

Lady Hor. Tired of my distant coldness, he has forsaken me, he has found some object more amiable and more tender—I die with self-reproach! I knew he loved me, I gloried in my conquest—

'Yet still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate, and vain,
And whilst his passion touched my Heart,
I triumphed in his pain!'

Asgill! thou art revenged!

Lady N. What Hearts we possess! Always too cold, or too feeling! My dear Horatia, as you give spirit to Marble, transfuse some portion of marble into your Heart, and make it firmer!—Here is your little Welch friend!

Enter GEORGINA.

Georgina. Oh Lady Horatia! I'm so rejoiced—bless me you are weeping—what has happened?

Lady N. A favorite Goldfinch has happened to die away my dear, that's all!

Georgina. And, last night, I lost my Canary Bird. I am sure I cried for half an hour!—Give me your Goldfinch, and we'll bury them together!—Oh! or you shall copy them in Marble—that will be such a sweet task for you!—But, you remember what I have hurried here for?

Lady Hor. No.

Georgina. Why, have you forgotten your appointment with me for this morning—to proceed with giving my form to the Statue of Andromache? I assure you that I have been pouting all day, that my face may represent her grief for the loss of her husband—Oh! there she is!—(*Pointing to a block of Marble slightly chipped*) You see, Lady Nelville, she has not changed her first dress yet.

Lady Hor. My Love, your spirits are too high, and mine are too low, for us to proceed to day—excuse me!

Georgina. Oh, but I wont though!—Your favorite

work will revive you.—I have brought the Dress you described for the purpose.—Humphrey! why dont you bring it in?

Enter HUMPHREY *with the Dress.*
Walks round in awkward wonder before he goes out.

I shall be sadly mortified, if you send me away!

Lady N. Come, take your Chisel Lady Horatia, it will amuse you.

Georgina. Yes do!—'Twas very fortunate that I lost little Canary now. It will make me look just sad enough for Hector's Widow!

Lady Hor. Pho! you little Chit!—Well, get on the Pedestal. (*Georgina runs up the steps behind it.*) There—lean on the broken Column, with proper pensiveness and grace.

Georgina. O my poor Canary Bird!

Lady Hor. Ha! ha! ha! Come, let us place your Drapery in Statue-like order. (*They place it in stiff folds.*) Now, keep steady, and think of poor Dick!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr Conway.

Lady Hor. Who!

Serv. Mr Conway.

Georgina. (*Starting from her Attitude.*) Dear!—Mr Conway? (*Springs down.*)

Serv. Some Gentlemen are with him. They request permission to see the School.

Lady Hor. Dear Lady Nelville, receive them then. I cannot—I cannot indeed! [*Exit.*

Georgina. Now I think of it, I have a great mind to run up again. I will, I declare, and see what Mr Conway says of me as a Statue!

Lady N. A Statue! Why surely you do not expect to impose upon him?

Georgina. Oh yes, I do. I'm sure he wont find me out! (*Runs up.*) Now, just place the Drapery right, and I'll put down my veil a little on this side. Oh! make haste! make haste! I hear them coming!

Lady N. I must gratify you! What a giddy thing you are!

Enter CONWAY. *Followed by* BRISK *and some Gentlemen.*

Brisk. Oh, what this is the place! Dont mind me, Madam, dont mind me!—As the *Lady* artist is not here, I am free to make observations perhaps as cutting as her chisel—I run about Town to display a little acuteness!—'Tis a pleasant Town to be in, that is certain, one always finds subjects to ridicule. —Well, what wonderful productions am I to see?

Lady N. Glance around Sir. Look first at the few Pictures there are. What think you of that Family by Raphael?

Brisk. Raphael!—Ah! the *tramontâne!* how can you give that divine Artist a name so barbarous.— *Rafaello—Titiano.* RAPHAEL and TITIAN suit only the mouths of Dutch Burgomasters and London Aldermen.

Lady N. I stand corrected Sir!—What think you of that Landscape and Figures by a Modern?

Brisk. One may plainly see this Artist was in a hurry—they call it Freedom.—In general however I rather like his Stile. But—a—I dont know! The principal persons here are not well grouped, nor sufficiently in Relief. The Episode has Merit; but the rules of Perspective have been entirely overlooked—the Figures in the back-ground seem sticking to the Clouds!

Lady N. Oh mercy, let us turn from the Pictures! All I see will fall your prey!—'Tis lucky for Posterity Sir, that you were not born in the days of *Corregio* and Raphael—*Rafaello*, I beg pardon! you would

have made the first throw away his Pencils, and the last light his fire with his Cartoons!—Come Sir, perhaps you prefer our Statuary—look at the works of our Hostess.

Brisk. I, warm from the Schools of Florence! I, who have trod the Roman Way, have seen the Baths of Trajan, and the Dog Kennels of Nero! I look at the works of any *English* Block-chipper! Ha! ha! ha!—Now for my Glass—I know not how it happens, but *Connoiseurs* are apt to be short sighted! (*Walking amidst the Statues, and observing them through his Glass.*)

Conway. Heavens! it is—but let me get on the other side of the Veil—it is she!—Ah! how exactly you are now Yourself!—you are yourself but Marble. Yes, your petrified Heart is ever cold and insensate. Yet, I could stand and gaze, and gaze, like Pygmalion, had I, like him, the power to inspire my Statue with Love. Will you not bless me with one glance? Ah! as an unbending Statue—you are quite in character.

Brisk. Here's an Arm! faith it would make a very good Leg! And this Grecian Dame—has been modelled from a Kentish Hop-picker!

Con. Critic! approach a little this way! Here is a new Subject—has not this beauteous creature the ture Grecian character?

Brisk. Here move this way, move this way all of you; for an exact view—always draw off to a Distance!—What is that?—is that Lady Horatia's chisel? (*Looking through his Glass.*)

Con. No——it is by a greater Artist!

Brisk. Call you it Grecian?

Con. Is it ill proportioned?

Brisk. Pshaw! nonsense! talk of Proportions to Rule makers and Carpenters; the thought is mechanical.—This is a mere wax Doll!—What Anatomy! the natural form is not capable of one of

these Inflections! A human figure formed on this principle, I pledge myself, could never move!

(*Approaches her.*)

Georgina. (*Shrieks*) But I can though! (*Springs down*)—and I can dance too!—(*Dances round him.*)

(*Brisk seats himself, in confusion, on the Pedestal.*)

Con. Ha! ha! ha!—Why Sir, the Figure moves—and moves a Grace!—The breathing form of Beauty a Wax Doll! the work of a Block chipper! ha! ha! ha!

Brisk. (*Aside.*—The very girl against whom I have a Scheme to put in practice! The Story too will be on wing immediately! Oh! had I but had a Glance first on the other side of the Drapery of the Head!)

Lady N. Accept my smelling bottle Sir—you seem ready to sink!

Con. Dont fear it!—'Tis a recumbent Statue on its Pedestal you see, a mere Block—incapable of Motion!

Brisk. Whu! I am done as a Connoiseur!—

(*Starts up, and runs out.*)

Lady N. Mr Brisk! Critic Brisk!

[*Exit, followed by all but Conway and Georgina.*

Con. Ha! ha! ha! done indeed!—They pursue him like small birds after a Hawk.

Georgina. Why you are the person whom I wanted to make a fool of—pray follow him!

Con. 'Tis impossible!—I find you have turned *me* into a Statue that can't move!

Georgina. I declare Mr Conway I will not hear you, I have told you so twenty times. And, as to your begging and praying and sighing, one finds such things in Novels; but no man, who really loves, thinks of such fooleries.

Con. How do you know that?

Georgina. I am sure of it! There was a young man that came down to Glamorganshire from College,

and almost broke his Heart about me, and he never begged and prayed, or sighed—at least not so as that I could hear him, once.

Con. Then how—how—I say, were you sure he loved you!

Georgina. How!—Oh, I was sure enough of it.

Con. Was he always telling you so—throwing himself for ever in your way?

Georgina. He never told me so once—and it was because he always ran away from me that I knew it. —At last however he had a Fever, and, in his ravings, he talked of no one but me.

Con. How pray did you know it!

Georgina. Why, his Sister told me so.

Con. And—and did you pity him!

Georgina. Why yes I pitied him—as I could not love him! If I had loved him—I should not have pitied him at all!

Con. (*Aside.* That saves my Life!)—And where is he now?

Georgina. I dont know. But I have heard he is recovered, and makes a great figure somewhere—they always get over it!

Con. If you should not love me—I however should absolutely die!

Georgina. Love! I wouldn't be in love for all the World!—Miss Gwatkin, our Neighbour, was in love once—and she grew as pale as horse-radish. Foolish creature, if she had kept her colour—perhaps the Gentleman would have liked her!

Con. Oh! let me teach you to love. I see you are as ignorant of it as—

Georgina. As that Mr Brisk was of Sculpture!—Ha! ha! teach me to love! What, teach me to be wretched to weep, to be sleepless—to lose my bloom like Miss Gwatkin?—If I ever thought I could love you, I should hate you beyond all bearing—fly from you, and never see you more! (*Runs off hastily.*)

Con. She flies—a happy Omen! Let her but dread me, and I have advanced one step. If she fears to love, the conquest is half atchieved! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A COUNTING HOUSE.

Enter Sir SIMON *and* PERKINS.

Sir Simon. Has not my Nephew been here yet?

Per. He was here last night Sir. I took care that he should see no one but me. He went away in such distress, that my heart ached for him.

Sir Simon. Dear Lad!

Per. Here he comes—here he comes!

Sir Simon. How shall I speak to him? I have given myself a Commission that I can hardly execute—

Enter ASGILL.

My dear Boy!

Asg. Oh Sir, what shall I say to you—words cannot utter—

Sir Simon. Come come, hope the best!—perhaps Proceeds may not turn out so badly!

Asg. Yes, I will hope and pray for you. But—in the mean time—(*presenting a Parchment*)—Sir—I am ashamed—I blush at such an offering. But, it is my all—

Sir Simon. What—what is it you mean?

Asg. You know I have, by Inheritance, a little Land—two hundred only a year—that it were thousands!—In this parchment Sir, it is made over to you. And now (*Sir Simon takes it, is much moved, and turns from him.*) Oh! my more than Father!

(*Hurries out.*)

Sir Simon. Stop stop—my dear Sidney stop!—I can no longer conceal the deception we have practised!

Per. Let him go Sir! let him go! Such a moment as this renovates every proper feeling in the heart of man. He will be the better for this affliction as long as he lives!

Sir Simon. Does he not deserve all my love, all my anxiety, all my care!

Per. He does—he does!

Sir Simon. This Lady Horatia must be an angel if she merits him.—Now for the Effect the news of his Poverty will have upon her! I must wait on her myself to learn the Needful, and see how she takes the news. But for a distrust, which I cant help, of these west-end-of-the-Town Ladies he would not have been put to this pain, even for the short time he will have to endure it. But, I can't rid myself of my distrust—my plain City notions have a native enmity to them.

Per. Then you persist in your intention of going Sir.

Sir Simon. Yes. But, if I find her worthy of my Sidney—but she cannot be! Birth, Beauty, and Riches, are all fine subjects for Consideration. But, when put into a scale against innate Goodness, an upright mind, rectitude of Character—it is weighing dross against Jewels! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. FANCOURT'S.

Enter Mr and Mrs FANCOURT.

Mrs. F. Affected pleasantry, Mr Fancourt, is the poor refuge of an uneasy Heart! The conversation that has passed in the next room with Brisk I have in part heard. I fear you have a deed in contemplation which will hereafter load you with Remorse!

Fancourt. Remorse!—ha! ha!

Mrs. F. Pray do not think that every just complaint is to be carried off by a Laugh.

Fancourt. Not carried off by a Laugh! Let me tell you, my Dear, that as long as a man can contrive to raise a Laugh he may carry off any thing he pleases. With the World, make wickedness pleasant—you are soon forgiven!

Mrs. F. But Sir, *remorse of Heart* cannot be so allayed!

Fancourt. Why that I have never been troubled with; except when I have got no fruit from any of the little odd eccentricities which you, in vulgar dialect, call Crimes, and could not get the laugh on my side.

Mrs. F. What—does the World then laugh even at Crime!

Fancourt. Oh yes a *sly* laugh—when they dont suffer by it! A man will be mad that is choused out of a thousand pounds, but, if his Neighbour is nicked out of it, he laughs, and says—" Ah! that is, I am afraid, a sad wicked fellow, but clever—the Dog's clever!"

Mrs. F. Disgusting!

Fancourt. So, if a Woman falls, the injured Husband rages—but his Friend simpers—

Mrs. F. Is it so Sir! and pray how then is it when a scheme is laid—for the ruin of a Daughter!

Fancourt. A Daughter! oh! oh! I catch the key-note!—What you heard enough for that just now did ye—heard what Brisk said about Sir Robert's Daughter?

Mrs. F. I did!

Fancourt. Woman! no scheme is agreed on between us—Brisk will not impart his intended mode of procedure. In all events, my Dear, do you keep Silence! or, if you do not, I'll slit that nimble tongue of your's, and make it chatter double like a Starling's! [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. I cannot restrain myself! A plot laid for the ruin of a Child—for the bitter anguish of a Father! (*Pauses.*) I will! I may in Disguise atchieve what, lest he should hear of me, I dare not encounter the risk of attempting in my own character.

FANCOURT *returns.*

Fancourt. Hark ye Woman! lest you should mistake the lively humour I have shown, I tell you that if you dare to utter, to whisper with the slightest breath, what your impertinent Curiosity has put you in possession of, every Misery that I can inflict awaits you! I have a Dagger (*She Starts*)—not to take your life! but to wound your *Mind.* A Secret that will inflict torture there indeed!

Mrs. F. I tremble at all you can threat—yet I bid you remember—that the young creature whose welfare and peace you design to ruin, is the daughter of the man who, touched by your Distresses, sent you, but yesterday, noble relief!

Fancourt. Yesterday is past, and a thousand *to-morrows* are to come. I must provide for them! my opportunities are few—my Wants are pressing!

Mrs. F. Mr. Fancourt!—is thus then Poverty the nurse of Virtue?—May it not thus at times be the source of depravity, and its wretchedness, brought on by idleness, debase the Heart at least as much as Affluence and Splendor?

Fancourt. Woman! I cannot argue—Remember! [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. (*After a Pause.*)—How selfish necessity doth chill the Heart!—on Prudence how many other Virtues depend! Poverty thou hast a thousand Evils besides mere Want—thou art the precursor of almost every ill!—But, this young creature shall not be victim to its necessities. I must devote myself to save her. I feel it a Duty! and will not be deterred! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LADY HORATIA'S. THE STATUARY ROOM.

Enter Sir Simon Asgill, *followed by a Servant.*

Sir Simon. Yes, tell your Lady—Sir Simon Asgill from the City.—(*Walking up and examining the Statues*) Why, what an odd place is this?—Your Servant, Madam (*bowing to the Figure of a Woman*) Why, you look as melancholy as the wife of a lame duck just waddled home from the Alley.—Why here's another (*The Shield of Minerva.*) with what? —serpents on her Head instead of Hair! the fashion

in some barbarous wild-country I suppose.—What Wonder next?—oh! here comes the Lady herself!

Enter GEORGINA.

Lady Horatia Horton, I am your most obedient Servant!

Georgina. Sir I am—(*making a low curtesy*)—your very—(*Aside* I, Lady Horatia!—ha! ha! ha! I wonder who he is!)

Sir Simon. My Lady! I wait on you on a melancholy occasion.

Georgina. (*Aside.*—I'll keep it up!) Then Sir I wish you had staid away. I hate melancholy—and this is my Birth-Day! I am this day delightful Eighteen—and I will not be made melancholy for any thing!

Sir Simon. Eighteen—my Nephew is ten years older. A happy Age young Lady, the union of youth and Judgment. Where I a Lady, I would never take a Boy to guide me through life. Eight-and-twenty is the Age, and that is the age of my Nephew.

Georgina. Ha! ha! ha! And pray Sir—ha! ha! ha! and pray—who is your Nephew!

Sir Simon. (*Aside.*—How flippant she is!)—My Nephew Madam—(*Aside.*—I dont much like her!)—My Nephew is that unfortunate young man who has been so long in love with you—Sidney Asgill.

Georgina. (*Aside.*)—So! I shall have Lady Horatia's Secret now!—how I will plague her about Sidney Asgill!

Sir Simon. I understand he has possessed your good opinion.

Georgina. Oh!—I can't say how much I admire him! (*Aside.*—Ha! ha! I never saw him in my life!)

Sir Simon. It must give you, my Lady, consider-

able pain to know that he is undone!—I am the Uncle on whom he depends, but, the misfortunes of Commerce—in short, Madam, if you will be so generous as to marry him, you will marry a Beggar—but consider his Merit!

Georgina. I marry a Beggar on account of his Merit!—Why Sir—ha! ha! ha!

Sir Simon. Consider—how he loves you.

Georgina. What signifies his love? A Beggar—I am sure if my Papa should—(*Aside.*—I forget, I am Lady Horatia!)

Sir Simon.—Your father! why he was never mentioned to me.

Georgina. No Sir!—why if he should—(Pho! I blunder again!)

Sir Simon. Well, that's not to the point. You say you will not marry my Nephew because he is a beggar—I am glad to hear you say it. You will not marry *poor* Sidney Asgill, though he is dying for you!

Georgina. Certainly I will not!—(*Aside.*—I am safe in saying that, for to be sure Lady Horatia wont marry a Beggar!)—I desire I may hear no more of your Nephew Sir; a frightful ugly disagreeable odd-temper'd Mortal! I can't abide him!

Sir Simon. Then, Madam, my Visit has answered its purpose! But, as it would not be civil to correct you, I have a great mind to lay my stick about your Investment of Mummery here! (*In great Anger.*)—You say you will not marry my Nephew?

Georgina. I do say I will not Sir!—I never will!—the Winter shall scorch first, and the Summer freeze.

Sir Simon. Then, by my Credit on Change you shall not—gazette me if you do!—I'll look amongst the girls in the City! We have, with more money, as much beauty, and as much Goodness, east of Temple Bar, as can be found in all the Squares west of it.

So Madam I leave you—I leave you to your pale objects of affection here—(*pointing to the Statuary.*)—Refuse my Nephew! I am glad of it!—I am glad of it! He shall have a City Girl!—I have one in my eye—ten times as handsome as you are—old Simon says so! [*Exit.*

Georgina. Then, let him have a City Girl—Old Simon! Ha! ha! ha! why what a Fury he went off in!

Enter LADY HORATIA.

—Oh! Lady Horatia I have been so diverted—ha! ha! ha!

Lady Hor. What has so amused you, my Dear?

Georgina. Yes! yes! I know all about Sidney Asgill!—Oh! how sly you were!

Lady Hor. You amaze me!—Where is Sir Simon? (*Looking round.*)

Georgina. Oh! here has been the queerest old Cit here—storming and raving because I would not marry his Nephew!

Lady Hor. What can this mean?

Georgina. But then—he took me for you! and came to tell you that his Nephew is a Beggar, and that he is dying, and I know not what stuff!

Lady Hor. Mr. Asgill dying! (*Greatly alarmed.*)

Georgina. Dont look so frightened—for love of you, that's all. But he'll get over it—they always do!

Lady Hor. What does he say?—Sidney a Beggar!

Georgina. Oh yes, he repeated that—as though it was a Recommendation! You cant think what a passion he went off in, because I vowed nothing on earth should make me marry a Beggar—neither would you, for you are more prudent than I. (*Going and returning.*) Oh! I had forgot!—the best of it is,

he swears his Nephew shall marry a City Beauty, with a great large clumsy City fortune!

Lady Hor.—Marry!

Georgina. I should like to see the Bride. He declares she is twenty times as handsome as I am—I mean as *you* are!

Lady Hor. Oh! you know not what you have done!—Cruel Georgina! I shall appear to Sidney mean, sordid, detestable!—For that he is in Poverty, he will think that I renounce him! you have undone me!—I am lost! [*Exit.*

Georgina. I certainly must have done something wrong! But, to be sure she will not marry a Beggar; and yet I dont know—perhaps she may! One hears for ever of the Whims of Fine Ladies, sitting and contriving what odd thing they shall do—to surprise the Town with next! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A DRAWING ROOM AT SIR ROBERT'S.

A noise without of Scolding.

Enter JENNY, *followed by* HUMPHREY.

Jenny. Such an impudent insolent Clown as you are, you pretend for to talk, you! one who never learnt his horn book!

Humph. Better never larn a horn-book, than such novel-books as you have learnt to read, you Trumpery! I tell you I doant like your goings on, and I'll tell Master! You are always a filling Miss's head with stuff; and I doant like many things as I do zee.

Jenny. You see! you dont know what you see.

Humph. Doant I? yes I do, and what I hear too! I've a heard fine tales of you since I crossed over

Bristol Channel to live in Wales. Yes, yes, it is not for Nothing that you are drawn forth in smart caps of washed gauze and dyed ribbons, and ruffletytufflety; and going half naked—as though you were a Lady of Fashion! D'ye remember the Coptain who used to come, on pretence of admiring the old tattered velvet furniture that came out of Somebody's great-great-grandfeather's Castle two hundred years ago?—

Enter Sir Robert *and* Fancourt.

Sir Robert. Hey-dey! (*Humphrey and Jenny run off.*) Quarrelling about my velvet tattered furniture! I set a high value on it. The Rags of a man's ancestry ought to make him proud!—I would give fifty acres for the rags of the old Doublet of that Ancestor of mine who came over, you know, with the Ambassador of King Priam.

Fancourt. I am sorry you interrupted them. I like those children of Nature! I am fond of natural Characters unvitiated by Riches! No disguise—all open Honesty.—What their Hearts prompt their tongues utter!

Sir Rob. True Sir, true! I am glad you like plainness, and therefore venture bluntly to tell you, Mr Fancourt, that the Draft I promised you for your Friend, my Lord Beechgrove, I have altered my mind about.

Fancourt. Sir!

Sir Rob. All that affair about Mr Snapper was pleasant to be sure; but, I have met with treatment that has stagger'd me a good deal.

Fancourt. (*Aside.*—Ruin!)—Stagger'd Sir!

Sir Rob. Yes Sir! I do not understand a man's wanting favours, and yet treating those ill who would do him Service!

Fancourt. (*Aside.*—My Heart shrivels like scorched

parchment !)—Treat you ill Sir! who has dared to accuse me of treating you ill Sir Robert? I defy the man, I defy the human being!—(*Aside.*—I wish I was well out of the house!)

Sir Rob. Oh, Mr Fancourt, I have not the least fear that *you* would use me ill. I believe it to be impossible! No Sir, it is my Lord Beechgrove of whom I complain. Why Sir, do you know I met him in the Park just now—and he would not speak to me—nay didn't return my bow! though an hour before he invited me to visit him, as you know—— Bless me! what's the matter, Mr Fancourt!

Fancourt. (*Smothering a laugh.*) Oh, Sir Robert, I am seized with a Vertigo! it is sometimes very troublesome—if I had a Glass of Water—

Sir Rob. Here Thomas! Humphrey! I'll go myself! [*Exit.*

Fancourt. Ha! ha! ha! he has seen the real Lord Beechgrove!—Alas! but the Thousand is gone like last month's moonshine if I cant—

Enter Brisk.

you double-face fellow, out of the house!—Away!

Brisk. What has happened?

Fancourt. What has happened! why Old Taffy has seen—out of the house—stay not to ask Questions! he has seen your *Polygraph*—that's all.—Out —out—here he comes! (*Brisk darts out.*)

Enter Sir Robert, *followed by a Servant with a Glass.*

Oh Sir Robert, you are very good! (*Drinks.*) Every Spring and Fall—I am better now! You were pleased to say something Sir about my friend Lord Beechgrove. Oh! I remember now—he met you and did not know you!

Sir Robert. That was very odd though!—Says I—"My Lord! the thousand pounds which Mr Fancourt spoke to me about"—

Fancourt. Did you? did you! (*Smothers Laughter*) Well, Sir Robert, and what said my Lord?

Sir Rob. Not a Word!—Stared as though I'd been a new caught Monster! and yet, I had not changed my Dress, though he had changed his. The difference of Dress made me almost think once that I might be mistaken—but, on looking again I thought I was sure!

Fancourt. Pray, what was his Dress Sir?

Sir Rob. Regimentals.

Fancourt. Regimentals?—(*Aside.* A hint for Brisk's Toilette!)—Oh, he had his Regimentals on—aye—he has one of the Regiments of Guards. They change frequently—they dont stick to their *Colours* much—except in War!—Rather odd too, not speaking, I confess, but a man whose head is full of the military manœuvres of all Europe must be forgiven, if an acquaintance of no long standing slips out of it for a moment.

Sir Rob. Why I can make allowances Mr Fancourt. I remember myself, when I was High Sheriff for the County, I did happen to pass an acquaintance or so, but then I made an Apology—after I was out of Office! I shall expect an Apology from my Lord at once, in office or not, for not returning my bow, before I advance the thousand pounds.—A thousand pounds is money Mr Fancourt.

Fancourt. It is, it is money Sir—and it is quite regular to be obsequious and bow for it! I will go Sir and bring his Lordship. He dines to day at the Duchesses in his own Square; but, I'll engage to bring him away in spite of Wit Beauty and Champaigne.—(*Aside.* I'll be a match for thee yet—old Taffy!) [*Exit.*

Sir Rob. I wish my Lord would introduce me to

dine at the Duchess's. I never did dine at a Duchess's —it must be very delightful! I'd follow the modern fashion, write down her smart sayings after my return home; go back to Glamorganshire—and astonish my neighbours! [*Exit.*

GEORGINA *enters laughing, followed by* JENNY.

Jenny. Well Miss, I declare I dont see any thing in the Alabaster Statutes, that you have been running after, all of one Colour like a Duck's egg. Give me a fine large picture, with rich yellow window-curtains and Robes of Red and Blue!

Georgina. Your Taste is excellent Jenny!

Jenny. If you want to see Statuary all like life, go to Mrs Silvertip's.

Georgina. Who is she?

Jenny. Why a Lady who makes the finest Statutes in the World, all of nice coloured wax.—There are Generals and Sailors and Princésses—and Dukes and old Women, all beautiful and more natural than life! (*Aside.*—If I can raise her Curiosity to go there—Mr Brisk's Fortune is made!)

Georgina. Dear Jenny! how can I see all this?

Jenny. How? why by only going to her Exhibition on Fish-Street Hill, that's all.

Georgina. Fish-Street Hill! Where is that?

Jenny. (*Aside.*—Hang me if I know!)—Oh Miss every body knows where that is. 'Tis just by Grosvenor Square.

Georgina. Would she teach me her art do you think?—I might then surpass Lady Horatia!

Jenny. Oh, to be sure!—They teach Ladies all sorts of Arts you know now Miss.

Georgina. The first use I would make of it would be—to imitate the features of Mr Conway! I should then be able to look at him without blushing, and talk to him without his knowing it.

Jenny. (*Petulantly.*)—Mr Conway indeed!

Georgina. Oh yes—I will—I will learn the Art!—I know his countenance so well I could soon imitate it. And yet (*tenderly*) there is sometimes a look of Goodness that no Art can imitate!

Jenny. (*Aside.*—Mischief's in the look I say!)—Well Miss I'll carry you there to morrow. But, Sir Robert must not know it!

Georgina. Oh, not for the world!—I'll go!—I'll go!—I'll go! (*Runs off.*)

Jenny. Yes, so you shall! But Mr *Conway* shall gain nothing by it.—You have a large Fortune my Dear, and are handsome; Mr Brisk is handsome, and has no Fortune; but will pay out of your's a full consideration for effecting so proper a match!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

ASGILL'S LODGINGS.

Enter ASGILL *and* CONWAY.

Asg. 'Tis in vain! Never, Conway, will I sue for Compassion to a proud Beauty, who treated me with Haughtiness—even when she believed me Heir to large Possessions!

Con. Loveliness and Pride should in some degree be associated. Sanction not the vulgar railing against the Haughtiness of conscious beauty.—She who *over* values herself will never sink low. And the Lady of whom we speak perhaps loves you.

Asg. For that very reason I will not again appear before her. I will not raise a conflict in her bosom between her pride and her tenderness, and owe at length perhaps to her Compassion, the acceptance—to which Love would never have brought her.

Con. You are very nice! If my Heart were not

pre-occupied, and so fine a woman would condescend to make me master of herself and her fortune, I would not quarrel with her about the Motive, but thank the pretty creature, and cherish for her all the Love I could.

Asg. But you are a man of Fortune—your motive would not be suspected to be mean! By this time I suppose people begin to talk of *my* distressed state.

Con. I have heard it mentioned. A Lady observed that it was pity a man so handsome—(what think you of that!) should sink thus. Her Husband said, he was sorry too—for that he thought you were a good kind of young man.

Asg. Good kind of young man!—I dont much like that sort of approbation. (*Conway seems surprised.*) Do not imagine that I wish for the reputation of a bad heart!—But the terms "Good kind of young man" are sometimes applied with so little discrimination, that I desire not to be honoured with them. For instance—An idle fellow who hangs loose on society without avocation or merit, or one who perhaps even corrupts the sister of his friend, or runs away with his daughter, is, in excuse, still said to be, after all, though a little irregular—"a good kind of young man enough!"—I disclaim the title.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here is the person you ordered from Tower-hill. Slopseller, I think he calls himself. [*Exit.*

Con. Slopseller!—How do you translate that?——Apothecary I suppose.

Asg. Ha! ha!—No, I assure you. A *Tower-hill* Slopseller does not deal in emulsions and syrups, he—but you must excuse my telling you what he deals in.—My dear Conway! I am becoming somewhat

grave and dull—so Adieu!—Often think of me, and speak of me as I may deserve, but the trouble of sighing forth that I am—a good sort of young man—you may spare yourself!

Con. Asgill, though there is some pleasantry in your manner, there is also a seriousness that shocks me!—What are you going to do?

Asg. What I ought to do! Do you imagine I intend to stay at home, to parade Bond Street and pace the *promenade* of Saint James's Street and Pall Mall? No, no, my fever'd brain cannot be cooled by such expedients!—'tis only the powerful voice of my Country can regulate its distraction. My arrangements are made, my resolution is fixed.—Farewell!

Con. Is then the fervour, sprung of the agitation of this moment, nobly directed to the service of your Country!

Asg. I was placed you know in the Navy. On my Father's death, my Uncle declared me his Heir. I had but advanced to the Rank of Lieutenant when he took me from the Service. Now, when I have no riches to assist in supporting those who fight for my Country, again will I serve her in my own person!

Con. Do your private woes find relief but in that powerful principle—this is indeed patriotic love! Not to oppose so noble a resolve is, though difficult, a Duty! Farewell then, my Asgill, until a change of fortune. In the mean time, you know how truly, if you can prevail upon yourself to condescend, you may command mine! [*Exit.*

Asg. He goes in tears. The dew that manly Friendship forces to the eye, is a noble voucher for the Heart that speeds it thither!—

Enter SLOPSELLER, *with a bundle.*

Have you brought the Uniform?

Slopseller. Yes, Sir.—Every thing else is sent on board. (*Lays down the bundle.*)

Asgill. This sight revives a warm glow in my bosom! In the Sailor's habit what Heroes have bled! —what gallant acts have been atchieved! Those who have worn it have given Britain the extension of her Empire—high-water mark over the whole globe!

Man. Aye Sir, they say in our shop it was your RALEIGHS, your DRAKES, and your BOSCAWENS, who did all that!

Asg. Whilst, in grateful retrospection, we twine Laurels around the tombs of the Heroes that are departed, our Country must not forget what is due to those of our own day! It is this that will cause other Raleighs Drakes and Boscawens to start forth like Meteors, and glide Britain's naval empire—blazing in glory!

[*Exit, pressing the Dress to his breast.*

Man. Aye—these are the fellows!

[*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I. LADY HORATIA'S DRAWING-ROOM.

She enters rapidly.

Lady Hor. Yes—order the horses instantly! and yet—no—I shall not want them!—Go to his Uncle in the City! How strange that will be!—but, can I hesitate on *decorums* when Existence is at stake? Can I suffer Sidney Asgill to believe that Georgina's fooleries are my Sentiments? Can I suffer another, whilst I appear despicable, to have the Privilege of raising him from Poverty!——Ah! Mr Conway!

Enter CONWAY.

Con. I darted hither the moment I received your commands.

Lady Hor. My Commands! Sir, I only sent to ask—it was only with an intention to—(*Much confused.*)

Con. Speak, Lady Horatia!—(*A Pause.*)—Do me the honour to repose Confidence in me!

Lady Hor. Perhaps I may—I believe I ought—but—in one moment what will you think of me? (*Walks a little way in extreme agitation, then returns.*) Yet, I must speak—for the conflict is too great for me to endure. You are the Friend of Asgill—the

friend of his youth—the chosen of his heart—(*He bows*)—permit me then to ask, did you ever hear him name any other Lady as one - - - with whom he wished to unite his fate?

Con. Oh, never! You, I full well know, have been the first and only object of his affection.

Lady Hor. Then find him out—pursue him! - - - What have I said? my soul shrinks at the sound of the words I have uttered!

Con. Would my Asgill's ear could have caught them!—Go on Lady Horatia.

Lady Hor. Go on! Alas! need I add another sentence!—You see that- - - - -humble me not too far—for I am proud! Had Asgill continued the Heir of splendid possessions, perhaps my Pride would never have abated; but, he is poor—he is undone!

Con. Transcendent Woman!

Lady Hor. My fortune is his—my Heart!

Con. For him I thank you—you, so worthy of the love of Asgill!

Lady Hor. I feel your kindness in endeavouring to relieve my Confusion. The step I have taken I should yesterday have thought less easy than to die! Permit me to leave you—nor dare to think (*with resumed dignity*)—that because my affection is strong, my Conduct shall be weak! [*Exit.*

Con. What is the situation to which dignity of Soul cannot lend a Grace? The very conduct which in a vulgar mind would disgust, where there is such elegance and virtue becomes fascinating.—Now Asgill, I will dare to seek thee! to give such transport to thy heart, as shall make thee feel the hour of thy poverty the most precious of thy life! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SIR ROBERT FLOYER'S LIBRARY.

He enters in a bustle, followed by a Servant.

Sir Rob. Show up his Lordship and Mr Fancourt directly!—fly down. (*Sits*) Remember—never keep a Lord in waiting! [*Exit Servant.* —No, I wont receive his Lordship sitting, that will look like want of Respect! (*Rises.*)—I will be standing. No—that will not be the thing either, for then I shall have no opportunity of showing my Veneration for him in my own house, by rising at his entrance. No, I must sit, and—yes I've hit it—I'll be reading, deeply employed in reading! Then, when the great man enters, I'll start up and dash away the Book!—Let me see, it shall be a large important looking book. I'll get up and reach one down. (*Mounts the Library steps and takes one.*)—"Chambers's Dictionary"—that will do! (*Takes another under the other arm*) "The fall of the Roman——" Bless me—here's my Lord!

(*Lord Beechgrove announced, Sir Robert in his flurry tumbles with the Books, Fancourt enters with Brisk dressed in Regimentals. They help him up.*)

Sir Rob. Oh—I am quite confounded! My Lord, I beg your Lordship's pardon a million of times!—Mr Fancourt—my knee!—(*Rubs it.*)

Brisk. (*Aside.*—Well, here I am, in a new character, under the roof with the old Fellow's daughter—however she knows me not!)—Sir Robert, I am much grieved!

Sir Rob. Dont mind me!—reach his Lordship a Chair! a most untoward accident—but pray accept it as an Omen. You found me stretched at your feet—I am the most humble of your servants!

Brisk. Sir Robert, I have often heard of the Politeness of the Welch Gentlemen, and you really confirm all that can be said of them. The year in which you was Sheriff, Sir Robert, was such a year of splendor and magnificence as Glamorganshire will long remember. We heard a vast deal of it at St. James's! it amused the Royal Circle for a month!

Sir Rob. Why, my Lord, I did my best on that occasion. When I was High Sheriff for the County, I neither spared myself nor my purse. A hanging in the morning, and an Assembly at night, dining with the Judges to day, and to-morrow in consultation with them and Jack Ketch about a new Gallows!—such a variety of business, my Lord, demands a man's whole attention!

Brisk. Certainly, certainly!—A little thing happened this morning Sir Robert, which I assure you has given me considerable pain—your address in the Park! But, if a man is tossing in his mind the compact between Russia and Poland, and thinking of going to St. Petersburgh Ambassador perhaps himself, to revise one or two points that might be amended —to be interrupted just at the moment in which he fancies himself delivering the credentials of his office to the Empress, and receiving one of those *delicious* Smiles which—

Fancourt. (*Twitching him.*) You will go too far!

Brisk. I say, Sir Robert, just at such a moment to be addressed!

Sir Rob. Oh, my Lord, no wonder that yu overlooked me! I am ashamed to have complained of such a Trifle.

Fancourt. Pray, my Lord, examine Sir Robert's shelves. You will find them well stocked.

Sir Rob. All dead stock, my Lord, heavy dead stock.

Brisk. Pardon me Sir—pardon me! such stock is never dead. You have, in Calf's skin, the very Souls of the authors—well selected for the Binding I dare say!

Sir Rob. Why, my Lord, as to selection, I left that to my Broker, and he buys by the Reviews. He furnished the whole house, from the kitchen to the Garret upon an elegant scale—the Pots and the Poets—the Frying-pans and the Philosophers were alike of his choice.

Fancourt. (*Apart.*) Now, Sir Robert! if you wish to do the thing genteelly, write the draft without his observing it. Better make it payable to both, and then I shall have the honour of being your Debtor also. I'll take care to present it to him after we have left the house. Great men must not have Services rendered to them coarsely!

Sir Rob. I understand you; there is a nice way of doing things.—Pray, my Lord, amuse yourself with a Folio or two. (*Apart.*—A certain delicate!—it shall be so.) (*Goes to the table and writes.*)

Brisk. (*Taking up a Book.*) "The Debates of Leadenhall-Street"—light pretty reading in a heavy morning!

Fancourt. (*Apart*) Leadenhall-Street!—a thought strikes me!

Brisk. May it be a useful hit!

Fancourt. I say, my Lord, as Sir Robert has a liberal mind, and may be entrusted with Patronage amongst the Glamorganshire Voters, suppose you get for him, by way of outset, a seat at the Board of Controul! (*Sir Robert writes, and listens, by turns.*)

Brisk. The thought was too obvious to be missed—the place suits his discernment and spirit.—(*Alternately whispering and speaking loud*) The Nabobs! (*whispers*) The Begums! (*whispers*) Muslins, Ala-

ballas, Mul-Muls, Nansooks! (*whispers*) Nankeen China (*whispers.*) Patna Rice (*whispers.*)

Sir Rob. (*Runs up*) O my Lord! my Lord!—(*Slides the Draft into Fancourt's hand.*—Not a word. —Mum!—*His finger to his lip.*)

Brisk. I perceive (*Fancourt holds up the Draft to catch Brisk's eye*)—I had better go directly—no time to be lost. Let us finish the business at once! (*Looking at Fancourt significantly*)—Sir Robert! your Servant!

Fancourt. Sir Robert! your Servant!

[*Both hurry off.*

Sir Robert. (*Stares.*)—Sir Robert your Servant! —mighty short!—Well, but their hurry is in order to serve me! a little rudeness may be pardoned, when it proceeds from kindness!

Enter GEORGINA *hastily, followed by* JENNY.

Georgina. O dear Papa! there is a woman in the Street with some odd music. I am going to the Balcony to hear her! [*Exit. Jenny following.*

Sir Rob. Get along—Madcap!—(*Going.*) Begums! Nabobs!—Sir Robert your Servant!—mighty short too! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

THE STREET BEFORE SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE.

Enter Mrs. Fancourt, *dressed as a Savoyard,*
And winding a Hurdy Gurdy.

Attended by two Children, One with a Tambour,
The other with a Cymbal.

Mrs. F. This is the house. Here will I place myself;—fortunately I may attract the intended Victim!

Sings, and plays.

I be von poor Savoyard,
Get but lit, yet labour hard!
Wet and Cold me oft endure,
Patience be my only cure!

[*Georgina appears at the Balcony, Jenny behind her.*

Ah, Ah, *charmante* Lady, cast down your bright eye,
Compassionate look, or perhaps I be die!
I see von sweet Smile stealing over your face,
It give you new Beauty, it give you new Grace!

I be von poor Savoyard,
Get but lit, yet labour hard!
Wet and Cold me oft endure,
Patience be my only cure!

Make von curtesy to de Lady, you lit impudent ting!

Georgina. Dont chide her! Where did you come from?

Mrs. F. From von great way off. I live among de Mountains, and I be come to please de prit lady of dis country.—(*Georgina throws down Silver*)—Take up *l'argent ma petite*, and put it in *votre poche.* Bless your *Charité.* Lady I can tell de fortune by looking at de vite hand.

Georgina. Can you?—Jenny! let us have her up.

Jenny. Laws, Miss, dont let such creatures come in; they may steal something! There's a thievish look in her eyes; I understand Eyes, as well as she does hands!

Mrs. F. Dat prit young vomans, by your side, Lady, be born to von great luck—she vill have de great offaer.

Jenny. Well, Miss, if you *will* have her in—I suppose I may as well open the door!

[*They leave the Balcony.*

Mrs. F. Thus far I am successful. Dreadful! that such youth and goodness should become the prey of villains!—ah! the door opens.

Jenny. (*Opening the door.*) Come, come, make haste! [*They Enter.*

SCENE IV.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

GEORGINA *enters, followed by Mrs.* FANCOURT *and* JENNY.

Mrs. F. Come, let me look at your prit vite hand! (*Takes Georgina's hand, and pretends to examine the lines.*) Ah, I see—I see!—But, I have not de power to tell de fortune before any von.—Dat gentle—sweet temper young vomans must go.

Georgina. Jenny, d'ye hear? Leave the room.—Go directly!

Jenny. (*Going reluctantly*)—(*Aside.* I should not have thought of that foreign woman's impudence!—have me sent out of the room!—I dont like the look of her, I'll listen I am determined!) [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. Now Miss, me vill tell you—you be born to be ver happy, if you be ver good!

Georgina. Why, do you think I am *not* good?

Mrs. F. Bau! bau! dere be von—two vicked mens, who have ver bad design against you. *Il faut* you must not see any Gentleman but in the presence of your Papa! Your Papa be your *bon* friend.

Georgina. I never heard any thing so ridiculous. Never see a Gentleman but in my Papa's presence!—You're a fine Fortune-teller.—Good-day! [*Going.*

Mrs. F. (*Agitated, follows and seizes her.*) Madam, if you would not be lost beyond Redemption, observe what I have said!—Two Villains have laid some train—

Georgina. Amazing!—you now speak good English!

Mrs. F. Ah! I had forgot!—But, when the Heart

feels it is hard to dissemble! You have detected me.—Charming young Woman, slight not the Cautions which I wear this disguise to give! Surely they must have force with you, when I tell you--that it is perhaps at the hazard of my Life that I appear before you.

Georgina. You make me shudder!

Mrs. F. Treat not lightly then the advice of one—who runs such risk to urge it on you. I know not exactly what is designed. They seem not yet in full confidence with each other; but, some scheme or other will be carried on against you, by one or both. Be it what it may, I have awakened your Circumspection—my Duty is performed.

Jenny. (*Running in.*) Get out of the house you Impostor! you deceiving Jezabel!—If you do not go this minute, I will order the house-maid to sweep you out.

Mrs. F. Young Lady, think seriously on my words! [*Exit.*

Jenny. Think upon her words a Vagabond! Did you ever see such assurance Miss? I have a great mind to follow her, and beat her Hurdy-Gurdy about her ears!

Georgina. Be silent! What I have heard has reached my Heart—I will be circumspect!

[*Walking slowly off.*

Jenny. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Who can that plaguy woman be? her Disguise will prevent me from ever discovering! Mr Brisk has let somebody into our Secret, who has betrayed us. She'll not trust herself with me to the supposed Wax-work now. What labour it will cost me to throw her off her guard!—but I'll try. (*Takes a Letter from her pocket and looks it over.*) Yes, yes, this Letter will bring him.—Hang me if I dont believe I have spelt *disguised* wrong. Well—no matter—the meaning is undisguised enough.—(*Wafers the Letter*)—Here

Humphrey!—(*Smiling, and speaking very gently.*)—Humphrey!

Enter HUMPHREY.

Humph. Come—none of your flummery!

Jenny. Nay, dont be cross! you know we have made it up.—Here take this Letter, and carry it to Mr Brisk. Come now (*coaxing*) you know I am working you the Corners of a new neck-handkerchief, twenty times as pretty as this.

[*Touching that which he wears.*

Humph. Shall I have it by Friday, to go to Bob's wedding?

Jenny. You shall! (*Bell rings.*)

Humph. Well, give it me—(*Snatching the Letter*)—the old place I suppose?

Jenny. Yes, yes, the old place—(*Bell again.*) I wish the Bell was pulled down! Go directly. [*Exit.*

Humph. The wafer's wet—ha! ha!—Now she thinks I cant read wroiting—help her sappy head! Ha! ha! I can wroite and read too, but that's a secret between me and my own sel.—(*Looking at it all round.*) I would not break a *Seal* for the world—for that I do know would be a most unhonorable thing; but, as to a Chambermaid's wet *Wafer*—There! it opens like a boiled oyster!——'Tis a dainty Scrawl! the lines do run as strait as the Zig-Zag of a corkscrew. (*Reads.*) "Generous Sir!"—well that's grateful—"Come here tomorrow, disguized as before in the---(*Spelling*) *f-e-m*,—fem.—(*Looking earnestly.*) *f-e-fe*, —*m* by itself *m*—fem-alee.——Yes!—no!—oh! *female* dress, or you wont get into the house. Call yourself, as before, Miss Sally Martin."——So! so! so! then that strapping Wench that I did let in the other morning is, all the while, what I more than half mistrusted mysel at the time—a lubberly lout of a Man!—(*Scratches his head and

reads again—) "Though you came in vain before, and I could not get you to see Miss, perhaps I can now. We must hurry up the Match if we can. Be sure you come!

Your Dutiful Sarvant

JANE

To John Brisk Squire."

So!—John and Jane are a pretty pair! Now what can they be upon? Why, that's nothing to I. But, howsomever, I think I wont carry it!—Yes—(*looking at the corners of his handkerchief*) yes I think I will—I will carry it.—I will see John in Petticoats once more! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Brisk walking backward and forward
With an air of great Uneasiness.

Enter FANCOURT.

Brisk. (*Running up to him.*)—Oh! you are come! I have been waiting here this hour. I began to fear that you were slippery—that you were upon your tricks.

Fancourt. What, with each other? Oh fie! never. I drove to the Bankers and back, as fast as the horses of a wretched hack could carry me. And, in my way, met a fellow in his Chariot, who two years since borrowed money of me for Shoes.

Brisk. I never meet such a fellow, for I never lend—make a point of that! Come give me my money, my ways and means at the Gaming Table—my moiety of the Thousand.

Fancourt. (*Unwilling.*) Directly—directly—Ha! how do you do?—(*Bowing to those supposed to be at a distance.*)—Here is the—(*Puts his hand slowly into*

his pocket.)—Ah! I saw you last night (*To others*)—a full Concert!——Oh! I had forgot! I must be at the Tennis Court immediately!

(*Running off towards the top.*)

Brisk. (*Following.*) Rot the Tennis-Court! give me the Notes.

Fancourt. The Notes!—Well, there are the Notes.

(*Brisk looks, with astonishment, at them and at Fancourt, by turns.*)

Brisk. Well!—What are these?

Fancourt. What are they! why the Notes;—your share of the Loan for a Thousand, procured by *me* this morning.

Brisk. Here are four Notes—five and twenty pounds each!

Fancourt. Well, cant you reckon? Four notes, five and twenty pounds each, make one cool Hundred, principal money. And, you are welcome! I confess I had some thoughts of the fair thing being but Fifty, but, recollecting our ancient Friendship, when I bought into the Four per Cents with the rest, I kept back a snug Hundred for you.—Good day, Brisk!

Brisk. (*Seizing him.*) Stay Sir—stay you shall, and account at once! I must away to the Pharo Table.

Fancourt. I too have my engagement there. But, my good fellow, do not make an uproar in the Park! because, you know, if you do Brisk, I shall be under the necessity of relating some little Anecdotesof you, which may—you understand me!

Brisk. (*Fiercely*) So, you have bought nine hundred Pounds worth of Stock!

Fancourt. I have.

Brisk. And you are determined that I shall touch but one cool hundred?

Fancourt. Only one—and quite enough for having the pleasure of being treated as a Lord on a contrivance of *mine!* Besides, Master Brisk—you dont play open in your scheme on the old fellow's Daughter.

Brisk. (*Smothering rage.*) Very well—very well! —(*Aside.* You've done for yourself as to any share of gain there, my Boy!)

Fancourt. What would a man have?—An hundred pounds for only just walking into an old sprawling fellow's Library and——Ruin! he's here—I'm off! [*Exit.*

Brisk. Is he? he is.—I'll not run!—He's coming towards me—I'll not flinch! You shall see, Mr Fancourt, what it is to use a brother Schemer ill. Is not the world easily enough gulled by trickery of any sort, but we must cheat one another?—I'll sacrifice Myself rather than not be revenged!

(*Takes out his Pocket-Book and Pencil, seeming very intent.*)

Enter Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. Ah! there's his Lordship. He seems very busy again—perhaps I had better pass on! No—I wont. Surely after such a favour—ah! my Lord your most obedient! (*Brisk gazes at him, then continues to write.*) Well now, I declare (*Looks amazed.*) My Lord! I say, your most obedient!

Brisk. Pray Sir, who are you?

Sir Rob. I am astonished!

Brisk. Who, I say, are you—(*looking fiercely at him*) who thus twice to-day have taken the freedom to address me in public?

Sir Rob. Who am I? What! does not your Lordship know me now?—Oh! perhaps the Polish Treaty, or the delicious *Smiles* of the Empress, monopolize your Lordship's thoughts again.

Brisk. (*Affecting passion.*) Perhaps neither!—I am engrossed by your Impertinence. Who *are* you Sir!

Sir Rob. Who am I? why the man who, two hours since, lent you one thousand pounds principal money, to keep you from the Extortion of the Jews.

Brisk. A thousand pounds. Eh, eh!—(*Looking very grave.*) Lent me a thousand pounds!—(*Seizing his hand*) I am full of concern for you! I am firmly persuaded you have been imposed on Sir. There is a fellow about this Town who resembles me so much, that we may play the two *Dromios*—we are as like as two brown russetings growing on the same twig. He resembles my person, he imitates my very Dress—Sir, depend on it, he has also assumed my Name, to borrow your one thousand pounds principal money—I wish you may ever get them again!

Sir Rob. Why, my Lord, I am thunderstruck!—Then what you said to me this morning—I mean what *he* said—concerning the Begums and the Nansooks—

Brisk. Was something to cozen you, depend on it! You were cheated, clearly!—Sorry for you—cant stay, clearly cheated Sir—you may depend on it! (*Going.*)

Sir Rob. (*Agitated.*) My Lord—my Lord—grant me a moment—permit me then to ask one question—do you know Mr Fancourt?

Brisk. Do I know Mr Fancourt? Sir! there are a sort of people one may be said to know, because one meets them every where; but, as to Mr Fancourt, Sir I would not keep a groom who was absolutely acquainted with such a person.

Sir Rob. Oh!

Brisk. If you want to learn his character, you may hear of it, for aught I know, some day or other in the King's Bench Prison.—Do I know Mr Fancourt indeed! [*Exit.*

Sir Rob. Is it Ground I stand upon? I am amazed—never were two men so alike upon earth. The Look, the Voice, the Dress.—But, can Fancourt be a Villain? no, it is not possible; to *me* he cannot be a Villain. Yet—I know not what to conjecture!

Enter FANCOURT *behind. Smiles, and claps him on the Shoulder.*

No—(*Turns and gazes on him.*) No—his looks are innocent. It is not possible he can be guilty.

Fancourt How do you do Knight? how d'you do?

Sir Rob. Yet, I'll try him!—(*Looks sternly.*) Sir, I have seen a man who tells me you are a Villain!

Fancourt. 'Tis well he does not let *me* see him. But, who is the man—who *is* he Sir?

Sir Rob. Lord Beechgrove—the *real* Lord Beechgrove Sir.

Fancourt. (*Aside.*—Ruin, without escape!) Explain Sir, explain! I really cannot possibly comprehend you!

Sir Rob. He tells me Sir, that the man you brought to me to day, is an Impostor! and that, in concert with him, you have cheated me out of the thousand pounds!

Fancourt. How Sir, an impostor! (*In a rage.*) But, I'll be cool—I'll be cool—where was you told of this Sir—where Sir?

Sir Rob. On this very spot Sir—this instant!

Fancourt. (*Aside.*—Ah! I begin to smoke!) What, Lord Beechgrove has just left you then?

Sir Rob. This moment—I found him here.

Fancourt. (*Aside.*—So, this is Brisk's revenge!)—Ha! ha! ha!—Oh, what—ha! ha! ha! what a droll dog! Why Sir, did you never hear that my noble friend is the greatest Humorist in England!—Ha! ha! ha! I suppose he might tell you there is a man about town who resembles him!

Sir Rob. He did—he did sure enough! he told me they are as like as two *Drums*.

Fancourt. Aye, aye, he amuses himself with the trick continually—he is inexhaustible as a Joker!—(*Aside.*—Oh the Rascal!)

Sir Rob. A Joker? that's odd in a Privy Counsellor!

Fancourt. It is by way of unbending.—These great men must be Triflers at times!—(*Aside.*—The Villain!) I could tell you such Tales of him! Ah! here his Lordship comes—

Enter BRISK.

(*Runs up to him—Apart*) You shall have the other four hundred!

Brisk. Ha! ha! Sir Robert what I frightened you did I?—(*Apart to Fancourt.*—I shan't trust you!)

Fancourt. (*Giving Notes apart*)—Take! take! here they are!—(*Aside.* The Dog has been up to me this time!)—Really, my Lord, it is not right to play thus on Sir Robert's Credulity! He could not know that you were not in earnest. But, I must particularly insist on one thing my Lord, that you do not again speak of my CHARACTER in such terms, though in one of your jests. The jest that laughs away a man's reputation is deadly poison concealed in honey.

Brisk. (*Looking over the Notes Aside.*) Well, well, nothing ought to be said about your Character, I agree.—What do you think I told him Friend Fancourt? I told him you might perhaps be heard of, some day or other, in the King's Bench—ha! ha! ha!

Fancourt. No!—did you?

Sir Rob. He did indeed!

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Brisk. Well, the first open day I have, you must dine with me! We'll be three jolly fellows, full of good humour and lovers of sport. Only a dozen things on table—no Epicures—eh Fancourt?—Champaigne and a Song shall cheer our minds, and set us above the cares of the World!

Sir Rob. With all my Heart! (*Aside.*—Rattle

Glasses with a Lord! it will be as good as dining with a Duchess!)

Fancourt. Come along, my little fellow! (*They take Sir Robert between them*)—here then we go—jest laugh and pleasure inspire us!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I. SIR SIMON ASGILL'S COUNTING HOUSE.

He is seated, with an air of melancholy.

Enter PERKINS, *and looks earnestly at him.*

Per. Sir, Sir!—I pray you, Sir, speak!

Sir Simon. I have carried it too far! my boy can no where be found! Why did I enter into such a Speculation? I ought to have known that the Sensibility of his heart, and the nobleness of his soul, could neither endure to view my distress, or to live a useless member of society.

Perkins. Sir, be comforted, it is not yet Noon; perhaps the Evening may bring us the Needful.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. A Lady, Sir, desires to see you.

Sir Simon. (*Petulantly.*) I can see no one.

Serv. She is particularly earnest, and requests to see you alone.

Sir Simon. Who is she?

Serv. I do not know Sir. She gave no Name. Shall I conduct her to the Drawing-room Sir?

Sir Simon. No—if I must see her, bring her in

here. The Counting house of a British merchant is respectable enough for the reception of a Prince— [*Exit Servant.*] I should not be ashamed to receive my King in it.—Well Perkins, you find the Lady will break her mind to me alone—if I were in spirits to joke now, I could make myself merry at the fancy.

Perkins. I hope Sir your spirits and your jokes will soon be on the return! [*Exit.*

Enter Lady HORATIA.

Sir Simon. Your humble servant, Madam. (*She curtseys in confusion.*) Pray sit down.

Lady Hor. I thank you!

(*He stands by her chair—she fans herself.*)

Sir Simon. You seem faint Madam.

Lady Hor. No Sir—no. In a moment I shall be better.

Sir Simon. Not used perhaps to the Bustle of driving through the City?

Lady Hor. Not often!—(*Aside.*—Oh! how shall I begin! my heart bursts with feelings that my tongue cannot give utterance to!)

Sir Simon. Pray may I ask, upon what Concern we have the favour of your remembrance of us Madam?

Lady Hor. Sir—I came—on a business—I know not how to introduce——You Sir- - -have a Nephew— (*Looking on her fan.*)

Sir Simon. At least I hope so Madam!

Lady Hor. You have heard- - -of Lady Horatia Horton?

Sir Simon. Heard of her! yes I *have* heard of her!

Lady Hor. Possibly- -Sir- -you are aware- -that Mr Asgill has some degree of regard for her—

Sir Simon. I hope not! my Nephew I trust knows better than to have any serious regard for such a Gill-flirt and her follies!

Lady Hor. Do you speak thus of Lady Horatia Horton Sir!

Sir Simon. Yes! the merest specimen of Caprice that ever came under our consideration—her love lasts but till bad news comes!

Lady Hor. (*Aside.*—He means Georgina who saw him yesterday; I know not how to explain!)

Sir Simon. My Nephew in love with a Stone-Cutter? I wont believe it! Her Study is a work-shop—her Drawing-room a Mason's saw-yard!——A hewer of Marble! Pshaw! Madam—he might as well take up his residence at once in a Quarry!

Lady Hor. (*Rising.*) Nay—this is insupportable! can this be the Uncle of Sidney Asgill!

Sir Simon. Why I saw there, with my own eyes, a woman's face with a wild-fashion wig of Serpents for drop curls;—he shall never be married to fancies so preposterous!

Lady Hor. I can bear no more! Sir, this more than gothic ignorance is a disgrace to the Age in which we live! The head of the expressive Medusa is amongst the Wonders of the Art!—Oh! the more than mortal skill—that could make Beauty horrible!

Sir Simon. (*Aside.*) Hey-dey!—the dumb Lady in crazy talk?

Lady Hor.—At the same place, you saw the touching Niobe—mourning over her children; the light Atalanta—flying from her Lover.—Did nothing strike you! could neither the skill of Phidias, nor the vigour of Michael Angelo awaken adoration in you for the Sublimity of Sculpture—whose long enduring beauties bid Defiance to Age!

Sir Simon. (*Aside.*—Age!—Aye, a clear hit at me!) Well Madam, there is no Admiration lost between us.

Lady Hor. Your coarseness Sir is insufferable!—How different from your's is the Mind of your Nephew!—he can sit whole hours admiring these

Wonders of the Art, and patiently watching the chisel that presumes at imitation.

Sir Simon. Employ his time thus! it is the first instance of his Folly I ever heard of.

Lady Hor. You employ your talents Sir, I suppose, to the more exalted purposes of importing verdigrease and blubber, or in monopolizing what was here.

Sir Simon. Have you any Commission for me Madam?

Lady Hor. Commission—Sir—I came—it was my design- - -no Sir I have none!

Sir Simon. When you have, Madam, I shall expect you to look in upon us, or hand directions for our government, but I really have not had time to read my Letters, which I must beg to do directly.—Order the Lady's Carriage!

Lady Hor. Sir—I feel myself so insulted that- - - perhaps—your feelings are right—but no matter.- - - I am distracted! [*Exit—agitated.*

Sir Simon. Why what can this mean after all! —and who is she? I never was so stunned in all my Life!—

Enter CONWAY *and* PERKINS.

Ah! Mr Conway—what News—what news? (*Running towards him.*)

Con. Alas! none Sir. I have followed our poor Sidney by every possible clue that I could obtain; but he has passed away like a dart—not a trace of him remains!

Sir Simon. Fie!—fie! (*shaking his head.*)—this foolish brain of mine must be scheming!

Con. I suppose Lady Horatia's visit here was to make Enquiries Sir?

Sir Simon. Who?

Con. Lady Horatia Horton. She stept into her Carriage as I came up to the Gate. But seemed to be weeping—so I did not intrude.

Per. (*To Sir Simon.*)—Bless me Sir—there must have been some Mistake!

Sir Simon. I dont know.—I am all in a Wood! Why, was that lady—Lady Horatia Horton?

Con. Assuredly.

Sir Simon. 'Twas quite a different person from her I saw, yesterday, at her house!

Con. (*Smiling.*) Oh yes—ha! ha! I have heard of your Adventure. The Lady you saw *was* quite a different person indeed Sir.

Sir Simon. And I hope I shall never have the mishap to see her again Sir.

Con. Why, Sir?

Sir Simon. I can't endure her.

Con. (*Angrily*) What Sir!—Why she is the most charming of her sex. That Lady, Sir, has more sweetness of disposition, more playful innocence of heart, and more Beauty than you ever saw before, or ever will see again!

Sir Simon. I hope I may form a different opinion, Mr Conway.

Con. No Sir—no man shall form a different opinion!—or if he does, he must take care to conceal it in my presence.

Sir Simon. I shall take *no* care, Sir. I will use the freedom of an Englishman, to speak all I think of you, and of every man, and of every woman too. How dared she assume a Character she was not?—how dared she say such things of my Nephew to my face?

Per. Oh! Gentlemen, let me intreat you!—you will both be sorry—you have both been too warm!

Con. Persuade Sir Simon that he has been so!

[*Exit.*

Sir Simon. (*Staring*) Why, what's in the wind today Perkins! I affront every one who comes near me—without designing it I am sure!

Per. Your breast has been a little ruffled Sir; you are disturbed about Mr Asgill.

Sir Simon. Disturbed indeed! and my Head will be out of order soon if I dont hear of him. But, this Lady Horatia—'tis very odd! what could bring her here?—Bless me! perhaps she came to tell me some News about him, which I have lost by my testiness—I'll go to her!

Per. It would really be most advisable Sir!

Sir Simon. I will—after Change. But, I shall give her up if I see her marble again.—What a Taste!

Per. Dear Sir, any Taste is better than no Taste. A lady who employs her thoughts thus on works of Art, is at least *not idle*—and therefore not in the way of Evil! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SIR ROBERT'S DRAWING ROOM.

Enter HUMPHREY *and* BRISK,
The latter cloathed in a woman's broad-cloth Mantle,
And wearing a Hat with a Veil.

Humph. (*Aside.*) Why what a noddy have I been, to take this Strapper for a Girl!

Brisk. (*Feigned voice.*) What is the oaf grinning at? Do as I bid you—tell Mrs Jenny her friend Miss Sally Martin is here.

[*Exit Humphrey, making wry faces. Brisk throws open the Mantle, and pulls off the hat.*

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Well, I was obliged to tell you to come in the same disguise—there was no other way of getting you into such a watched house as this! But I am afraid, though you are here, all hopes of prevailing upon young Madam are vain!

Brisk. Oh, I suppose she is like other young Ladies just from Boarding School. If I can but get over a blunder of mine in a Statuary room, and I think with a School Girl I shall, never fear.—The Plot, the dying Lover (for you may depend upon it I mean to be almost dead!) and, above all, the *Romance* of the adventure will cause such a twitter in her heart, that she will take it into her head that she also must die, if we are not married.

Jenny. Ah! all this wont do now. I fear her heart is brim full of love already for one Conway. However, I am determined you shall succeed. My scheme is this—let us but get her to your lodgings—and to avoid suspicions Marriage must follow.

Brisk. By what magic can I convey her thither. Besides I mean to try the effect of one interview here first at anyrate—and you must procure it immediately.

Jenny. Pshaw, nonsense! I have prevailed on her to go with me alone to the Waxwork. She knows not where it is, and——Ah! we're ruined! here she comes!—fold over your Mantle!

Brisk. Well, and here goes my Hat on then! The *Connoiseur* will be as little detected in Petticoats by her, as she was by the *Connoiseur!*

Enter Georgina.

Brisk *checks himself in a bow.*

Georgina. Pray, Jenny, who is this?

Jenny. A Stranger Ma'am, a Lady that—Did you not say Ma'am that you ran into the Hall to avoid people who were rude?—And then, Miss, that blundering fellow Humphrey brought him up—I mean brought up the Lady!

Brisk. (*In a soft voice.*) Yes, Ma'am, he brought me up. Really a woman can hardly walk out, people are so impertinent. A Gentleman, Madam, seized

my hand——Confound you Sir said I—I mean I said—bless me Sir—dont prevent my passing!

Georgina. A very odd Lady, Jenny!

Brisk. Nay, I can no longer carry on Disguise—where my Heart compels me to be in earnest! (*Throws open the Mantle, takes off the hat, and kneels.*) Lovely young creature! notwithstanding present appearances do not believe I can ever really be a deceiver. I scorn to impose on you—I have a soul above it! Your charms I have been enamoured of, from the first moment of your arrival in Town—

Georgina. What, on the Pedestal too, Mr Brisk! —Why Jenny, what can all this mean?

Brisk. With your visit to the Statuary room I had contrived to make myself acquainted—my pretended criticism on your charming form was but to give me the fuller opportunity of viewing Symmetry so exquisite!—and now, I have transformed, like Achilles, my Surtout to a Cloak, but to conceal me from the watchful eyes of your Father and his Servants.—Believe me, sweetest creature, that 'tis your BEAUTY (*Jenny shrieks*)—that could alone—Destruction!

(*Puts on the hat, and conceals himself in the mantle.*)

Enter SIR ROBERT, *and* FANCOURT.

Sir Rob. A Lady at my Daughter's feet!—(*Brisk starts up.*) Some great Charity surely she is asking! —(*To Jenny*) What did you shriek for?

Jenny. Shriek Sir—oh! Sir the poor Lady was speaking of the dreadful cruelties of her Husband—and was deploring Miss to speak to you to procure Justice for her!—(*Apart.* Ma'am it would be a great Pity to betray him!)

Georgina. (*Aside.*) The Savoyard—I must show no favour here!

Sir Rob. Pray Ma'am, dont wheel about in this

manner.—There's nothing shameful in having a bad Husband; if there were—then indeed there might be, here and there, a married woman that would not care to show her face.

Brisk. (*Shrill voice.*) I must not indeed Sir—it would cover me with confusion! (*Still turning from Sir Robert.*)

Sir Rob. Pray, Madam, is the fault all your Husband's?

Brisk. Entirely Sir!—my behaviour is angelic!

Sir Rob. I dare say your face is angelic, if one could but see it! (*Still wheeling to get a peep*).

Brisk. (*Apart to Georgina, in his own voice.*) Pity my distress, charming creature!

Georgina. Pray, good Madam, turn and show yourself to my Papa! and make him the same interesting relation you began to me!

Jenny. (*Apart.*) Nay, pray Ma'am do not betray him! how can you have the heart! he would rather die than do you an ill turn..

Georgina. Sweet Lady, speak! a design so pure, and eloquence so irresistible, will have its due effect on my Papa!

Fancourt. (*Aside.*—Though Brisk has played shy with me, I suppose I shall snack at last—and there seems some crossing of *his* game here!)—Sweet Lady, round with ye! Sir Robert, you look that way, and I'll look this.

Sir Rob. Nay Madam, 'tis in vain. I will see your bright eyes! (*Brisk attempts to trip up Sir Robert and to run off.*)

Fancourt. A Thalestris—by Jupiter! (*Seizing Brisk*) Nay, I will have a peep—spite of dexterity Miss! Come—to the right about!—Whu! why this must be a Man!—Sir Robert—a rat! [*Brisk turns to him*]—(*Apart.*—What Brisk! I'm a Marplot here! —this comes of not entrusting a friend fairly!)

Sir Rob. Yes, yes, this must be a man! I thought

it was the most robust Damsel I had ever met with!

Fancourt. Get out of the house Sir! (*Pushing him.*) Aye, you do well to hide your face! (*Drives him out.*)

Sir Rob. Who is he?

Fancourt. Oh, but a fellow who lives by his wits; one whose stock in trade is all in the *pia mater.* (*Touching his Forehead.*)

Sir Rob. (*To Georgina.*) What brought him here in disguise? Where had you seen him?—I insist on knowing the Truth!

Fancourt. (*Aside.*)—She's puzzled what to say—the Girl has been taught that 'tis a sin to tell Lies!

Sir Rob. Why dont you speak, Georgina?—Come, be bold! your prompter I see is at your elbow.

Georgina. Yes I will speak—and unprompted but by Truth!—I assure you Sir, I never saw that person but once before—and that was at Lady Horatia's. But, a circumstance, which I believe must relate to him, is deeply infixed in my mind—and makes me shudder!

Sir Rob. What is it Child?

Georgina. Sir, by way of whim, I yesterday had my Fortune told.

Sir Rob. Pho!

Georgina. Nay, but mine was no common Fortune-teller! She was certainly some well-bred woman in Disguise.

Sir Rob. And pray, what mighty wonders did she tell you?

Georgina. That two unprincipled villains had laid some plot for my destruction! (*Fancourt starts.*) Her disguise was that of a Savoyard with Music.

Fancourt. (*Aside.*) Ruin!

Sir Rob. I remember you ran through the Library to listen to her.

Fancourt. Pray Madam, what sort of person was this Savoyard?

Georgina. An agreeable little woman, with eyes full of intelligence, and manners full of good sense.

Fancourt. (*Aside.*) It was my mischief-maker!

Georgina. This seeming Lady is probably *one* of the two men I had notice of; and introduced himself here with a design which I tremble at the thought of.

Sir Rob. I believe you do, my dear! I never saw you so grave, nor heard you talk so discreetly before. A little fright has done you good. Never cease to tremble at the thought of the hazards of this hour!

Georgina. You, Jenny, have always cherished my Follies—and pleaded for that man even now! I can entrust myself with you no more! Away to the House-keeper, receive your Wages, and leave my Father's house.

Jenny. (*Aside.*) Why, she can never mean this in earnest—it must be all Fudge before her Father!

Sir Rob. Your discharge of her is right.—But still —who waits there? Let her be detained below! [*Exit Jenny.*

I never met with such an atrocious jade, since I was High Sheriff for the County!—May every misguided daughter, Georgina, take shelter, like you, at once in the arms of a Father! (*Embracing her.*)—My dear Girl, I wish thou hadst either a Mother or a Husband!

Fancourt. (*Aside.*)—A most edifying scene!

Sir Rob. Mr Fancourt, you know then who this fellow is.

Fancourt. Not absolutely know him. I have seen him—and will see him again you may depend upon it!—And I'll find your little Savoyard too, Madam, your pretty Fortune-teller.—It shall go hard but I'll meet with her! [*Exit.*

Georgina. I wish he may discover her! for I shall cherish lively gratitude to her to the last hour of my existence!—I feel, Sir, like one of our little Welch

Kids, trembling still, though saved from the brink of a precipice—and guided back by its fond parent to crop the flowery herbage in safety!

(Her father leads her out.)

SCENE III.

LADY HORATIA'S DRAWING ROOM.

She enters, meeting Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. My Lady, your most obedient! I did not know that you were Lady Horatia Horton this morning; I am come to apologize, and all that.

Lady Hor. (*Coldly.*)—An unnecessary trouble Sir.

Sir Simon. Not at all, not at all. If I offend, I am always ready to make amends. A little Gipsy yesterday took your name, and railed at Sidney ——I could not bear it!

Lady Hor. And was it therefore Sir, that you insulted——

Sir Simon. Let us come to the point, and settle accounts! I am told that you have a regard for my Nephew, and I love and admire you for it.

Lady Hor. The person who told you so Sir, took an unwarrantable freedom!

Sir Simon. Why, you told me so yourself! Would any Lady drive into the City to talk to a cross old fellow about his Nephew, if she had not set her heart upon him? Pho! pho! as we men of business say—there's a Common Sense in every thing!

Lady Hor. You torture me extremely Sir!—I dislike your Nephew now!

Sir Simon. Aye, aye, it comes to the same result then I see as yesterday. When you looked forward to fine Equipage, splendor, and expense, you could acknowledge his Merits, but, now that you find he is

poor, you despise him! 'Twas to discover how all this was, that I came here first!

Lady Hor. Sir! it is unjust! you injure me in every part of your opinion. When he was rich, he never knew that he had caused a tender thought—his distress alone caused my attachment to throw off disguise.

Sir Simon. Oh, oh!—What then you *do* love him?

Lady Hor. What have I said!

Sir Simon. What I hope you never will recall! Speak on;—now you talk like a sensible woman!

Lady Hor. Well then, receive my full confession. The sense of the power of assisting him has endeared him to me. Go Sir, bring him from his retreat, and tell him that Horatia Horton knows now no value in wealth—but in the pleasure of dividing it with him!

Sir Simon. Huzza!—Madam he is not poor! I'll put down thousand for thousand, and when I die—I'll leave him a plumb!

Lady Hor. Sir!

Sir Simon. It is all a trick, to try whether *you* kept to your first samples in love, and whether he possessed real worth of soul. Sentiments truly sterling he often uttered; but those often utter noble Sentiments who do not possess one feeling that, brought to the test, would do credit to humanity.

Lady Hor. Asgill not poor!—(*Pausing.*)—A flimsy contrivance—to force me to reveal a secret, which I wished to bury in the bottom of my heart! —(*Haughtily.*) Sir, know that your nephew rich, and your nephew poor, are distinct persons. I detest Art—I recall all I have said! [*Exit.*

Sir Simon. Why, what's in the wind now! Upon my Credit, I would rather cast up the most intricate compound-interest account, than attempt to calculate how to suit a Woman's mind.—Refuse a man because he is rich!

Enter PERKINS.

Per. Oh Sir! my tidings are so good, that I have followed you hither!—Mr Asgill is found!

Sir Simon. I saw it in thy eyes without a Word! Thou art an honest fellow Perkins.—(*Squeezing his hand.*)—In what Street or Alley was he found?

Per. Street Sir! it was in a Castle—floating out of Portsmouth Harbour for the defence of his Country! My Brother Will thought that he had probably returned to his former profession, without notice to you, lest you should prevent him, and there he found him.

Sir Simon. Is he come back?

Per. My Brother traced him, told him how accounts really stood—got him into a chaise and four, and brought him back to his Lodgings.

Sir Simon. Come along—come along! It shall be the best day Will ever saw! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

FANCOURT'S.

Enter FANCOURT, *followed by* MRS. FANCOURT.

Mrs. F. I hope you, and your friend Mr Brisk, have been well amused since yesterday, Mr Fancourt.

Fancourt. As much so—as ruin at the Gaming table would admit of Mrs Fancourt.

Mrs. F. You should let me know when you dont mean to return. It is rather unpleasant to sit up all night watching.

Fancourt. You can always find amusement yourself, my Dear, you know!

Mrs. F. How?

Fancourt. Oh, you can conjure up some sort or other—Fortune-telling for instance!

Mrs. F. (*Starting.*) I die with fear!—I am betrayed—Oh, he will have no mercy on me!

Fancourt. (*Seizing her hand.*) Fortune-telling was a pretty thought my dear—but did it occur to you to predict your own?—did your prophetic spirit pronounce your own fate on Discovery!

Mrs. F. I know too well I must expect all that malice and revenge can inspire; but, if I have saved an innocent from destruction, and glanced off the arrow aim'd at the heart of her *benevolent* father, I am resigned!

Enter HOLDFAST, *and another man.*

Fancourt. Who are you who enter my Apartments with so little ceremony!

Hold. What, Mr Fancourt, cant you guess? Mayhap you'll understand this! (*Showing a Writ.*)

2d Man. A Coach waits below.—Come, the sooner we get into the regular Parliament trot the better.

Fancourt. Sudden surprise has overpowered me!—On whose account do I see you?

Hold. You'll know that in proper time. I never likes to answer Trogatories.

Fancourt. Where am I going?

Hold. You'll see when we arrive!

Fancourt. Wherever it is, I'll not stir without this Woman. She shall accompany me wherever I go.

Hold. You have a very fond Husband, Madam, I see!

Mrs. F. Not so; but he *is* my husband—I therefore follow without a murmur.

Fancpurt. Go first! I will not leave you in the room. [*Exit Mrs Fancourt.*] Come Gentlemen, let us follow the Lady! Bear witness—I am a polite Husband to the last! You, too, are tolerably polite in your way!—only *civil* process Gentlemen I perceive! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

SIR ROBERT'S DRAWING ROOM.

He enters.

Sir Rob. (*Shaking his head.*) A sad—sad slut!—Why, what a Place this Town is! A Stranger like me should go about in leading strings! Plotters, Deceivers, in every corner of it!—Whether the people one associates with are ever really what they appear to be, or whether it is all one universal Masquerade there is no guessing—

Enter BRISK.

My Lord! I am your Lordship's most obedient! You have made great haste in unrobing my Lord!

Brisk. Eh!

Sir Rob. I did not exactly know, at first, how to direct, to summon your Lordship hither, but your Sister in crime—the Lady Jenny below stairs helped me out—*Mr. Brisk!* helped me to the history of Mr Fancourt too, and of my departed Thousand.

Brisk. The Traitress!

Sir Rob. Pray when do you publish Sir? your adventures must be rather amusing! Put me down a Subscriber.

Brisk. (*Aside.*—Nay, since all is out, I'll take my chance another way, brazen it out, and alarm him!) -I'll put you down for something else, Sir, when I publish.

Sir Rob. What!

Brisk. Be assured the public shall not lose the story of *Taffy* the Welch Knight, who came up from

Glamorganshire, gaping after Begums, Nansooks, and a place at Court!

Sir Rob. I feel that I deserve this, I submit to it patiently. Here comes more company—some of your friends, my Lord!

Enter FANCOURT, MRS. FANCOURT, *and the* OFFICERS.

Sir Robert nods to the Officers, they retire.

Fancourt. So Brisk—all is up!

Brisk. Faith, I think, all is down with us. Your Blundering has brought about a discovery of all.

Fancourt. What blundering! was it my fault? You would not trust me to assist in the scheme—that you might pocket without fair sharing!

Brisk. You wanted not to share—our Friend the Knight's thousand fairly.

Fancourt. (*Thoughtful.*) Aye, I know not whence the interference is! but, when men conspire to do wrong—sooner or later they are untrue to each other!

Brisk. What! moralizing?—Chear up! We aim'd high, resolved if we did fall to fall from an eminence. Come, come, Sir Knight—to cajole a friend out of a Loan is all fair as the World goes.

Sir Rob. And my Daughter!

Brisk. Aye, and to cajole a girl into Marriage—nothing deemed fairer now!—Come, we want a little cheering, we were watched, played fair, and lost all last night, come—you'll draw a Bottle of Champaigne at parting—and let us be merry once again! You thought it celestial happiness to get tipsy with a Lord, and hear him roar out a Catch. Do you remember, Fancourt, how he oped his mouth, and how his eyes watered with Joy?—ha! ha! ha!

Sir Rob. I must bear all. I have been so ridiculous, that I deserve more even than your malice can suggest!

Fancourt. "I say, Snapper, we must have the Welch Knight, he who was High Sheriff!"—ha! ha! ha!—"The old scoundrel killed his Coach-greys in riding about against us. (*Sips.*) He is a great fool, related to all the *Ap Morgans*, and *Ap Shoneses* in the County!"—Ha! ha! ha! never was a Gudgeon hook'd with such facility before!

GEORGINA *runs in.*

Georgina. It is, it is herself! My charming Savoyard I rejoice to see you!

Fancourt. (*Going up to Mrs Fancourt*) You Madam, to whose officiousness my friend and I owe our ruin, you have incurred the punishment with which I threatened you! Listen (*seizing her hand*) whilst I impart the Secret that will convey merited torture into your heart——You are not my Wife!

(*Flinging away her hand.*)

Mrs. F. Not your Wife?

Fancourt. You was married in stile you know—special Licence out of Church!—it happened however to be by a man who was never Priest until that moment!

Mrs. F. Can it be possible!—Do I hear right?—Yet the horror which I feel, at the baseness with which I have been deceived, has some degree of Alleviation in the idea—that I am released from Obedience to a man who makes me shudder! It is no longer my Duty to associate with Vice! It is no longer my Fate to eat the bread of Wickedness!—I give then melancholy welcome, to my disgrace, to my poverty, and to my want!

Georgina. Never! Your fate is united to mine. You are my Mother, Sister, Friend!—I must quit you a few moments, for Lady Horatia has sent Mr Conway for me—my Father's roof is your future protection!

Fancourt. This is indeed a blow!—Is *she* to be happy?

Sir Rob. Yes Sir, if my Daughter's care, and my Sanction can make her so.

Mrs. F. Unhappy man farewell! The ruin of my peace and fortune I can forgive! Whilst innocence and friendship invite me to seek repose in retirement, may you find it in *Repentance!*

(*Georgina leads her out.*)

Sir Rob. And now Officers (*They enter*) you may relieve us from the presence of these Gentlemen, and take due care to deliver them safe into the custody—of the High Sheriff of the County!

Holdfast. Never fear Sir! No one ever got out of his clutches yet, if once Holdfast touched him on the shoulder!

Sir Rob. And when the law permits you to escape from custody for the little debt you owe me, and you turn out on the wide world Gentlemen, be so good as to remember, that special care has been taken to send on your characters—to derange your future manœuvres!

Brisk. Oh, an act of Grace (or whatever they call it) to the King's subjects will relieve us soon enough. We *will* turn out on the wide World—and let the World beware! You'll not wholly exclude us from the very mixed society of this great Town, old one, yet! The world is not so alive to a sense of right and wrong as it was—a mixed character succeeds best in it.

Fancourt. That's right, we'll be of good heart my Boy!—and prepare, in retirement, for a new campaign. Our wits are our means of preying on Vanity and Folly—the field before us is indeed a wide one! [*Exeunt with the Officers.*

Sir Rob. But the history I have published will bar future pillage my lads! These Gentlemen have given me some pastime, with some experience, at

an expence of a thousand pounds; nothing very costly—as the price of experience in the ways of The Town goes! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

LADY HORATIA'S DRAWING ROOM.

Enter Lady Horatia, and Lady Nelville.

Lady Hor. Adieu to low spirits for ever! My heart is as light as the feather in your hair. Conway has told me every thing. My Asgill was in no plot against me, no, he has proved himself, in the hour of trial, as noble, as delicate, as brave, as my fancy had always painted him!

Lady N. Upon my word happiness is very becoming! it gives expression to every feature.—See, here comes Georgina, playing the little tyrant with the enamoured Conway.

Enter CONWAY *leading* GEORGINA.

Georgina. I protest I will not hear you, Mr Conway. (*Snatches her hand away.*) Why will you teaze me thus? Lady Horatia, I beg you chide him; he has been talking nonsense to me all the way in your Carriage.

Lady Hor. It will give him more pleasure if *you* chide him. Nay, I will be more malicious still, spite of your frowns! I absolutely will tell him (*Georgina puts her hand before Lady Horatia's mouth*) you—you do not hate him.

Con. That sound is bliss to me.

Georgina. Ah, but I am sure I do not love him.

Con. How do you know, Angel?

Georgina. Why, I never keep wakeful about you, and I dont grow pale like Miss Gwatkin, and I eat

my breakfast very well; and if I do not see you for a whole day together I only think—well to-morrow perhaps he'll come!

Con. Enough! enough!—more than I hoped! On these terms I am content to bind my fate to your's. This artless candour renders you enchanting!

Georgina. Well then, but dont speak to my Papa about it—for a whole week. Bless me—here's old Simon. (*Runs to the top, followed by Conway.*)

Enter SIR SIMON, *with* ASGILL *in his Uniform.*

Sir Simon. Here, my Lady, I have brought you your Sailor; and if you do not receive him with kindness, and welcome him back with your whole soul, you are no woman for me!

Asgill. Sweet Mistress of my Heart, am I really welcome?

Lady Hor. Welcome! Asgill, there are characters so high, so noble, that to suppress the real feelings they have excited were to have no taste for excellence—my Heart bounds from the chilly rules that would stay the expression of them. I, who have hitherto treated you with coolness almost bordering on disdain, now declare that I am proud to make you Master of my Fate; and that I feel exalted in having it in my Power to confer happiness on you.

Asgill. Blest was the hour in which you believed me poor and undone!

Lady Nelville. Lady Horatia, you are all Smiles? I declare I should not so easily have forgiven a man who could fly from me to the boisterous ocean, and show such insensibility to Love.

Asgill. Misjudge me not! my soul, in full glow, confesses all its force. Yet the enthusiasm which seized me when I reached the deck of the Victory can never be chilled!—In the glorious tars around

me, Valour, Intrepidity, Heroism, shone forth in all their fervour and flash'd through my Heart. And I swear, should the danger of the times require my assistance, I will again sail in her service, wherever she bids her cannon roar, or her proud pendants fly!

EPILOGUE.

THROUGH five long acts, in easy careless whirl,
I've been a giddy, tender, harmless girl,
Light as a feather in blithe frolic May,
Borne on the perfumed air of cheerful day.
Nor have I yet thrown by my artless part,
GEORGINA still I am, in garb and Heart,
Georgina humbly stands again before ye,
Of Gratitude so full—she half adores ye!
My Fancy ruminates, when Conway's wife,
On what sweet plan to form my married life?
Whether 'tis Happiness to make a flash,
Pre-eminent and bold, like Lady Dash,
Reflection ne'er intruding as a damper,
Ascend my Curricle, on Horse-back scamper,
Keep Pharo Banks, the long odds take at Races,
And know the knowing ones in all their paces,
Lounge at Newmarket in the betting-rooms,
And prate to Lady Harriet—and my grooms?
But, should I thus blaze on, in Folly's road,
And, profligate, forsake my blest abode,
Where were my Husband's hope? his Credit where?
Who shall his lonely hours console and share?
Ah!—the dark prospect scares my trembling heart,
And swift from Ruin's precipice I start.

Hail WEDDED HAPPINESS! my soul is thine,
My Pride shall be in thy mild paths to shine!
My CONWAY's tempered will I'll make my own,
And his felicity my hopes shall crown.
With him through Fashion's paths I'll sometimes roam,
But still, my first enjoyment shall be Home!
The Household Gods too precious graces wear,
To be abandoned but for out-door glare.
Yet, never will *your* Household Deities frown,
If you play truant, just to see—THE TOWN!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.